

# David Bowie - Amsterdam

Tom: C

In the <sup>Am</sup> port of Amsterdam  
 There's a sailor who sings  
 Of the <sup>Em</sup> dreams that he brings  
 From a wide open sea  
 And in the <sup>Am</sup> port of Amsterdam  
 There's a sailor who sleeps  
 While the <sup>Em</sup> river bank weeps  
 To the old willow tree  
 And in the <sup>C</sup> port of Amsterdam  
 There's a sailor who dies  
 Full of <sup>Am</sup> beers full of cries  
 In a drunken down fight  
 And in the <sup>F</sup> port of Amsterdam  
 There's a sailor who is born  
 On the hot muggy morn  
 By the <sup>Am</sup> dawns early light

In the <sup>Am</sup> port of Amsterdam  
 Where the <sup>Em</sup> sailors all meet  
 There's a sailor who eats  
 Only <sup>F</sup> fish heads and tails  
 He'll show you his teeth  
 That have <sup>Em</sup> rotted too soon  
 That can <sup>F</sup> haul up the sails  
 That can <sup>Am</sup> swallow the moon  
 And he'll yell to the cook  
 With his <sup>G7</sup> arms open wide  
 Oh bring me more fish  
 Though <sup>E7</sup> it's 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 flies  
<sup>Am</sup>

In the port of Amsterdam  
 You can see <sup>Em</sup> sailors dance  
 Paunches <sup>F</sup> bursting their pants  
 Grinding <sup>E</sup> women's with paunch (not sure about this line)  
 They've <sup>Am</sup> forgotten the tune  
 That their <sup>Em</sup> whiskey voice croaks  
 Splitting <sup>F</sup> the night <sup>E7</sup>  
 With the <sup>Am</sup> roar of their jokes  
 And they <sup>C</sup> turn and they dance  
 And they <sup>G7</sup> laugh and they lust <sup>E7</sup>  
 Till the <sup>Am</sup> rancid sound  
 Of the <sup>E7</sup> accordion bursts  
 And then <sup>F</sup> out of the night  
 With their <sup>Em</sup> pride in their pants  
 And the <sup>Dm7</sup> slut that they tow <sup>E7</sup>  
 Underneath the street lamps

<sup>Am</sup>  
 In the port of Amsterdam  
 There's a sailor who drinks  
 And he <sup>F</sup> drinks and he drinks  
 And he <sup>E</sup> drinks once again  
 Oh he <sup>Am</sup> drinks to the health  
 Of the <sup>Em</sup> whores of Amsterdam  
 Who have <sup>F</sup> given their bodies <sup>E7</sup>  
 To a <sup>Am</sup> thousand other men  
 It's their <sup>C</sup> worth and their goodness  
 Their <sup>G7</sup> virtues all gone <sup>E7</sup>  
 For the <sup>Am</sup> few dirty coins  
 When he <sup>E7</sup> just can't go on  
 Throws <sup>F</sup> his nose to the sky  
 And he <sup>Em</sup> aims it up above  
 And he <sup>Dm7</sup> pisses like I cry <sup>E7</sup>  
 For an <sup>Am</sup> unfaithful love  
<sup>Am</sup>  
 In the port of Amsterdam  
 In the port of Amsterdam <sup>Em</sup> <sup>Dm E7</sup> <sup>Am</sup>

## Acordes

