

Al Stewart, Amsterdam

""Amsterdam""

Oh I just came back from Haarlem
On the very last day of Autumn
Made it through the customs, took the bus into town
The flat looked cold and empty
The chairs unused and dusty
Just a few old letters and papers lying around
The Dutch people were friendly
You know they put me up and they fed me
All along a tour of one night stands
All my days and all my ways
Are so confused
I tell you right now
I'm going to make it back to Amsterdam

And you can feel fine anytime
You choose to lose yourself for a while
Bottle of wine
In some back street cafe
Or out on the street, there's a chance
For you to meet anybody you please
Taking the time
To ease your blues away

Fred was a crazy driver
He took us at a hundred miles an hour
Down a side street out of a traffic jam
All my days and all my ways
Are so bemused
I tell you right now
I'm going to make it back to Amsterdam

Oh I just came back from Haarlem
And the very thing I was wanting
Was to find some way to let you know how I felt
You can't say much in an evening
If you know you'll soon be leaving
There's not much time to talk, and it's maybe as well
But I wanted to give you something
Because you knew you really helped me
So I've written you a song with a small West Indian band
And though it seems some days that all my ways are
Bound to lose
I tell you right now
I'm going to make it back to Amsterdam

Amsterdam
Amsterdam
Amsterdam

Pah-pa-pa-pah