

Kadison Joshua "Amsterdam"

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Well, here I am in Amsterdam as winter waves good-
bye...
almost seven in the morning and I'm walking all alone
and the moon's still in
the sky.
And I have to laugh just thinking how I've never found a
home.
Pillows yes, to lay my head, but I've mostly been alone.
Oh, Amsterdam, can you tell me what kind of man I
am?
A walker in the rain, a dancer in the sand, or just an
insane music man?
Oh, Amsterdam, I'm barely hanging on by a single
strand.
All I really know is I don't understand.
I'm just waking up alone in Amsterdam.
A boy I see in a window there I can't help looking in.

As someone's arms pull him back to bed, I'm thinking
what a fool I've been.
And the moon is trapped in an old canal like a madman
in a cell.
And I'm thinking how I'd like to know just one place very
well.
Oh, Amsterdam, can you tell me what kind of man I
am?
A walker in the rain, a dancer in the sand, or just an
insane music man?
Oh, Amsterdam, I'm barely hanging on by a single
strand.
All I really know is I don't understand.
I'm just waking up alone in Amsterdam.

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