Khe Sanh

INTRO PIANO

VERSE 2

VERSE 1 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-dayheroes in 1973 How we sailed into Sydney Harbour Saw an old friend but couldn't kiss her

She was lined, and I was home to the lucky land And she was like so many more from that time on

Their lives were all so empty, till 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 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

VERSE 2 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

But the answer sure ain't there

But I'm drifting north, to check things out again

SOLO

CHORUS 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

CHORUS REPEAT

Khe Sanh

NTRO	PIANO
VERSE 1	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-dayheroes in 1973
	How we sailed into Sydney Harbour
	Saw an old friend but couldn't kiss her
/EDSE 0	She was lined, and I was home to the lucky land
VERSE 2	And she was like so many more from that time on
	Their lives were all so empty, till 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
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	Or the growing need for speed and novacaine
	So I worked across the country 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
VERSE 3	And I've travelled round the world from year to year
	And each one found me aimless, one more year the worse for wear
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CHORUS REPEAT



DGCGD Solo goes to 2
*motes: figst turn around (whole form) Voice of Ac piang

D G G G G