Bowie David "Port Of Amsterdam"

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Written by Jacques Brel - Performed by David Bowie

In the port of Amsterdam
There's a sailor who sings
Of the dreams that he brings
From the wide open sea
In the port of Amsterdam
There's a sailor who sleeps
While the river bank weeps
To the old willow tree

In the port of Amsterdam
There's a sailor who dies
Full of beer, full of cries
In a drunken town fight
In the port of Amsterdam
There's a sailor who's born
On a hot muggy morn
By the dawn's early light

In the port of Amsterdam Where the sailors all meet There's a sailor who eats Only fish heads and tails And he'll show you his teeth That have rotted too soon That can haul up the sails That can swallow the moon

And he yells to the cook
With his arms open wide
"Hey, bring me more fish
Throw it down by my side"
And he wants so to belch
But he's too full to try
So he stands up and laughs
And he zips up his fly

In the port of Amsterdam You can see sailors dance Paunches bursting their pants Grinding women to porch
They've forgotten the tune
That their whiskey voice croaked
Splitting the night
With the roar of their jokes
And they turn and they dance
And they laugh and they lust
Till the rancid sound of the accordion bursts
And then out of the night
With their pride in their pants
And the sluts that they tow
Underneath the street lamps

In the port of Amsterdam There's a sailor who drinks And he drinks and he drinks And he drinks once again He'll drink to the health Of the whores of Amsterdam Who've given their bodies To a thousand other men Yeah, they've bargained their virtue Their goodness all gone For a few dirty coins Well he just can't go on Throws his nose to the sky And he aims it up above And he pisses like I cry On the unfaithful love In the port of Amsterdam In the port of Amsterdam

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