

Move to Portland

Written by Brendan Lee Abernathy

It was three years
In the making
You **to** guilt trip down
Me to say babe
That I'm sorry,
"I didn't know I had it when **I had it so good.**"

But you got no decency
So you didn't drive to me
Didn't even **call** me
Just sent me some **shit out of the blue**
Didn't know I had it when **I had it so good.**

Well it's a slow, slippery slope
That leads **me** to the canyon with my mentally ill companion
And I hope that he knows
Who holds the keys to his tantrums

Throw it in the ocean

With **that apology** I wrote you for your own good
Send it 'round the globe on the tides **in a bottle of wine**
And I hope you've healed up by the time

You **move** to Portland
And **overcome** your Gemini importance
High on smoking daily marijuana
All of your roommates wanna harm ya
Woah oh oh oh

I think it's clear that you've fallen apart since you **left** me on **read** that night in my car
And I hope you **find** love, but it's gonna be hard cause
Your bones ain't loyal, and **they** don't know **who** you are

Woah oh oh

I see your skeleton shimmy in the corner of my room
I ask him, "How has it been since she left you, too?"
Well, rumor has it that you ran to the first **m**an that would
With you.
What happened to your independence that you did it for?

Well it's a slow, slippery slope
That leads me to realizing you ain't coming back no more
And I hope that I know
What my love is worth

Throw it in the ocean
With that apology I wrote you for your own good
Send it 'round the globe on the tides in a bottle of wine
And I hope you've healed up by the time

You move to Portland
And overcome your Gemini importance
High on smoking **d**aily marijuana
All of your roommates wanna harm ya
Woah oh oh oh

I think it's clear that you've fallen apart since you left me on read that night in my car
And I hope you find love, but it's gonna be hard cause
Your bones ain't loyal, and they don't know who you are

Who are you?
Even the stars can't tell you anymore, anymore
Who are you?
Maybe the rocks you carry can open that door
Who are you?
Search every bottle on every beach shore,
Cause buried in the bottom of one is the love you're looking for:

I threw it in the ocean
With that apology I wrote you for your own good
Sent it 'round the globe on the tides in a bottle of wine
And I hope you've healed up. Oh it's time

To move to Portland
And overcome your Gemini bullshit
High on smoking daily marijuana
All of your roommates wanna harm ya
Woah oh oh oh

I think it's clear that you've fallen apart since you left me on read that night in my car
And I hope you find love, but it's gonna be hard cause
Your bones ain't loyal, oh woah, yeah your bones ain't loyal,
But your bones know that they had it so good.