

Frank Black, Holland Town

I used to see you at the Ratskellar
Sarcasm of a young feller
Tall and mean between the pillars
Before you drowned in a Holland town

You were still the muscle man
When I saw you in a nether land
Alcohol and speed were friends
You cycled around in a Holland town

The old pea coat is loose upon your frame
Your handshake is strong but you look so short
And your face distorts
You speak no more of someone to blame

Was it here below the sea level?
You set adrift your rock and roll
And you got on the dole
You lost your love to some clever devil?

I'm sorry to hear about your sister
She went too far down in the drain
She was trying to dull her pain
The North Sea now is so full of twisters

I want to see you at the Royal Al
I want to see you with some different pals
Don't want to see you in a Holland town
Don't want to see you in a Holland town