Amsterdam

Griffin House

I went to Amsterdam
I got so lost down the way
I took the crooked path
I wish that I'd never stayed
I cannot change the past
Can I change, change the past?Ticket in hand to leave
I sit on the train and think of you
Your face in the photograph
I run my finger down your cheek
I cannot change the past
Can I change, change the past?I cannot change the past
All of it's done in Amsterdam

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