

Johnny Flynn "Hong Kong Cemetery"

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There are ten thousand graves
In Hong Kong Protestant Cemetery
Every one of them says
Born and died and the rest might be history

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
[Incomprehensible]

I'm alright, I'm alright
I'm alright, I'm alright

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 off

I'm alright, I'm alright
I'm alright, I'm alright

Don't go China show, new so blue
So who's aboard the boats these days?
Some people are fixing the terrible
Mixing the crew of old whose sailors say

Your life might be a mess of lights
When you're on your own
But the lights you'll see form a line
That'll be pointing all the way home

I was here before
My name was on the door
Took a score of years to get to your seat
I'll send the next in line, he'll be a clean sheet

I'm alright, I'm alright
I'm alright, I'm alright
I'm alright, I'm alright
I'm alright, I'm alright

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