

Amsterdam

Walter Martin

Here I am in Amsterdam
Walking the canals with my old man
Guess who's in love with Amsterdam
I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am
He's telling me all about who came from here
Maybe Van Gogh and maybe Vermeer
But he hasn't studied art well over ten years
Ten years, ten years, ten years, ten years
Ten years, ten years, ten years
Leave me in the Netherlands
Where all the old houses seem to slant
Toward the street where the people stand
In wooden shoes and talk about Rembrandt
In the Netherlands Walking down a street with a crazy name
And dad keeps walking in the bike lane
While admiring all those window frames
Those frames, those frames, those window frames
Those great Dutch window frames
Well, I'll hate to leave when it's time to go
Maybe I'll learn Dutch when I get home
Sounds great now but I probably won't
I won't, I won't, I probably won't
I know I probably won't
So leave me in the Netherlands
Where all the old houses seem to slant
Toward the street where the people stand
In wooden shoes and talk about Rembrandt
In the Netherlands Here I am in Amsterdam
Here I am in Amsterdam
Here I am in Amsterdam

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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