

Kaledon

"Amsterdam"

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Midnight in Eindhoven : hippies in space
Someone's injecting a raindrop from heaven
The ghosts of electricity are gnawing at the wires
We're smoking like chimneys and trying to count to
seven

We can do it -- we can do it here
And we can do it in Amsterdam

Our reputation is hanging by a thread
The sweat breaks out as we wrestle with nasty Mr. Echo
We've seen the writing on that big white wall
Punch drunk and crazy as we wait for Country Joe

Frozen here in the back of the van
The coldest winter ever known to man
Amsterdam, Amsterdam -- I love Amsterdam

We saw our faces floating in silver canals
Breaking bread at dawn and counting out the delicious
cash
It's just like living through somebody else's dream
You see your whole life flash before you a second
before you crash

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And we can do it in Amsterdam

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