The Dutchman

The High Llamas

The Dutchman's not the kind of man
To keeps his thumb jammed in the dam
That holds his dreams in
But that's a secret that only Margaret knows
When Amsterdam is golden in the morning
Margaret brings him breakfast, she believes him
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow
He's mad as he can be
But Margaret only sees that sometimes
Sometimes she sees
Her unborn children in his eyes
Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee
Long ago, I used to be a young man
But dear Margaret remembers that for me
The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes
His cap and coat are patched with the love
That Margaret sewed him
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam
He watches tug-boats down canals
And calls out to them
When he thinks he knows the captain
'Til Margaret comes to take him home again

Through the unforgiving streets that trip him
Though she holds his arm
Sometimes he thinks he's alone and calls her name
Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee
Long ago, I used to be a young man
But dear Margaret remembers that for me
Windmills whirl the winter wind
She winds his muffler tighter, they sit in the kitchen
Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew
He sees her for a moment, calls her name
She makes his bed up singing some old love song
She learned it when the tune was very new
He hums a line or two
They hum together in the night

The Dutchman falls asleep
And Margaret blows the candle out
Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee
Long ago, I used to be a young man
But dear Margaret remembers that for me

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