

Amsterdam

The Bolshoi

in the ports of amsterdam
there's a sailor who sings
of the dreams that he brings
from the wide open sea

in the ports of amsterdam
there's a sailor who sleeps
while the river bank weeps
by the old willow tree

in the ports of amsterdam
there's a sailor who dies
full of beer, full of cries
in the drunken town fight

in the ports of amsterdam
there's a sailor who's born
on a hot and muggy morn
by the dawn's early light

in the ports of amsterdam
where the sailors all meet
there's a sailor who eats
only fish heads and tails

and he'll show you his teeth
that have rotted too soon
that can haul up the sails
that can swallow the moon

and he yells to the cook
with his arms open wide
"hey, bring me more fish
set it 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 fly

in the ports of amsterdam
you can see sailors dance
paunches bursting their pants
grinding women to porch

they've forgotten the tune
that their whiskey voice croaked
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 of the night

with their pride in their pants
and the sluts that they tow

underneath the street lamps

in the ports of amsterdam
there's a sailor who drinks
and he drinks and he drinks
and he drinks once again

he'll drink to the health
of the whores of amsterdam
who have given their bodies
to a thousand other men

yeah, they've bargained their virtue
their goodness all gone
for a few dirty coins
well he just can't go on

rolls his eyes to the sky
and rolls them up above
and he pisses like i cry
on the unfaithful love

in the port of amsterdam
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