

## Amsterdam

Scott Walker

In the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who sings  
Of the dreams that he brings from the wide open sea  
In the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who sleeps  
While the riverbank weeps with the old willow tree  
In the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who dies  
Full of beer, full of cries in a drunken down fight  
And in the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who's born  
On a muggy hot morn by the dawn's early light

In the port of Amsterdam where the sailors all meet  
There's a sailor who eats only fishheads and tails  
He will show you his teeth that have rotted too soon  
That can swallow the moon, that can haul up the sails  
And he yells to the cook with his arms open wide  
Bring me more fish put it down by my side  
Then he wants so to belch but he's too full to try  
So he gets up and laughs and he zips up his fly

In the port of Amsterdam you can see sailors dance  
Paunches bursting their pants grinding women to paunch  
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  
Then out to the night with their pride in their pants  
With the slut that they tow underneath the street lamps

In the port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who drinks  
And he drinks and he drinks and he drinks once again  
He drinks to the health of the whores of Amsterdam  
Who have promised their love to a thousand other men  
They've bargained their bodies and their virtue long gone  
For a few dirty coins, and when he can't go on  
He plants his nose in the sky and he wipes it up above  
And he pisses like I cry for an unfaithful love

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