Middle Brother "Portland"

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Shared a cigarette for breakfast Shared an airplane ride for lunch Sitting in between a ghost And a walking bowl of punch Can you play a little hunch?

Predicting a delay on landing I predict we'll have a drink Lost my money on the first hand Got burned on a big fat king

And your ears just wanna ring And your eyes just wanna close Nothing's changing I suppose

It's too late to turn back, here we go Portland, oh no It's too late to turn back, here we go Portland, oh no

We'll wait away the raindrops Look out, boy, you'll catch a cold Serving boy can chain nothing That ain't anchored to his throne But at least he's going home

Sitting like a backwoods junkie Caught down in a servant trust Look at that funny monkey Putting silver in his cup

And you're silver runs to rust In your second hand clothes Trust no one I suppose

But it's too late to turn back, here we go Portland, oh no It's too late to turn back, here we go Portland, oh no

Shared a cigarette for breakfast Shared a pack of lies for lunch Credit card Almighty
Bringing in the next little bunch

When you owe me on a hunch And your eyes just wanna close There's nothing changing I suppose

Bur it's too late to turn back, here we go Portland, oh no Oh, it's too late to turn back, here we go Portland, oh no

It's too late to turn, it's too late, I know Portland, Portland

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