

# New Amsterdam

[Elvis Costello](#)

You're sending me tulips mistaken for lilies  
You give me your lip after punching me silly  
You turned my head till it rolled down the brain drain  
If I had any sense now I wouldn't want it back again  
New Amsterdam it's become much too much  
Till I have the possession of everything she touches  
Till I step on the brakes to get out of her clutches  
Till I speak double dutch to a real double duchess  
Down on the mainspring, listen to the tick tock  
Clock all the faces that move in on your block  
Twice shy and dog tired because you've been bitten  
Everything you say now sounds like it was ghost-written  
New Amsterdam it's become much too much  
Till I have the possession of everything she touches  
Till I step on the brakes to get out of her clutches  
Till I speak double dutch to a real double duchess  
Back in London they'll take you to heart  
After a little while  
Though I look right at home  
I still feel like an exile  
Somehow I found myself down at the dockside  
Thinkin' of the old days of Liverpool and Rotherhithe  
The transparent people who live on the other side  
Living a life that is almost like suicide  
New Amsterdam it's become much too much  
Till I have the possession of everything she touches  
Till I step on the brakes to get out of her clutches  
Till I speak double dutch to a real double duchess

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