

Shawn Mullins, September In Seattle

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Waiting on a train

I smoked my last cigarette standing in out of the rain

There's a cool wind blowin down the alley by the depot

Amtrak down the coastline to the city of the roses

Mom's hangin hand me downs

Daddy's in the hotel bar

Kids reciting mother goose running naked through the yard

You see the best and the worst here

The richest and the poor

From the mansions on the hilltop

To the red dirt floor

Pull into the station

The sun's settin outside the pushers and the pullers tryin to take you for a ride

Portland is a small town with a bitter city smile

And as I walk these streets round

I might just hang here for a while