

# 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