

# 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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