

Amsterdam

David Bowie

In the port of Amsterdam
There's a sailor who sings
Of the dreams that he brings
From the wide open sea
In the port of Amsterdam
There's a sailor who sleeps
While the river bank weeps
To the old willow tree

In the port of Amsterdam
There's a sailor who dies
Full of beer, full of cries
In a drunken town fight
In the port of Amsterdam
There's a sailor who's born
On a hot muggy morn
By the dawn's early light

In the port of Amsterdam
Where the sailors all meet
There's a sailor who eats
Only fish heads and tails
And he'll show you his teeth
That have rotted too soon
That can haul up the sails
That can swallow the moon

And he yells to the cook
With his arms open wide
"Hey, bring me more fish
Throw it down by my side"
And he wants so to belch
But he's too full to try
So he stands up and laughs
And he zips up his fly

In the port of Amsterdam
You can see sailors dance
Paunches bursting their pants
Grinding women to porch
They've forgotten the tune
That their whiskey voice croaked
Splitting the night
With the roar of their jokes
And they turn and they dance
And they laugh and they lust
Till the rancid sound of the accordion bursts
And then out of the night
With their pride in their pants
And the sluts that they tow
Underneath the street lamps

In the port of Amsterdam
There's a sailor who drinks
And he drinks and he drinks
And he drinks once again
He'll drink to the health

Of the whores of Amsterdam
Who've given their bodies
To a thousand other men
Yeah, they've bargained their virtue
Their goodness all gone
For a few dirty coins
Well he just can't go on
Throws his nose to the sky
And he aims it up above
And he pisses like I cry
On the unfaithful love

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