

The Ship Song

Concrete Blonde

Come sail your ships around me
And burn your bridges down
We make a little history, baby
Every time you come around

Come loose your thoughts upon me
And let your hair hang down
You are a little mystery to me
Every time you call around

We talk about it all night long
We define our moral ground
But when I crawl into your arms
Everything comes tumbling down

Come sail your ships around me
And let your hair hang down
We make a little history, baby
Every time you come around

Your face has fallen sad now
For you know the time is nigh
When I must remove your wings
And you, you must try to fly

Come sail your ships around me
And let your hair hang down
You are a little mystery to me
Every time you come around

Come loose your thoughts upon me
And let your hair hang down
You are a little mystery, baby
Every time you call around