

Ship Song

Heather Nova

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

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

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

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

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