

## Amsterdam

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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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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.