

The Dutchman

Jerry Jeff Walker

The Dutchman is not the kind of man
To keep his thumb jammed in a dam that holds his dreams in.
But that's a secret only Margaret knows.

When Amsterdam is golden
In the morning Margaret brings him breakfast. She believes him.

He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow.
He's mad as he can be, but Margaret only sees that sometimes.
Sometimes she sees her unborn children in his eyes.

Let us go to the banks of the ocean,
Where the walls rise above the Zuider Zee.
Long a-go, I used to be a young man.
Now dear Margaret re-members that for me.

The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes.
His hat and coat are patched with the love that Margaret sewed
him.
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam.
He watches tugboats down canals
And calls out to them when he thinks he knows the captain,
'til Margaret comes to take him home again,
Through unforgiving streets that trip him though he holds her a
rm.
Sometimes he thinks that he's alone and calls her name.

Let us go to the banks of the ocean,
Where the walls rise above the Zuider Zee.
Long a-go, I used to be a young man.
Now dear Margaret re-members that for me.

The windmills whirl the winter wind.
She winds his muffler tighter.
They sit in the kitchen.
Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew.
He sees her for a moment.
He calls her name out.
She makes the bed up, humming some old love song.
She learned the tune when it was very new.
He hums a line or two.
They hum together in the dark.
The Dutchman falls asleep & Margaret blows the candle out.