

# David Bowie - Amsterdam

Tom: C

In the <sup>Am</sup> port of Amsterdam  
 There's a sailor who sings <sup>Em</sup>  
 Of the dreams that he brings <sup>F</sup>  
 From a wide open sea <sup>E</sup>  
 And in the port of Amsterdam <sup>Am</sup>  
 There's a sailor who sleeps <sup>Em</sup>  
 While the river bank weeps <sup>F E7</sup>  
 To the old willow tree <sup>Am</sup>  
 And in the port of Amsterdam <sup>C</sup>  
 There's a sailor who dies <sup>G7 E7</sup>  
 Full of beers full of cries <sup>Am</sup>  
 In a drunken down fight <sup>E7</sup>  
 And in the port of Amsterdam <sup>F</sup>  
 There's a sailor who is born <sup>Em</sup>  
 On the hot muggy morn <sup>Dm7 E7</sup>  
 By the dawns early light <sup>Am</sup>

In the <sup>Am</sup> port of Amsterdam  
 Where the sailors all meet <sup>Em</sup>  
 There's a sailor who eats <sup>F</sup>  
 Only fish heads and tails <sup>E</sup>  
 He'll show you his teeth <sup>Am</sup>  
 That have rotted too soon <sup>Em</sup>  
 That can haul up the sails <sup>F E7</sup>  
 That can swallow the moon <sup>Am</sup>  
 And he'll yell to the cook <sup>C</sup>  
 With his arms open wide <sup>G7 E7</sup>  
 Oh bring me more fish <sup>Am</sup>  
 Though it's down by my side <sup>E7</sup>  
 And he wants so to belch <sup>F</sup>  
 But he's too full to try <sup>Em</sup>  
 So he stands up and laughs <sup>Dm7 E7</sup>  
 And he zips up his flies <sup>Am</sup>

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

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

In the port of Amsterdam <sup>Am</sup>  
 In the port of Amsterdam <sup>Em Dm E7 Am</sup>

## Acordes

