

September In Seattle

Shawn Mullins

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Waitin' on a train
I smoked my last cigarette
Standin' 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

Mamas hangin' hand me downs
Daddy's in the hotel bar
Kids recitin' mother goose
Runnin' naked through the yard

See the best and the worst here
The richest and the poor
From the mansions on the hilltop
To the red dirt floor, ohh ho

Come on, come on

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 around
I might just hang here for a while

Come on quick