

## Beatnik Walking

Richard Thompson

Hand me down my walking shoes  
And Mr. Murdoch's news  
I'm going thunder rain or shine  
Got a papoose on my back  
We're on the right track, Jack  
To leave the beatnik blues behind

Amsterdam, where good things come in threes  
Ease your troubled mind and shoot the breeze

Take the path down to the mill  
I'm going to get my fill  
I'm going to eat till the pot runs dry  
Anne Frank's house and Rembrandt's tomb  
I'd better make some room  
'Cause Brother Vincent's on my mind

Life goes on behind the tiles and chintzes  
Dirty water fit for kings and princes

Dutch is not a loving tongue  
You say your piece and run  
You show you care in other ways  
Sailors in their Sunday best  
I'm feeling overdressed  
I've got to lose these blacks and greys

Amsterdam, where good things come in threes  
Soothe your troubled mind and shoot the breeze

Hand me down my walking shoes  
Hand me down my walking shoes  
Got to leave these beatnik blues behind