

Joshua Kadison, Amsterdam

Well, here I am in Amsterdam as winter waves goodbye...
almost seven in the morning and I'm walking all alone
and the moon's still in the sky.
And I have to laugh just thinking how I've never found a home.
Pillows yes, to lay my head, but I've mostly been alone.

Chorus:

Oh, Amsterdam, can you tell me what kind of man I am?
A walker in the rain, a dancer in the sand, or just an insane music man?
Oh, Amsterdam, I'm barely hanging on by a single strand.
All I really know is I don't understand.
I'm just waking up alone in Amsterdam.

A boy I see in a window there, I can't help looking in.
As someone's arms pull him back to bed, I'm thinking what a fool I've been.
And the moon is trapped in an old canal like a madman in a cell.
And I'm thinking how I'd like to know just one place very well.

CHORUS