

# I've Been To Holland

Joe Purdy

I walk this brick road  
ignoring the busload  
the sleepers are down for the count  
I'll never forget on the day that we met  
last night when we painted the town

we screamed and we ran,  
streets of old amsterdam  
looking for payphones to call  
but none of our loved ones  
would quite understand  
sometimes we just live for the fall

And I've been to Holland and I've been to New York  
and I've seen the Golden Gate Bridge  
and I've done the things my parents have dreamed but i aint never seen nothing like this

She came to LA from the red Georgia clay and i loved her right from the start  
and she took my eye like a thief in the night i know shes stolen my heart  
she knows that i love her she knows that i miss her i wish she was standing right here  
at the end of each day i still lay down and pray just one chance to see her again

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I look to my right as a man on a bike says his sons been riding two days  
and if i missed you more i would head for the door but i cant find the door anyways  
I dont the language nor of the anguish that causes me to ask twice  
I dont know much but that I love the dutch cuz you dont have to try and be nice

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