

Unknown

"Dutchman"

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THE DUTCHMAN

The Dutchman's not the kind of man
Who keeps his thumb jammed in the dam
That holds his dreams in
But that's a secret that only Margaret knows

When Amsterdam is golden in the summer
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

CHORUS

Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zeiderzie
Long ago, I used to be a young man
And dear Margaret remembers that for me
The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes
His cap and coat are patched with the love
That Margaret sewed there
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam
He watches the tug boats down canals
And calls out to them when he thinks he knows the
Captain
Then Margaret comes to take him home again
Thru unforgiving streets that trick him tho she holds his
arm
Sometimes he thinks he's alone and he calls her name

Chorus

The winters whirl the windmills 'round
She winds his muffler tighter, they sit in the kitchen
Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew
He sees her for a moment, calls her name
She makes the bed up singing some old love song
A song Margaret learned when it was very new
He hums a line or two, they sing together in the dark

The Dutchman falls asleep and Margaret blows the
candle out.

Chorus.

@age @Dutch

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