

# Amsterdam

Scott Walker

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 riverbank weeps  
With 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  
And in the port of Amsterdam There's a sailor who's born  
On a muggy hot morn  
By the dawn's early light In the port of Amsterdam  
Where the sailors all meet  
There's a sailor who eats Only fishheads 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 yells to the cook  
With his arms open wide  
Bring me more fish  
Put it down by my side Then he wants so to belch  
But he's too full to try  
So he gets 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 paunch They've forgotten the tune  
That their whiskey voice croaks  
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 Then out to the night  
With their pride in their pants  
With the 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  
They've bargained their bodies  
And their virtue long gone  
For a few dirty coins  
And when he can't go on  
He plants his nose in the sky  
And he wipes it up above  
And he pisses like I cry  
For an unfaithful love In the port of Amsterdam  
In the port of Amsterdam

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