Amsterdam
David Bowie

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

     Am
In the port of Amsterdam
     Em
Where the sailors all meet
    F
There s a sailor who eats
     E
Only fish heads and tails
     Am
He ll show you his teeth
     Em
That have rotted too soon
    F   **E7**
That can haul up the sails

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           Am
That can swallow the moon
        C
And he ll yell to the cook
        G7        E7
With his arms open wide
        Am
Oh bring me more fish
        E7
Though it s down by my side
        F
And he wants so to belch
        Em
But he s too full to try
        Dm7       E7
So he stands up and laughs
        Am
And he zips up his flies


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


        Am
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In the port of Amsterdam
        Em
There s a sailor who drinks
        F
And he drinks and he drinks
        E
And he drinks once again
        Am
Oh he drinks to the health
        Em
Of the whores of Amsterdam
        F           E7
Who have given their bodies
        Am
To a thousand other men
        C
It s their worth and their goodness
        G7          E7
Their virtues all gone
        Am
For the few dirty coins
        E7
When he just can t go on
        F
Throws his nose to the sky
        Em
And he aims it up above
        Dm7         E7
And he pisses like I cry
        Am
For an unfaithful love


        Am
In the port of Amsterdam
        Em                  Dm E7 Am
In the port of Amsterdam
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