

## Steve Vai "No More Amsterdam"

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The more that I see, the less I know  
And this time, that's not what I need  
I waver between  
Go on or just let go  
But holding on  
Is what I'm used to  
When I'm in an undertow  
Cote du Rhone  
Or the airport courtesy phone  
Tell the fortune you're building  
Why did you build out of cards  
Yeah, what I should have built of stone  
But now my plane's at the gate and boarding  
And I can't do this thing alone unless there's  
No more Amsterdam  
You made me what I am  
And I can't pay in kind  
When something precious always ends up  
Left behind  
Old ways lift and pull  
Whole days left half full  
Claimed I didn't mind  
Later  
And when it's all done  
When you've had your fun  
And the smoke lingers on  
Burning off beside the paper crown  
I put it back on and see how it goes  
And wear the lie  
As if it had the power to carry you home  
And there you are in the hotel bar  
Gone  
Holding diamonds you traded  
Watching the friend who  
Once was a paragon  
Coming undone  
But now my plane's at the gate and boarding  
And once I hear those engines roaring, there'll be  
No more Amsterdam  
You made me what I am  
And I can't pay in kind  
When something precious always ends up

Left behind  
Old ways lift and pull (and I can't stay honest)  
Whole days left half full  
Claimed I didn't mind  
The more that I see,  
The less I know

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