

Amsterdam

The Dreadnoughts

Johnny was an Englishman, from Derbyshire was he
He had a wife so beautiful, had children one to three
He loved them all so dearly, as only Johnny could
And always did exactly as he should

Then one day he took a trip across the channel white
To where the streets are narrow, and bathed in crimson light
He lives there to this day inside his dirty rotten shell
This British lion now becomes a lamb

Amsterdam!

William was a sailor, upon the raging main
Made port in London, Boston, New York, Germany and Spain
He loved the girls so dearly, until their hearts were won
Then sailed away into the setting sun

Breakfast on the table, Porter when you're dry
She'll love you in the morning, she'll love you 'till you die
She'll love you 'till the day she's spent all your pay
She's the devil's holy water by the dram

Amsterdam!

So come all ye sailors, who live upon the main
Remember dear old Jimmy when he left upon that train
He wanders round old Amsterdam a-lookin' for his fix
And Willy's life is never free of kicks

Breakfast on the table, Porter when you're dry
She'll love you in the morning, she'll love you 'till you die
She'll love you 'till the day she's spent all your pay
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