

# 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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