

# Three Years in Maine

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Notes: A tribute to my favorite quirky hard wonderful gorgeous terrible amazing place to live. I will desperately miss it. "The way life should be" is the state slogan, on all the welcome signs.

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The sky can be a bucket of blue  
For a breathtaking hour or two  
Then out of nowhere it's torrential rain  
Don't like the weather, wait a minute in Maine

Taxes are high, the temperatures low  
The drivers all seem a little bit slow  
The lifers may be a little bit wary  
But they're out on Higgins Beach surfing in February

## CHORUS:

When the tourists leave the locals are free  
To live every day "the way life should be"  
Oh it's not easy but it's worth the pain  
For three years in Portland, Maine

Street lamps cast a fringe of light  
Along the edge of Back Cove every night  
Dinner at J's Oyster after work, it's filled  
With local girls in flannel shirts

Hard to say which we most resent  
The black flies, the tourists, or cost of rent  
Hardy New Englanders don't lose their grip  
We're not afraid to go down with the ship

## CHORUS

The day that bald eagle came downtown to dine  
On a seal carcass brought in by the tide  
And everyone left their desks to see  
'Cuz we all have our priorities

The tourists come to see the maples turn red  
But they leave us alone through the dark months ahead  
We love and hate how the winters so long  
We love and hate that it makes us so strong

## CHORUS