

Amsterdam

Mando Diao

I was down in Amsterdam
Almost hurt myself to death
I pushed myself so hard
Just like the redlight girls
Well I cried and stopped to smile
I thought my career was over
And the dealer boys they had to bring me water

I stumbled over mountains
And the shadows of the street
I fell into the river
I cried and and bagged for mercy
And i talked to god on the telephone
But I really can't tell you what he told me
But it was a lie
No I really can't tell you what he told me
But it was a lie

When I came to Amsterdam
The hotel showed a movie
With Marlon Brando and his friend Pacino
Well I thought that this is nice
And I'm sure I can relax now
But suddenly the room was full of demons

I escaped through the window
Almost ran a mile away
I had nowhere to go
So I cried and and bagged for mercy
And I talked to god on the telephone
But I really can't tell you what he told me
But it was a lie
No I really can't tell you what he told me
But it was a lie

But nothing seems to matter
In this lonesome dirty town
But for a short brief moment
I thought she was the one
And she and I were fighting
About sex, love and TV
That's why I had to get down and talk
To god on the telephone
But I really can't tell you what he told me
But it was a lie
No I really can't tell you what
He told me but it was a lie