

The Road to Morocco

Bing Crosby, Bob Hope

We're off on the road to Morocco
This camel is tough on the spine
(Hit me with a band-aid, Dad)
Where they're goin', why we're goin', how can we be sure?
I'll lay you eight to five that we'll meet Dorothy Lamour
(Yeah and get in line)Off on the road to Morocco
Hang on till the end of the line
(I like your jockey, quiet)
I hear this country's where they do the dance of the seven veils
We'd tell you more but we would have the censor on our tails
(Good boy)We certainly do get around
Like Webster's Dictionary, we're Morocco boundWe're off on the road to Morocco
Well look out
Well clear the way
'Cause here we come
Stand by for a concussion
The men eat fire, sleep on nails and saw their wives in half
It seems to me there should be easier ways to get a laugh
(Shall I slip on my big shoes?)Off on the road to Morocco
Hooray! Well blow a horn, everybody duck
Yeah, it's a green light, come on boysWe may run into Villains but we're not afraid to roam
Because we read the story and we end up safe at home, yeahCertainly do get around
Like Webster's Dictionary, we're Morocco boundWe certainly do get around
Like a complete set of Shakespeare
That you get in the corner drugstore
For a dollar ninety-eight, we're Morocco boundOr, like a volume of Omar Khayyam
That you buy in the department store at Christmas time
For your cousin Julia, we're Morocco bound
(We could be arrested)

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