The Ship Song

Concrete Blonde

Come sail your ships around me
And burn your bridges down
We make a little history, baby
Every time you call around
Come loose your dogs upon me
And let your hair hang down
You are a little mystery to me
Every time you call around
We talk about it all night long
We define our moral ground
When I crawl into your arms
Everything, it comes tumbling down
Come sail your ships around me
And burn your bridges down
We make a little history, baby
Every time you call around
Come loose your dogs upon me
And let your hair hang down
You are a little mystery to me
Every time you call around
Your face looks sad now
For you know the time is nigh
When I must remove your wings
And you, you must try to fly
Come sail your ships around me
And burn your bridges down
We make a little history, baby
Every time you call around
Come loose your dogs upon me
And let your hair hang down
You are a little mystery to me
Every time you call around

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