

Amsterdam

John Martyn

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There was ladies around the casket
There was whores lying on the bed
There was some of them in silks and satins
There were some of them dressed in red, yeah
There were some moving in colours bright
And there were two little children there too
The wind had changed all concerned
And left this violent blue

The night the kid left Amsterdam
There was nobody who could understand why
The night the kid left Amsterdam
There was nobody who could understand why

Sweet sailor, sail through
Stay safe, runs true
Sweet sailor, steer clear
There's nothing but trouble 'round there

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There was Mad Jack raving
And little tiny long haired Hugh
All the hustling boys
Are just admiring the view
I swear I was crying
And I know that you would have been too
The wind had changed everyone concerned
It just left this violent blue

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There was nobody who could understand why
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Sweet sailor, steer through
Stay safe, runs true
Sweet sailor, steer clear
Nothing but trouble round here

The last time that I saw him
He was looking fresh feeling fine
I'd have known if my boy was drowning
I'd have thrown that kid a line
You never find me looking around the city no more like I did before
All that love lying wasted, just scattered across the floor

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