

# Hong Kong Cemetery

## Johnny Flynn

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

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