

Amsterdam

Crowded House

You and me got the whole day off
Take a trip to Vincent Van Gogh
But the line went halfway round the block
And we're looking for a place to rest
Every seat in every bar was set
So we turned back to The Grand Hotel

And the rain came hard
A million people on a protest march
Every choice, every path was mistaken

You and me got the whole thing sussed
Gray man is shadowing us
Wild conspiracies turn to dust
Hear the sound of cathedral bells
Cash ringing at the gates of Hell
And fairground hooligans push and swell

They're the darkest days of a free man
Lying in the streets of Amsterdam
Nearly fell underneath the tram
But I picked myself up
Every temptation and device
All the diamonds and the spice
I would give anything for the sight
Of an honest man (Hey)

Eyes swim in emptiness
I was looking at a hotel guest
He blew me a big sarcastic kiss

And the Lord walked in
With a monocle and lips so thin
Saw the barman wink as he poured his brandy

They're the darkest days of a free man
Lying in the streets of Amsterdam
Nearly fell underneath the tram
But I picked myself up
Every temptation up in lights
all the diamonds and the spice
Could take profit from the vice
Of another man

Amsterdam
Cold, cold
Cold, cold
You belong