

Joe Purdy

"I've Been To Holland"

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I walk this brick road
ignoring the busload
the sleepers are down for the count
I'll never forget on the day that we met
last night when we painted the town

we screamed and we ran,
streets of old amsterdam
looking for payphones to call
but none of our loved ones
would quite understand
sometimes we just live for the fall

And I've been to Holland and I've been to New York
and I've seen the Golden Gate Bridge
and I've done the things my parents have dreamed
But i aint never seen nothing like this

She came to LA from the red Georgia clay
And i loved her right from the start
and she took my eye like a thief in the night
I know shes stolen my heart
she knows that i love her she knows that i miss her
I wish she was standing right here
at the end of each day i still lay down and pray
Just one chance to see her again

And I've been to Holland and I've been to new york
and I've seen the Golden Gate Bridge
and I've done the things my parents have dreamed
But i aint never seen nothing like this

I look to my right as a aman on a bike says his sons
been riding two days
and if i missed you more i would head for the door
But i cant find the door anyways
I dont the language nor of the anguish that causes me
to ask twice
I dont knwo much but that I love the dutch
'Cause you dont have to try and be nice

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