## **Khe Sanh (Cold Chisel)**

## **Cold Chisel**

I left my heart to the sappers round Khe Sanh And my soul was sold with my cigarettes to the blackmarket man I've had the Vietnam cold turkey From the ocean to the Silver City And it's only other vets could understand About the long forgotten dockside guarantees How there were no V-day heroes in 1973 How we sailed into Sydney Harbour I saw an old friend but couldn't kiss her And she was lined, and I was home to a lucky land She was like so many more from that time on Their lives were all so empty, until they found their chosen one And their legs were often open But their minds were always closed And their hearts were held in fast suburban chains And the legal pads were yellow, hours long, paypacket lean And the telex writers clattered where the gunships once had been But the car parks made me jumpy And I never stopped the dreams Or the growing need for speed and novacaine So I worked across the country from end to end Tried to find a place to settle down, Where my mixed up life could mend Held a job on an oil-rig Flying choppers when I could But the nightlife nearly drove me round the bend And I've travelled round the world from year to year And each one found me aimless, one more year the worse for wear And I've been back to South East Asia You know the answer sure ain't there But I'm drifting north, to check things out again You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone Only seven flying hours, and I'll be landing in Hong Kong There ain't nothing like the kisses From a jaded Chinese princess I'm gonna hit some Hong Kong mattress all night long Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone Yeah the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone And it's really got me worried

## I'm goin' nowhere and I'm in a hurry And the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone (Repeat twice)

Songwriters

DON WALKERPublished by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by <a href="https://damnlyrics.com/">https://damnlyrics.com/</a>