

Amsterdam

Joshua Kadison

Well, here I am in Amsterdam
As winter waves goodbye...
Almost seven in the morning
And I'm walking all alone
And the moon's still in the sky.
And I have to laugh just thinking
How I've never found a home.
Pillows yes, to lay my head,
But I've mostly been alone.

Oh, Amsterdam, can you tell me
What kind of man I am?
A walker in the rain,
A dancer in the sand,
Or just an insane music man?
Oh, Amsterdam, I'm barely
Hanging on by a single strand.
All I really know is I don't understand.
I'm just waking up alone in Amsterdam.

A boy I see in a window there,
I can't help looking in.
As someone's arms pull him back to bed,
I'm thinking what a fool I've been.
And the moon is trapped in an old canal
Like a madman in a cell.
And I'm thinking how I'd like to know
Just one place very well.

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All I really know is I don't understand.
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