

Amsterdam

John Denver

In the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who sings
Of the dreams that he brings from the wide open sea.
In the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who sleeps
While the river bank weeps to the old willow tree.
In the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who dies
Full of beer, full of cries in a drunken' down fight.
But in the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who's born
On a muggy, hot morn by the dawns early light. In the port of Amsterdam where the sailors all meet
There's a sailor who eats only fish-heads and tails.
He will show you his teeth that have rotted too soon.
That can swallow the moon that can haul up the sails.
And he asks to the cook with his arms open wide.
Bring me more fish, put it down by my side.
And he wants so to belch, but he's too full to try.
So he gets up and he laughs and he zips up his fly. In the port of Amsterdam you can see sailors dance.
Haunches bursting their pants, binding woman to paunch.
They've forgotten the tune that their whiskey voice croaks.
And they're aplitting the night with the roar of their jokes.
And they turn and they dance and they laugh and they lust.
To the rats it sounds of the accordion burst.
Then it's out into the night with their pride in their pants.
With a slut that they tow underneath the street lamps. In the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who drinks.
And he drinks and he drinks and he drinks once again.
He drinks to the health of the whores of Amsterdam.
Who have promised their love to a thousand other men.
And they darken their bodies and their virtue long gone
For a few dirty coins. And then when he can't go on
He plants his nose in the sky And he wipes it up above
And he splits like I cry for an unfaithful love.
In the port of Amsterdam.
In the port of Amsterdam.
In the port of Amsterdam.

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