

## **Cold Chisel**

### **"Khe Sanh"**

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Words and Music by Don Walker.

I left my heart to the sappers 'round Khe Sanh,  
And my soul was sold with my cigarettes to the black  
market man.  
I've had the Vietnam cold turkey from the ocean to the  
Silver City.  
And it's only other vets could understand.  
'Bout the long forgotten dockside guarantees,  
How there were no V-Day heroes in nineteen seventy-  
three.  
How we sailed into Sydney Harbour,  
Saw an old friend but couldn't kiss her,  
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,  
Till they'd found their chosen one,  
And their legs were often open,  
But their minds always closed,  
And their hearts were held in fast suburban chains.  
And the legal pad were yellow,  
Hours long, paypackets lean,  
And the telex writers clattered,  
Where the gunships once had been;  
But the carparks made me jumpy,  
And I never stopped the dreams,  
Or the growing need for speed or novacine.  
So I worked across the country from end to end,  
Tried to find a place to settle down,  
Where my mixed-up life could mend,  
Held a job on an oil-rig,

Flying choppers when I could,  
But the night-life nearly drove me 'round the bend.  
And I've travelled 'round the world from year to year,  
And each one found me aimless,  
One more year the worse for wear,  
And I've been back to South East Asia,  
But you know the answer sure ain't there,  
But I'm drifting North,  
To check things out again.  
Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone,

And only seven flying hours,  
And I'll landing in Hong Kong,  
And there ain't nothin' like kisses from a jaded Chinese  
Princess,  
I'm gonna hit some Hong Kong mattress all night long.  
Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone,  
You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone,  
And it's got me worried,  
I'm goin' nowhere and I'm in a hurry,  
You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.  
Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.  
Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.  
It's really got me worried,  
I'm goin' nowhere and I'm in a hurry,  
You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.  
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