

Jerry Jeff Walker **"The Dutchman"**

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The Dutchman's not the kind of man
To keep his thumb jammed in a dam
That holds his dreams in
But that's a secret only Margaret know

But when Amsterdam is golden
In the morning, Margaret brings him breakfast
She believes him
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow

He's mad as he can be
But Margaret only sees that sometimes
Sometimes she sees her unborn children in his eyes

Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee
Long ago, I used to be a young man
Now dear Margaret remembers that for me

Now the Dutchman still wears wooden shoes
His cap and coats all patched with the love
Margaret sewed him
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam

As he watches tugboats down canals
Calls out to them when he thinks
He knows the captain
'Til Margaret comes to take him home again

Through unforgiving streets
That trip him though he holds her arm
Sometimes he thinks he's alone and calls her name

Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee
Long ago, I used to be a young man
Now dear Margaret remembers that for me

Now the winter whirls the windmills in
She winds his muffler tighter
They sit in the kitchen
Tea with whiskey keeps away the dew

He sees her for a moment
He calls her name out, she makes the bed up
Humming some old love song
She learned it when the tune was very new

He hums a line or two
They hum together in the night
The Dutchman falls asleep
Then Margaret blows the candles out

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