

# KHE SANH

(GRUB songs 2020)

*Cold Chisel (Written by Don Walker)*

Intro: |C G |Am G |F Em |Dm G |

Verse 1: Am F C F C G  
I left my heart to the sappers round, Khe Sahn.  
Am F G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
And my soul was sold with my cigarettes, to the black market man.  
Am F C F  
I've had the Vietnam cold turkey, from the ocean to the silver city  
Dm Bb G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
And it's only other vets could understand.

Am F C F C G  
'Bout the long forgotten dockside guarantees,  
Am F G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
How there were no V-day heroes in nineteen seventy-three;  
Am F C F  
How we sailed into Sydney Harbour, saw an old friend but I couldn't kiss her.  
Dm Bb G F C G  
She was lined, and I was home to the lucky land

Verse 2: Am F C F C G  
She was like so many more from that time on  
Am F G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
Their lives were all so empty, till they'd found their chosen one,  
Am F C F  
And their legs were often open, but their minds were always closed,  
Dm Bb G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
And their hearts were held in fast suburban chains

Am F C C F C G  
And the legal pads were yellow, hours long paypackets lean,  
Am F G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
And the telex writers clattered where the gunships once had been;  
Am F C F  
But the carparks made me jumpy, and I never stopped the dreams,  
Dm Bb G F C G  
Or the growing need for speed and novocaine

Verse 3: Am F C C F C G  
So I worked across the country from end to end  
Am F G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
Tried to find a place to settle down, where my mixed up life could mend,  
Am F C F  
Held a job on an oil-rig, flying choppers when I could,  
Dm Bb G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
But the nightlife nearly drove me round the bend.

Am F C F C G  
 And I've travelled round the world from year to year,  
 Am F G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
 And each one found me aimless, one more year the worse for wear,  
 Am F C F  
 And I've been back to South East Asia, and the answer sure ain't there,  
 Dm Bb C F C G  
 But I'm drifting north, to check things out again

Inst: |Am |F |C | G |  
Am	F	G	
Am	F	C	F
Dm	G	C F	C G

Verse 4: Am F C F C G  
 Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.  
 Am F G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
 And only seven flying hours, and I'll be landing in Hong Kong.  
 Am F C F  
 And there ain't nothin' like the kisses from a jaded Chinese princess,  
 Dm Bb G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
 I'm gonna hit some Hong Kong mattress all night long

Am F C F C G  
 Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.  
 Am F G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
 You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.  
 Am F C F  
 And it's really got me worried, I'm going nowhere and I'm in a hurry.  
 Dm Bb G (G6 G7 G#dim)  
 You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.

Am F C F C G  
 Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.  
 Am F G  
 You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.  
 Am F C F  
 And it's really got me worried, I'm going nowhere and I'm in a hurry.  
 Dm G C F C F C  
 You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.

