

# The Dutchman

John McDermott

The Dutchman's not the kind of man  
To keep his thumb jammed in the 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 snows  
He's mad as he can be  
But Margaret only sees that sometimes  
Sometimes she sees her unborn children  
In his eyes(Chorus)  
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  
And dear Margaret remembers for me.  
The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes  
His cap and his coat are patched with love  
That Margaret sewed in  
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 unforgiving streets  
A tripping though she holds his arm.  
Sometimes he thinks that he's alone  
And calls her name(Chorus)  
The windmills swirl. The winter air  
She winds his muffler tighter  
They sit in the kitchen  
And the tea with wiskey keep away the dew  
He sees her for a moment, calls her name  
She makes his bed up  
Humming some old love song.  
She learned it when the tune was vey new  
He hums a line or two, they hum together in the night  
The Dutchman falls asleep  
And Margaret blows the candle out.

Songwriters

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