AMSTERDAM
Words & Music by Brel & Shuman
sung by John Denver on Take Me To Tomorrow (1970)

Am  Em  Am  Em  Am  Em  Am

Am                          G
IN THE PORT OF AMSTERDAM THERE'S A SAILOR WHO SINGS
F                          E
OF THE DREAMS THAT HE BRINGS FROM THE WIDE OPEN SEA.
Am                          G
IN THE PORT OF AMSTERDAM THERE'S A SAILOR WHO SLEEPS
F                          E  Am
WHILE THE RIVER BANK WEEPS TO THE OLD WILLOW TREE.
C                          G
IN THE PORT OF AMSTERDAM THERE'S A SAILOR WHO DIES
Am                          G
FULL OF BEER, FULL OF CRIES IN A DRUNKIN' DOWN FIGHT.
F                          Em
BUT IN THE PORT OF AMSTERDAM THERE'S A SAILOR WHO'S BORN
F                          E  Am
ON A MUGGY, HOT MORN BY THE DAWNS EARLY LIGHT.

Am                          G
IN THE PORT OF AMSTERDAM WHERE THE SAILORS ALL MEET
F                          E
THERE'S A SAILOR WHO EATS ONLY FISH-HEADS AND TAILS.
Am                          G
HE WILL SHOW YOU HIS TEETH THAT HAVE ROTTED TOO SOON.
F                          E  Am
THAT CAN SWALLOW THE MOON THAT CAN HAUL UP THE SAILS.
C                          G            Am
AND HE ASKS TO THE COOK WITH HIS ARMS OPEN WIDE.
E                          F
BRING ME MORE FISH, PUT IT DOWN BY MY SIDE.
F                          Em
AND HE WANTS SO TO BELCH, BUT HE'S TOO FULL TO TRY.
F                          E  Am
SO HE GETS UP AND HE LAUGHS AND HE ZIPS UP HIS.

Am                          G
IN THE PORT OF AMSTERDAM YOU CAN SEE SAILORS DANCE.
F                          E
HAUNCHES BURSTING THEIR PANTS, BINDING WOMAN TO PAUNCH.
Am                          G
THEY'VE FORGOTTEN THE TUNE THAT THEIR WHISKEY VOICE CROAKS.
F                          E  Am
AND THEY'RE SPLITTING THE NIGHT WITH THE ROAR OF THEIR JOKES.
C                          G            Am
AND THEY TURN AND THEY DANCE AND THEY LAUGH AND THEY LUST.
E                          F
TO THE RATS IT SOUNDS OF THE ACCORDION BURST.
F                          Em
THEN IT'S OUT INTO THE NIGHT WITH THEIR PRIDE IN THEIR PANTS.

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WITH A 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.

AND THEY DARKEN THEIR BODIES AND THEIR VIRTUE LONG GONE

FOR A FEW DIRTY COINS. AND THEN WHEN HE CAN'T GO ON

HE PLANTS HIS NOSE IN THE SKY AND HE WIPES IT UP ABOVE

AND HE SPLITS LIKE I CRY FOR AN UNFAITHFUL LOVE.

IN THE PORT OF AMSTERDAM.

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