

David Bowie - Amsterdam

Tom: C

In the ^{Am} port of Amsterdam
 There's a sailor who sings ^{Em}
 Of the dreams that he brings ^F
 From a wide open sea ^E
 And in the port of Amsterdam ^{Am}
 There's a sailor who sleeps ^{Em}
 While the river bank weeps ^{F E7}
 To the old willow tree ^{Am}
 And in the port of Amsterdam ^C
 There's a sailor who dies ^{G7 E7}
 Full of beers full of cries ^{Am}
 In a drunken down fight ^{E7}
 And in the port of Amsterdam ^F
 There's a sailor who is born ^{Em}
 On the hot muggy morn ^{Dm7 E7}
 By the dawns early light ^{Am}

In the ^{Am} port of Amsterdam
 Where the sailors all meet ^{Em}
 There's a sailor who eats ^F
 Only fish heads and tails ^E
 He'll show you his teeth ^{Am}
 That have rotted too soon ^{Em}
 That can haul up the sails ^{F E7}
 That can swallow the moon ^{Am}
 And he'll yell to the cook ^C
 With his arms open wide ^{G7 E7}
 Oh bring me more fish ^{Am}
 Though it's down by my side ^{E7}
 And he wants so to belch ^F
 But he's too full to try ^{Em}
 So he stands up and laughs ^{Dm7 E7}
 And he zips up his flies ^{Am}

^{Am}

In the port of Amsterdam
 You can see sailors dance ^{Em}
 Paunches bursting their pants ^F
 Grinding women's with paunch (not sure about this line) ^E
 They've forgotten the tune ^{Am}
 That their whiskey voice croaks ^{Em}
 Splitting the night ^{F E7}
 With the roar of their jokes ^{Am}
 And they turn and they dance ^C
 And they laugh and they lust ^{G7 E7}
 Till the rancid sound ^{Am}
 Of the accordion bursts ^{E7}
 And then out of the night ^F
 With their pride in their pants ^{Em}
 And the slut that they tow ^{Dm7 E7}
 Underneath the street lamps ^{Am}

In the ^{Am} port of Amsterdam
 There's a sailor who drinks ^{Em}
 And he drinks and he drinks ^F
 And he drinks once again ^E
 Oh he drinks to the health ^{Am}
 Of the whores of Amsterdam ^{Em}
 Who have given their bodies ^{F E7}
 To a thousand other men ^{Am}
 It's their worth and their goodness ^C
 Their virtues all gone ^{G7 E7}
 For the few dirty coins ^{Am}
 When he just can't go on ^{E7}
 Throws his nose to the sky ^F
 And he aims it up above ^{Em}
 And he pisses like I cry ^{Dm7 E7}
 For an unfaithful love ^{Am}

In the ^{Am} port of Amsterdam
 In the port of Amsterdam ^{Em} ^{Dm E7 Am}

Acordes

