

Amsterdam

Just the pattern of sunlight on a building,
Just a flash in a window I was passing,
Just a frame in a movie I remember,
Amsterdam.
Just the sound of a wheel in the gravel,
Just the click of a heel in the pavement,
Just a moment like any other moment,
Amsterdam.

I remember your lips.
I remember your eyes,
And the taste of the kiss,
And your graceful goodbye.
You lied. Goodbye.

Just the scent of perfume on the linen,
Just the print of a palm on the pillow,
Just the hint of the moon from the window,
Amsterdam.
Just a ghost in the steam on the mirror,
Just a shadow of motion in the water,
Just a need to look over my shoulder,
Amsterdam.

I remember your lips.
I remember your eyes,
And the taste of the kiss,
And your graceful goodbye.
You lied. Goodbye.

Just two lovers asleep in the silence,
As I walk from the door.
Just the weight of a heart as it's falling,
Nothing more.

I remember your lips.
I remember your eyes,
And the taste of the kiss,
And your graceful goodbye.
You lied. Goodbye.
Goodbye, goodbye.
Goodbye.