

# Amsterdam

## David Bowie

In the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who sings  
Of the dreams that he brings from the wide open sea  
And in the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who sleeps  
While the river bank weeps to the old willow tree  
And in the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who dies  
Full of beer, full of cries in a drunken town fight  
And in the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who's born  
On a hot murky morn by the dawn's early light  
In the port of Amsterdam where the sailors all meet  
There's a sailor who eats only fish heads and tails  
And he'll show you his teeth that have rotted too soon  
That can haul up the sails that can swallow the moon  
And he yells to the cook with his arms open wide  
"Oh, bring me more fish throw it down by my side"  
And he wants so to belch but he's too full to try  
So he stands up and laughs and he zips up his fly  
In the port of Amsterdam you can see sailors dance  
Paunches bursting their pants grinding women to porch  
They've forgotten the tune that their whiskey voice croaked  
Splitting the night with the roar of their jokes  
And they turn and they dance and they laugh and they lust  
Till the rancid sound of the accordion bursts  
And then out of the night with their pride in their pants  
And the sluts 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  
Oh he drink to the health of the whores of Amsterdam  
Who've given their bodies to a thousand other men  
Oh, they bargain their virtue, their goodness all gone  
For a few dirty coins when they just can't go on  
Throws his nose to the sky and he aims it up above  
And he pisses like I cry for a unfaithful love  
In the port of Amsterdam  
In the port of Amsterdam

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