

# 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 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 fish heads and tails  
 He'll show you his teeth  
 That have <sup>Em</sup> 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

<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 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

In the <sup>Am</sup> 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 <sup>Em</sup> whores of Amsterdam  
 Who have given their bodies  
 To a thousand other men  
 It's their worth and their goodness  
 Their <sup>G7</sup> virtues all gone <sup>E7</sup>  
 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 <sup>Am</sup> port of Amsterdam  
 In the <sup>Em</sup> port of Amsterdam <sup>Dm E7 Am</sup>

## Acordes

