

## Amsterdam

Buck Owens

Amsterdam, old Amsterdam  
How I love you Amsterdam  
When I get there I'm gonna kiss the ground  
Let you stand on Amsterdam.

I left my home and I left my friends  
Said I'll be back but I don't know when  
Set my sail to the restless wind  
So long old Amsterdam.

I picked plums up in Yakimo  
And I picked pearles down in Arkansas  
Even learned how to say you all  
But I still miss Amsterdam  
Amsterdam, old Amsterdam.

I did my thing in Tokyo  
Tried my luck in Kokomo  
Searched for bill in Buffalo  
But I still miss Amsterdam.

I picked peaches in a Georgia town  
And I picked cotton down in Birmingham  
At the day I'll get out of Alabam  
I'm goin' back to Amsterdam.  
Amsterdam, old Amsterdam.  
Amsterdam, old Amsterdam...