

# NEW AMSTERDAM

*Elvis Costello*

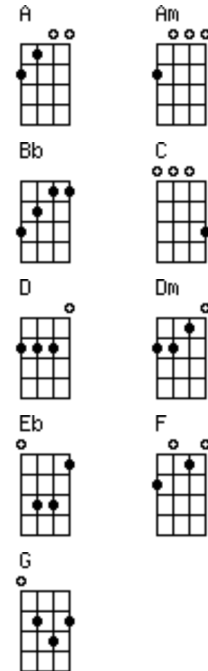
**C**      **Am**      **F**      **C**  
 You're sending me tulips, mistaken for lilies,  
**C**      **Am**      **Bb**      **G**  
 You give me your lip after punching me silly,  
**C**      **Am**      **F**      **C**  
 You turned my head till it rolled down the brain drain,  
**C**      **Am**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

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

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

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

**A**      **A**      **D**      **A**  
 Like, in London, they'll take you to heart after a little while,



**A A F G F C G**  
Though I look right at home, I still feel like an exile.

**C Am F C**  
Somehow I found myself down at the dockside,  
**C Am Bb G**  
Thinking about the old days of Liverpool and Rotherhithe,  
**C Am F C**

Transparent people who live on the other side,  
**C Am Bb G**  
Living a life that is almost like suicide,

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

END

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| This file is the author's own work and represents their interpretation |  
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