Ship My Body Home

Ben Lee

Coming out of Sydney, country music playing
Cursing all of them who stayed
In the city, I own this city
Get drunker than a poet who just got paidAnd I'm finally hoping that I'll be torn open
So that every word I say is true
The words we're shouting while I work it out
In case trouble takes me and I don't make it throughYou have to ship my body home, ship my body home
All I ever wanted was to finish what I started
But there's no way I could do it on my own
You have to ship my body homeDriving through the mountains, cutting through the night time
And stopping now and then to wonder why
I left the city, the quiet city
I killed its memory just to watch it dieAnd I'm finally hoping that I'll be torn open
So that every word I say is true
The words you're hearing while I make it clear
In case trouble takes me and I don't make it throughYou have to ship my body home, ship my body home
All I ever wanted was to finish what I started
But there's no way I could do it on my own
You have to ship my bodyShip my body, ship my body
All I ever wanted was to finish what I started
So ship my body
All I ever wanted was to finish what I started
So ship my bodyAll I ever wanted was, all I ever wanted was
All I ever wanted once I finished what I started
Was to ship my body home

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