

# Amsterdam

Words & Music by Guy Berryman, Jon Buckland, Will Champion & Chris Martin

♩ = 72



The first system of music consists of a guitar part and a piano accompaniment. The guitar part is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It features six measures of chords: Eb 6fr, Bb, Fsus4, Ab 4fr, Eb 6fr, and Bb. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a 4/4 time signature. The right hand plays chords and melodic lines, while the left hand plays a steady bass line.



The second system of music continues the guitar and piano accompaniment. The guitar part has six measures of chords: Fsus4, Ab 4fr, Eb 6fr, Bb, Fsus4, and Ab 4fr. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic structure as the first system.



The third system of music includes the guitar and piano accompaniment along with the first line of lyrics. The guitar part has six measures of chords: Eb 6fr, Bb, F, Ab 4fr, Eb 6fr, and Bb. The piano accompaniment continues. The lyrics are: "1. Come on, — oh,".

my star is fading and I swerve out of control.

And if I'd if I'd on - ly wait - ed I'd not be stuck here in this

hole.

2. Come here, oh,  
*(Verse 3 see block lyric)*

my star is fad - ing and I swerve out of con - trol.

— And I swear I wait - ed and wait - ed. I've got to get out of this.

— hole. But time is on your side,

— it's on your side now. I'm push - ing you down

*f*add9      A<sup>b</sup>maj7 4fr      E<sup>b</sup> 6fr      *To Coda* ◊

and all a - round, it's no cause for con - cern.

B<sup>b</sup>      E<sup>b</sup> 6fr      B<sup>b</sup>      Fsus<sup>4</sup>      A<sup>b</sup> 4fr

E<sup>b</sup> 6fr      B<sup>b</sup>      F      A<sup>b</sup> 4fr      E<sup>b</sup> 6fr      B<sup>b</sup>

F      A<sup>b</sup> 4fr      E<sup>b</sup> 6fr      B<sup>b</sup>      F      A<sup>b</sup> 4fr      *D.S. al Coda*




♣ Coda



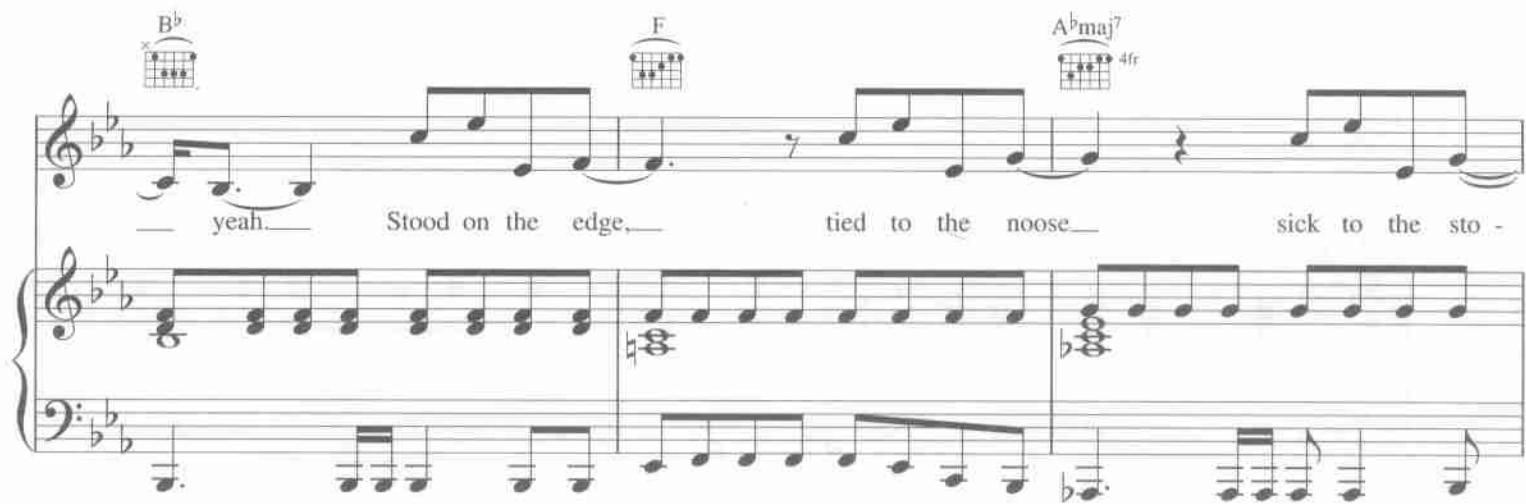
Stuck on the end\_



of this ball and chain\_ and I'm on my way\_ back down

yeah. Stood on the edge, tied to the noose sick to the sto -








mach. You can say what you mean but it won't change a thing.







I'm sick of the se - crets. Stood on the edge.







tied to the noose and you came a - long but you cut me loose.







You came a - long —





— and you cut me — loose. —





You came a - long — and you cut me — loose. —

*Verse 3:*  
 Come on, oh, my star is fading  
 And I see no chance of relief  
 And I know I'm dead on the surface  
 But I am screaming underneath.

And time is on your side *etc.*