Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well And Living In Paris "Amsterdam"

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In the port of Amsterdam, there's a sailor who sings Of the dreams that he brings, from the wide open sea In the port of Amsterdam, there's a sailor who sleeps While the riverbank weeps to the old willow tree

In the port of Amsterdam, there's a sailor who dies Full of beer, full of cries, in a drunken down fight And in the port of Amsterdam, there's a sailor who's born

On a muggy hot morn, by the dawn's early light

In the port of Amsterdam where the sailors all meet There's a sailor who eats only fish heads and tails He will show you his teeth, that have rotted too soon That can swallow the moon, that can haul up the sails

And he yells to the cook, with his arms open wide "Bring me more fish, put it down by my side"
Then he wants so to belch but he's too full to try
So he gets up and laughs and he zips up his fly

In the port of Amsterdam, you can see sailors dance Paunches bursting their pants, grinding women to paunch

They've forgotten the tune, that their whiskey voice croaks

Splitting the night with the roar of their jokes

And they turn and they dance and they laugh and they lust

Till the rancid sound of the accordion bursts
Then out to the night with their pride in their pants
With the slut that they tow, underneath the street lamps

In the port of Amsterdam, there's a sailor who drinks And he drinks and he drinks once again He drinks to the health of the whores of Amsterdam Who have promised their love, to a thousand other men

They've bargained their bodies and their virtue long gone

For a few dirty coins, when he can't go on He plants his nose in the sky, wipes it up above And he pisses like I cry for an unfaithful love

In the port of Amsterdam
In the port of Amsterdam

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