

David Bowie - Amsterdam

Tom: C

In the ^{Am} port of Amsterdam
 There's a sailor who sings
 Of the dreams that he brings
 From a 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 beers full of cries
 In a drunken down fight
 And in the port of Amsterdam
 There's a sailor who is born
 On the hot muggy morn
 By the dawns early light

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

^{Am}

In the port of Amsterdam
 You can see sailors dance
 Paunches bursting their pants
 Grinding women's with paunch (not sure about this line)
 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
 And then out of the night
 With their pride in their pants
 And the slut that they tow
 Underneath the street lamps

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

In the ^{Am} port of Amsterdam
 In the port of Amsterdam ^{Em Dm E7 Am}

Acordes

