

## **Crowded House**

### **"Amsterdam"**

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You and me got the whole day off  
Take a trip to Vincent Van Gogh  
But the line went halfway 'round the block

And we're looking for a place to rest  
Every seat in every bar was set  
So we turned back to The Grand Hotel

And the rain came hard  
A million people on a protest march  
Every choice, every path was mistaken

You and me got the whole thing sussed  
Gray man is shadowing us  
Wild conspiracies turn to dust

Hear the sound of cathedral bells  
Cash ringing at the gates of Hell  
And fairground hooligans push and swell

They're the darkest days of a free man  
Lying in the streets of Amsterdam  
Nearly fell underneath the tram  
But I picked myself up

Every temptation and device  
All the diamonds and the spice  
I would give anything for the sight  
Of an honest man, hey

Eyes swim in emptiness  
I was looking at a hotel guest  
He blew me a big sarcastic kiss

And the Lord walked in  
With a monocle and lips so thin  
Saw the bar man wink as he poured his brandy

They're the darkest days of a free man  
Lying in the streets of Amsterdam  
Nearly fell underneath the tram  
But I picked myself up

Every temptation up in lights  
All the diamonds and the spice  
Could take profit from the vice  
Of another man

Amsterdam  
Cold, cold  
Cold, cold  
You belong

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