

New Amsterdam

Tasmin Archer

You're sending me tulips mistaken for lilies
You give me a look that the function is silly
You turn my head till it roll down the brain-drain
If I had any sense now I wouldn't want it back again

New Amsterdam it's become much too much
'Til I have the possession of everything she touches
'Til I step on the brake to get out of her clutches
'Til I speak double dutch to a real double duchess

Down on the main spring listen to the tick-tock
Collect all the faces that move in your lot
Twice-shy and dog-tied because you've been bitten
Everything you say now sounds like it was ghost-written

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Back in London they'll take you to heart after a little while
Though I look right at home I still feel like an exile

Somehow I found myself down at the dockside
Thinking about the old days of Liverpool and Rotherhide
Transparent people who live on the other side
Living a life that is almost like suicide

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