

New Amsterdam

Elvis Costello

You're sending me tulips mistaken for lilies
You give me your lip after punching me silly
You turned my head till it rolled down the brain drain
If I had any sense now I wouldn't want it back again

New Amsterdam it's become much too much
Till I have the possession of everything she touches
Till I step on the brakes to get out of her clutches
Till I speak double dutch to a real double duchess

Down on the mainspring, listen to the tick tock
Clock all the faces that move in on your block
Twice shy and dog tired because you've been bitten
Everything you say now sounds like it was ghost-written

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Till I step on the brakes to get out of her clutches
Till I speak double dutch to a real double duchess

Back in London they'll take you to heart after a little while
Though I look right at home I still feel like an exile

Somehow I found myself down at the dockside
Thinking of the old days of Liverpool and Rotherhide
The transparent people who live on the other side
Living a life that is almost like suicide

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