

# Amsterdam (Beat Syndrome Remix)

## Daughter

Skin up like lightning  
Breathing flames from tourist trade  
Your eyes go quite frightening  
You lock your gaze on to my face  
Heavy eye crawling on the roadside  
Swinging from the street lights  
I hope by the morning I will have grown back  
By the morning I will have grown back  
I'll escape with him  
Show him all my skin  
Then I'll go  
I'll go home  
Amsterdam  
I'm a flying kite in the breeze just  
Restlessly seeking images a child needs to help them sleep  
I was thinking that I should see someone  
Just to find out that I'm alright  
By the morning I would've grown back  
By the morning I would've grown back  
I'll escape with him  
Showing all my skin  
Then I'll go  
I'll go home  
Amsterdam  
I used to dream of  
Adventure  
When I was younger  
With lungs miniature  
Good night with killing  
Our brain cells  
Is this called living  
Or something else  
Or something else  
By the morning I would've grown back  
By the morning I would've grown back  
By the morning I would've grown back  
By the morning I would've grown back

Songwriters

TONRA, ELENA VERONICA / HAEFELI, IGOR ALEXANDRE  
Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>