

The Dutchman

Tom Russell

The Dutchman is not the kind of man
To keep his thumb jambed in a dam that holds his dreams in.
But that's a secret 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 a-bove the Zuider Zee.
Long a-go, I used to be a young man.
Now dear Margaret re-members that for me.

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