

Buck Owens, Amsterdam

Amsterdam, old Amsterdam
How I love you Amsterdam
When I get there I'm gonna kiss the ground
Let you stand on Amsterdam.

I left my home and I left my friends
Said I'll be back but I don't know when
Set my sail to the restless wind
So long old Amsterdam.

I picked plums up in Yakimo
And I picked pearles down in Arkansas
Even learned how to say you all
But I still miss Amsterdam
Amsterdam, old Amsterdam.

--- Instrumental ---

I did my thing in Tokyo
Tried my luck in Kokomo
Searched for bill in Buffalo
But I still miss Amsterdam.

I picked peaches in a Georgia town
And I picked cotton down in Birmingham
At the day I'll get out of Alabam
I'm goin' back to Amsterdam.
Amsterdam, old Amsterdam.
Amsterdam, old Amsterdam...