

Patty Griffin, Up Or Down

You might get lucky some days, not a drop of rain
And you're too long on the town and you leave your trouble on the train
And then there's only doubt until you're on your feet again
There's only up or down
The lucky boys upstairs with their penthouse views
Making the ladies, making the news
And I'm taking the orders and pouring the booze
There's only up or down
And they say no one likes a big mouth, yeah, but I've got one anyway
Big as any fat cat, I say what I wanna say
And I don't care if you listen, and I don't care if you walk away
There's only up or down
Shooting little stars
Dying to be near
Burn up along the way
Into the atmosphere
Shooting little stars
Dying to be near
I told the young bond salesman just the other day
When I was his age I was sailing away
I sailed the Russian sea, I've seen the Phillipines
Down to Panama and all the way around
Sometimes there's trouble on the ocean, sometimes there's trouble on the shore
And there's always someone hoping there won't be trouble anymore
It's an elevator, baby, get off on any floor
There's only up or down
Only up or down