Tangier

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In Tangier, down a windy street Where beggars meet and on old rags do sleep The women dressed in soiled white sheet With starving kids by their side With staring eyes that never weep Old Moroccans with their elephantiasis feet Who life and death treat so cheap Happy in their hunger For they live longer than their fathersIn Tangier, down a windy street Where beggars meet and on old rags do sleep The women dressed in soiled white sheet With starving kids by their side With staring eyes that never weep Old Moroccans with their elephantiasis feet Who life and death treat so cheap Happy in their hunger For they live longer than their, than their, than their fathers

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