

Costello Elvis

"New Amsterdam"

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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

chorus
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

chorus

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

chorus

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