

## Ship Song

Leatherface

Come sail your ships around me,  
Burn your bridges down.  
We make a little history, maybe,  
Every time you come around.  
Come loose your dogs upon me  
And let your hair hang down.  
You are a mystery to me  
Every time you come around.

We talked 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 burn your bridges down.  
We make a little history, maybe,  
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.

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

Come loose your dogs.