

# Khe Sanh

# Cold Chisel



1,2,3,4, 1,2,3 [F /] [G] [Am] [F] [G]

I [Am] left my heart to the [F] sappers round

Khe [C //] Sahn [CM7 //] [C //] [G //]

And my [Am] soul was sold with my [F] cigarettes, to the [G] black market man.

I've had the [Am] Vietnam cold [F] turkey, from the [C] ocean to the silver [F] city  
And it's [Dm] only other [Bb] vets could under-[G]-stand.

'Bout the [Am] long forgotten [F] dockside guaran-[C //]-tees, [CM7 //] [C //] [G //]

How there were [Am] no V-day [F] heroes in [G] nineteen seventy-three;

How we [Am] sailed into Sydney [F] Harbour,  
saw an [C] old friend but I couldn't [F] kiss her.

She was [Dm] lined, and I was [G] home to the lucky [C //] land [F //] [C //] [G //]

She was [Am] like so many [F] more from that time [C //] on [CM7 //] [C //] [G //]

Their [Am] lives were all so [F] empty, till they'd [G] found their chosen one,

And their [Am] legs were often [F] open, but their [C] minds were always [F] closed  
And their [Dm] hearts were held in [Bb] fast suburban [G] chains

And the [Am] legal pads were [F] yellow,

Hours [C //] long pay-[CM7 //]-packets [C //] lean, [G //]

And the [Am] telex writers [F] clattered where the [G] gunships once had been;

But the [Am] carparks made me [F] jumpy,

and I [C] never stopped the [F] dreams,

Or the [Dm] growing need for [G] speed and nova-[C //]-caine [F //] [C //] [G //]

So I [Am] worked across the [F] country from end to [C //] end [CM7 //] [C //] [G //]

Tried to [Am] find a place to [F] settle down,

Where my [G] mixed up life could mend,

Held a [Am] job on an oil-[F]-rig, flying [C] choppers when I [F] could,

But the [Dm] nightlife nearly [Bb] drove me round the [G] bend.

And I've [Am] travelled round the [F] world from year to [C //] year [CM7 //] [C //] [G //]

And [Am] each one found me [F] aimless one more [G] year the worse for wear,

And I've [Am] been back to South East [F] Asia,

]And the [C] answer sure ain't [F] there,

But I'm [Dm] drifting north, To [G] check things out a-[C]-gain [F] [C] [G]

Well the [Am] last plane of [F] Sydney's almost [C //] gone. [CM7 //] [C //] [G //]

And only [Am] seven flying [F] hours, And I'll be [G] landing in Hong Kong.

And there [Am] ain't nothin' like the

[F] kisses from a [C] jaded Chinese [F] princess,

I'm gonna [Dm] hit some Hong Kong [Bb] mattress all night [G] long

Well the [Am] last plane out of [F] Sydney's almost [C //] gone [CM7 //] [C //] [G //]

You know the [Am] last plane out of [F] Sydney's almost [G] gone.

And it's [Am] really got me [F] worried, I'm going [C] nowhere and I'm in a [F] hurry.

You know the [Dm] last plane out of [G] Sydney's almost [C] gone. [F] [C] [C!]

