

# Zippy Morocco

Vic Chesnutt

Zippy morocco with a hat on his head  
Set sail for the seven seas  
When his mother took to deadBarely out of teenagedom  
When his mental map was unfurled  
The next thing that he knew  
He found himself halfway around the worldWith nobody to send exotic postcards to  
With nobody to send exotic postcards toZippy morocco as the admiral of fleet  
Might've been wet behind the ears  
But he certainly was fast on his feetPut down a mutiny at the edge of the earth  
He knew the value of the swirling sun  
He never overestimated his own worthIt was the grief that whetted his appetite  
It was the grief that whetted his appetiteAnd the waves they do not tell you welcome  
And the sand on the shore  
Does not spell out a hello  
Salutations they are below the surface  
Listen to zippy morocco, he says,  
"that is what I know"Zippy morocco as the perfect pragmatist  
Had a hold on the astronomical odds  
And he knew what to riskStaked a million on an easterly wind  
Collected the holy city  
Now the horse traders come to himWith their beads and cheese and horses  
With their beads and cheese and horses

Songwriters

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