

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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Come loose your dogs.