

The Downtown Fiction

"Oregon"

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Oregon is bad
Stop it if you can
Here it comes
Here it comes
Now it's after you
Flee to some place new
Run away
Run away

From the penthouse
To the prison
To the humble pied-?-terre
Are they taking up the cry?

In the brothel
In the castle
On the crowded boulevard
Do they sing the dreadful words?

Oregon is bad
Stop it if you can
Here it comes
Here it comes

Oregon is bad
Stop it if you can
Run away
Run away

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