

THE DUTCHMAN

The Dutchman's not a kind of man,
to keep his thumb jammed in the dam,
that holds his dream in.

But that's a secret only Margaret knows.

When Amsterdam is golden in the morning

Margaret brings him breakfast, she believes him

He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow,

He's mad as he can be, but Margaret only sees that sometimes.

Sometimes she sees her unborn children In his eyes.

REFREIN

Let us go to the banks of the ocean,
where the walls rise above the Zuider zee.

Long ago, I used to be a young man
and dear Margaret remembers that for me.

The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes,
his cap and coat are patched, with love,
that Margaret sewed in.

Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam.

He watches tug-boats down canals and calls out to them,
when he thinks he knows the Captain.

'Till Margaret comes to take him home again.

Trough unforgiven streets a tripping though she holds his arm,
sometimes he thinks that he's alone and calls her name.

REFREIN

The windmills whirled the winter in, she winds his muffler tighter,
they sit in the kitchen.

Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew.

He sees her for a moment, calls her name.

She makes his bed up humming some old love song,
she learned it when the tune was very new,

He hums a line or two, they hum together in the night

The Dutchman falls asleep and Margaret blows the candle out.

REFREIN 2X

Einde