

New Amsterdam

Words & Music;

Declan Patrick Aloysius MacManus (Elvis Costello)

There are alternate chords offered in italics. Either works.

G Em C G
You're sending me tulips, mistaken for lilies.
G Em F D
You give me your lip after punching me silly.
You turned my head till it rolled down the brain drain.
If I had any sense now, I wouldn't want it back again.

CHORUS:

G Bb Am[C] G
New Amsterdam, it's become much too much.
G Bb Am[C] G
Will I have the possession of everything she touches?
G Bb Am[C] G
Till I step on the brake to get out of her clutches?
G Bb Am[C] G
Can I speak Double Dutch to a real double duchess?

Down on the mainspring, listen to the tick tock,
Clock all the faces that move in on your block,
Twice shy and dog tired because you've been bitten,
Everything you say now sounds like it was ghost written.

CHORUS:

E[Em] A E
Like, in London, they'll take you to heart after a little while,
[alt: E Am D D/C D/B D/A]
E C D C G D
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 Rotherhithe,
Transparent people who live on the other side,
Living a life that is almost like suicide.

CHORUS: