

# 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 paid And 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 through You 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 home Driving 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 die And 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 through You 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 Ship 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 body All 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

Songwriters

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