

Hong Kong Cemetery

Johnny Flynn

There are ten thousand graves in Hong Kong Protestant Cemetery
Every one of them says "born and died, and the rest might be his story"

Walking there I'd cry

For my love was there to lie

I never knew shame to be so refreshing

I'd sing Georgia on my mind, she would be, I'd be progressing..

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Was the day of the boats for the fellas in coats in the Navy
They'd be all around, change the face of this town cos they're
lazy

1952 was the year that I lost you

I was with the soldiers in the school hall

Didn't know that you were ill

You didn't seem old

China so you so blue so who's aboard the boatsie stay

Some people are fixing the terrible

Mixing the crew of all the sailors say,

Your life might be a a mess of lights

When your on your won

But the lights you'll from a line that will be pointing all the
way home

I was here before, my name was on the door

To a score of his to get to your seat

I'll send the next in line, he'll be a clean sheet