

They come from the forests and the factories too
And they all soon forget who they are.
The cares of the day are soon washed away
As they sit at a stool by the bar.
The girl with green eyes in the Rolling Stones shirt
Doesn't look like she works on the land.
The man at the end, is a very good friend
Of a man who sells cars second hand.

Down at the Red Rose Cafe in the Harbour
There by the port just outside Amsterdam.
Everyone shares in the songs and the laughter.
Everyone there is so happy to be there.

The salesmen relax with a few pints of beer
As they try not to talk about trade.
The poet won't write any verses tonight.
but he may sing a sweet serenade.
So pull up a chair and forget about life.
It's a good thing to do now and then
And if you like it here I have an idea
Tomorrow let's all meet again.

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