

# Amsterdam

Mandolin Orange

All inside our Amsterdam she hides  
Watery eyes  
That howling wind, she's waving hi  
Her other hand's in mine

Oh silhouette  
She's growing tall and fine  
She's got my back  
She'll follow me down every street  
No matter what my crime

All inside our Amsterdam she flies  
Hoarding the kites  
That howling wind, she'll take everything  
But she's easy on the eyes

Well the churches and trains  
Well they all look the same to me now  
They shoot you some place  
While we ache to come home somehow