

**Amsterdam**

**A.j. Roach**

Amsterdam

by AJ Roach

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[www.myspace.com/ajroach](http://www.myspace.com/ajroach)

[www.roachmusic.com](http://www.roachmusic.com)

<http://www.facebook.com/home.php#/group.php?gid=23504550382>

For the You Tube video

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sRAfnhB52z8>

\*\* (not sure about this word/line...)

**Am Em**  
In the Port of Amsterdam, there s a sailor who sings  
**F Em**  
Of the dreams that he brings from a wide-open sea  
**Am Em**  
And in the Port of Amsterdam, there s a sailor who sleeps  
**C Em Am**  
as the river bank weeps with the old willow tree

**C G**  
And in the Port of Amsterdam, there s a sailor who dies  
**Am Em**  
full of beer, full of cries from a drunken town fight  
**F Em**  
And in the Port of Amsterdam, there s a sailor who s born  
**C Em Am**  
on a hot, muggy morn, neath the dawns early light

**Am Em**  
In the Port of Amsterdam, where the sailors all meet  
**F Em**  
there s a sailor who eats only fish heads and tails  
**Am Em**  
He ll show you his teeth that have rotted too soon  
**C Em Am**  
That could haul up the sails, that could swallow the moon.

**C G**  
And he ll scream to the cook, with his arms open wide  
**Am Em**

Bring me more fish, throw em down by my side

**F Em**

And he wants so to belch, but he s too full to try

**C Em Am**

So he stands up and laughs, and then unzips his fly

**Am Em**

In the Port of Amsterdam, you can watch sailors dance

**F Em**

**\*\*Honchos** burst in their pants, finding women to punch

**Am Em**

They ve forgotten the tune that their whiskey voice croaked

**C Em Am**

Spending the night with the roar of their joke

**C G**

And they turn and they dance and they laugh and they lust

**Am Em**

To the rancid sound of their accordion burst

**F Em**

And then out in the night with their pride in their pants

**C Em Am**

And the sluts after **\*\*two** underneath the street lamps

**Am Em**

In the Port of Amsterdam, there s a sailor who drinks

**F Em**

And he drinks and he drinks and he drinks once again

**Am Em**

And he drinks to the health of the whores of Amsterdam

**C Em Am**

Who have given themselves to a thousand other men

**C G**

And they ll trade in their virtue, their goodness all gone

**Am Em**

For a **\*\*pilfery** of coins, till they just can t go on

**F Em**

Throws his nose to the sky, and he aims up above

**C Em Am**

And then pisses a cry for an unfaithful love

**Am Em**

In the PORT OF AMSTERDAM, In the PORT OF AMSTERDAM!!!

**C G Em Am**