

Kadison Joshua, Amsterdam

Well, here I am in Amsterdam as winter waves good-bye...
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.

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.

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