

Ship My Body Home

Ben Lee

Coming out of Sydney
Country music playing
Cursing all of them who stayed

In the city
I own this city
Get drunker than a poet who just got paid

And I'm finally hoping
That I'll be torn open
So that every word I say is true

The words I'm shouting
While I work it out
In case trouble takes me and I don't make it through

You have to ship my body home
Ship my body home
All I ever wanted was to finish what I started
But there's no way I could do it on my own
You have to ship my body home

Driving through the mountains
Cutting through the night time
Stopping now and then to wonder why

I left the city
The quiet city
I killed its memory just to watch it die

And I'm finally hoping
That I'll be torn open
So that every word I say is true

The words you're hearing
While I make it clear
In case trouble takes me and I don't make it through

You have to ship my body home
Ship my body home
All I ever wanted was to finish what I started
But there's no way I could do it on my own
You have to ship my body
Ship my body
Ship my body
All I ever wanted was to finish what I started
So ship my body
All I ever wanted was to finish what I started
So ship my body
All I ever wanted was
All I ever wanted was
All I ever wanted once I finished what I started
Was to ship my body home