

# The Dutchman

Steve Goodman

The Dutchman's not the kind of man  
To keeps his thumb jammed in the dam  
That holds his dreams in  
But that's a secret that only Margaret knows  
When Amsterdam is golden in the morning  
Margaret brings him breakfast, she believes him  
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow  
He's mad as he can be  
But Margaret only sees that sometimes  
Sometimes she sees  
Her unborn children in his eyes  
Let us go to the banks of the ocean  
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee  
Long ago, I used to be a young man  
But dear Margaret remembers that for me  
The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes  
His cap and coat are patched with the love  
That Margaret sewed him  
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam  
He watches tug-boats down canals  
And calls out to them  
When he thinks he knows the captain  
'Til Margaret comes to take him home again

Through the unforgiving streets that trip him  
Though she holds his arm  
Sometimes he thinks he's alone and calls her name  
Let us go to the banks of the ocean  
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee  
Long ago, I used to be a young man  
But dear Margaret remembers that for me  
Windmills whirl the winter wind  
She winds his muffler tighter, they sit in the kitchen  
Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew  
He sees her for a moment, calls her name  
She makes his bed up singing some old love song  
She learned it when the tune was very new  
He hums a line or two  
They hum together in the night

The Dutchman falls asleep  
And Margaret blows the candle out  
Let us go to the banks of the ocean  
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee  
Long ago, I used to be a young man  
But dear Margaret remembers that for me

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