

## Ship Song

Heather Nova

Come sail your ships around me  
And burn your bridges down  
We make a little history, darling  
Every time you come around

Come loose your dogs upon me  
And let your hair hang down  
You are a little mystery to me  
Every time you come around

We talk about it all night long  
We define our moral ground  
But when I crawl into your arms  
Everything comes tumbling down

Your face has fallen sad now  
For you know the time is nigh  
When I must remove your wings  
And you, you must try to fly

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