

# Ben Lee, Ship My Body Home

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 I'm 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  
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