

The Dutchman

by Michael Smith (1971)

A *A6* *Ama7* *A6*
The Dutchman's not the kind of man to keep his thumb jammed in the dam that
Bm7 *Bm7* *Bm7* *Bm7*
holds his dreams in

E *E* *A* *A6* *Ama7* *A6*
But that's a secret only Marg' ret knows. when

A *A6* *Ama7* *A6*
Amsterdam is golden in the morning Marg' ret brings him breakfast, and
Bm7 *Bm7* *Bm7* *Bm7*
she believes him

E *E* *Ama7* *Ama7*
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow. He's mad as

D *E* *C#m* *F#m*
he can be, but Marg' ret only sees that sometimes, sometimes she

Bm7 *E* *Asus4* *A*
sees her unborn children in his eyes Let us

Bm7 *Bm7* *C#m* *C#m* *D* *E* *C#m* *C#m*
go to the banks of the ocean where the walls rise above the Zuider Zee. Long a-
Bm7 *E* *C#m* *F#m* *Bm7* *E* *A* *A6* *Ama7* *A6*
go, I used to be a young man and dear Marg' ret remembers that for me

The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes, his cap and coat are patched with the love that Marg' ret's sewn in.

Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam. He watches tugboats down canals and calls out to them when he thinks he knows the captain

'til Margaret comes to take him home again through the unforgiving streets that trip him though she holds his arm. Sometimes he thinks that he's alone and calls her name

Windmills whirl 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 singing 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.