The Dutchman

The Dutchman
(Michael Smith)

The Dutchman's not the kind of man
Who keeps his thumb jammed in the dam
That holds his dreams in
But that's a secret that only Margaret knows

When Amsterdam is golden in the morning [summer]
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

CHO: Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee
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 the love
That Margaret sewed in [there]
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam
He watches [the] tug boats down canals
And calls out to them when he thinks he knows the Captain
'Til [Then] Margaret comes to take him home again
Through unforgiving streets
That trick him though she holds his arm
Sometimes he thinks that he's alone and calls her name

The windmills whirl the winter in
[The winters whirl the windmills 'round]
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 the bed up humming [singing] some old love song
A song Margaret learned when the tune [it] was very new
He hums a line or two, they hum [sing] together in the night [dark]
The Dutchman falls asleep and Margaret blows the candle out.

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Recorded by Steve Goodman
Note: words in brackets are as sung by Steve Goodman]
DT, MS

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