

Cold Chisel

"Khe Sahn"

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I left my heart to the sappers 'round Khe Sahn
And I sold my soul with my cigarettes, to a black
market man
I've had to Vietnam cold turkey, from the ocean to the
silver city
And it's only other vets could understa-and
'Bout the long forgotten dockside guarantees
How there were no V-day heroes in nineteen seventy-
three
How we sailed into Sydney Harbour, I saw an old friend
but I couldn't kiss her
And she was lined, and I was home to the lucky land
She was like so many more from that time on
Their lives were all so empty, until they'd found there
chosen one
And their legs were often open but their minds were
always closed
And their hearts were held in fast suburban chains
And the legal pads were yellow, hours long paypackets
lean
And the telex writers clattered where the gunships
once had been
The carparks made me jumpy and I never stopped the
dreams
Or the growing need for speed and novacaine
So I worked across the country from end to end
I tried to find a place to settle down, where my mixed
up life could mend
I held a job on an oil-rig, a-flyin' choppers when I could
But the nightlife nearly drove me round the bend
And I've travelled round the world from year to year-
ear-ear
And each one found me aimless, one more year the
worse for wear
And I've been back to South East Asia, you know the
answer sure ain't there
But I'm driftin' north to check things out agai-ai-ain
Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost go-one
And only seven flyin' hours, till I'll be landin' in Hong
Kong
And there ain't nothin' like the kisses from a jaded
Chinese princess

I'm gonna hit some Hong Kong mattress all night lo-
ong
Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone-aca

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