

Amsterdam

French Words and Music by JACQUES
English Words by MORT SHUMAN and ERIC

Bright tempo

(1st time
freely)

Am Em Am Am Em

1. In the port of Am-ster-dam, there's a sail-or
port of Am-ster-dam, where the sail-ors

p *mp*

F E Am

sings Of the dreams that he brings from the wide o - pen sea; In the port of Am-
meet, There's a sail - or who eats on - ly fish-heads and tails; He will show_ you

Em F E Am

dam, there's a sail - or who sleeps, While the riv - er bank weeps to the old wil -
teeth, that have rot - ted too soon, That can swal-low the moon, that can haul up the

C G7 E7 Am

tree. In the port of Am - ster - dam, there's a sail - or who dies, Full of beer, full of
sails. And he yells_ to a cook, with his arms o - pen wide, "Bring me more

E F Em

cries, in a drunk-en-down fight And in the port of Am-ster-dam, there's a sail-or who's
fish, put it down by my side." He wants so to belch, but he's too full to

Dm7 E7 Am

born On a mug-gy hot morn, by the dawn's ear-ly light. 1. In the
try, So he gets up and laughs and he zips up his fly. 2. In the
3. In the

Am Em F

port of Am-ster-dam, you can see sail-ors dance, Paunch-es burst-ing their pants, grind-ing
port of Am-ster-dam, there's a sail-or who drinks, And he drinks and he drinks, and he

E7 Am Em

- an to paunch; They've for-got-ten the tune, that their whis-key voice croaks,
once a-gain; He drinks to the health of the whores of Am-ster-dam, who have

F E7 *2nd time To Coda* Am C

Split - ting the night with the roar of their jokes. And they turn and then
prom - ised their love to a

2nd time To Coda

G7 E7 Am

dance, and they laugh and they lust, Till the ran - cid sound of the ac -

E7 F Em

cor - di - on busts. Then out to the night, with their pride in their

Dm7 E7 Am

pants, With the slut that they tow un - der - neath the street lamps. 4. In the

Coda

Am C G E7

thou- sand oth- er men. They've_ bar-gained their bod-ies, and their vir-tue long gone, for a

Am E7 F Em

few dirt-y coins. When he can't go on, he plants his nose in the sky and he wipes it up a -

Dm7 E7 Am

bove. And he pisses, like I cry, for an un - faith - ful love, In the port of Am - ster -

Em Dm E7 Am

dam, In the port of Am - ster - dam.