One Eye to Morocco

Ian Gillan

I don't know where I'm going
I don't know what I'm doing
But it feels alrightI have one eye to Morocco
I only have to follow
Through the scented nightConversation is fading away
The last thing I heard you say
Was just a murmur a distant blur
Your lips are moving but I hear no wordsAll day
Sitting alone in my room
Waiting for no-one to call me
Lost in a dream of my ownI'm drawn by this obsession
With a tantalizing vision
Of a swirling robeI have one eye to Morocco
By the time I reach tomorrow
I'll be on that roadSweet temptation
Draws me on
Gives me the strength
To cross my RubiconPast a point
Of no return
Ever onwards
As my bridges burnAll day
Sitting alone in my room
Waiting for no-one to call me
Lost in a dream of my own

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