David Bowie - Amsterdam

Tom: C

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


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


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


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


          Am
In the port of Amsterdam
          Em                Dm E7 Am
In the port of Amsterdam
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Acordes

C   Am   Em   F   E   E7   G7   Dm

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