

## Khe Sanh

Cold Chisel

I left my heart to the sappers round Khe Sanh  
And my soul was sold with my cigarettes to the blackmarket man  
I've had the Vietnam cold turkey  
From the ocean to the Silver City  
And it's only other vets could understand

About the long forgotten dockside guarantees  
How there were no V-dayheroes in 1973  
How we sailed into Sydney Harbour  
Saw an old friend but couldn't kiss her  
She was lined, and I was home to the lucky land

And she was like so many more from that time on  
Their lives were all so empty, till they found their chosen one  
And their legs were often open  
But their minds were always closed  
And their hearts were held in fast suburban chains  
And the legal pads were yellow, hours long, paypacket lean  
And the telex writers clattered where the gunships once had been  
But the car parks made me jumpy  
And I never stopped the dreams  
Or the growing need for speed and novacaine

So I worked across the country end to end  
Tried to find a place to settle down, where my mixed up life could me  
nd  
Held a job on an oil-rig  
Flying choppers when I could  
But the nightlife nearly drove me round the bend

And I've travelled round the world from year to year  
And each one found me aimless, one more year the worse for wear  
And I've been back to South East Asia  
But the answer sure ain't there  
But I'm drifting north, to check things out again

You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone  
Only seven flying hours, and I'll be landing in Hong Kong  
There ain't nothing like the kisses  
From a jaded Chinese princess  
I'm gonna hit some Hong Kong mattress all night long

Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone  
Yeah the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone  
And it's really got me worried  
I'm goin' nowhere and I'm in a hurry  
And the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone