

## Joal Kamps "Amsterdamned"

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Waiting for a train; don't remember where I'm from  
I'm cold and I'm ashamed of the man that I've become  
I do not look the same when I look into the mirror  
The lonely face looking back at me is the very thing I  
fear

It's raining in the streets and I'm in Amsterdam  
All the people that I meet tell me I might be  
Amsterdamned  
I do not look the same when I look into the mirror  
The lonely face looking back at me is the very thing I  
fear

Now I'm waiting for a plane; I can't forget how far I've  
come  
'Cause life it ain't no game - no it's cold and hard and  
rough  
And I've seen my share of pain and I've caused my  
share of tears  
But the hurt that hides behind these eyes is the very  
thing I fear

No, I do not look the same; I cannot recognize  
Behind the mask of shame and pain  
Are my greenish-downcast cloudy-bloodshot eyes

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