

## Tasmin Archer

### "New Amsterdam"

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You're sending me tulips mistaken for lilies  
You give me a look that the function is silly  
You turn my head till it roll down the brain-drain  
If I had any sense now I wouldn't want it back again

New Amsterdam it's become much too much  
'Til I have the possession of everything she touches  
'Til I step on the brake to get out of her clutches  
'Til I speak double dutch to a real double duchess

Down on the main spring listen to the tick-tock  
Collect all the faces that move in your lot  
Twice-shy and dog-tied because you've been bitten  
Everything you say now sounds like it was ghost-written

New Amsterdam it's become much too much  
'Til I have the possession of everything she touches  
'Til I step on the brake to get out of her clutches  
'Til I speak double dutch to a real double duchess

Back in london they'll take you to heart after a little  
while  
Though I look right at home I still feel like an exile

Somehow I found myself down at the dockside  
Thinking about the old days of Liverpool and  
Rotherhide  
Transparent people who live on the other side  
Living a life that is almost like suicide

New Amsterdam it's become much too much  
'Til I have the possession of everything she touches  
'Til I step on the brake to get out of her clutches  
'Til I speak double dutch to a real double duchess

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