

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