

Morocco (feat. Ollabelle)

Judy Collins

I dreamed that I saw you
once down in Morocco
Your clothes were so old
 they were new
You spoke to the Bedouins
 In their own language
Of silver and crimson and blue
They said that your singing
 Had altered their vision
and yet nothing really had changed
 The dust from the desert
 rose up from your eyelids
You said you had conquered
the chainsThe white wind around us
 as we stood there talking
 Was blowing the stars
 from the sky
I said "make the beauty
 you made long ago"
and the dervishes whirled
 while you cried
You said "hold me against you,
 the weather is calling,
My mind is the color of stone"
And I wrapped the green silk
 around your thin body
 And knew you would
never come homeThe wind and the sun
 and the sky in your eyes
Was driving you mad I could see
 And in any language
 I knew they were saying
The future is cutting us freeWe walked in the desert
 Your hands were like velvet
 You told me the reason
 You'd stayed
 And all of the women
Whose hearts had been broken
 Stood naked and cool

in the shade
The men in the village
were called to their worship
Their colors had started to fade
The shelter of heaven
had lifted forever
Their eyes were the color of jadeThe wind and the sky
And the sun in your eyes
Was driving you mad I could see
And in any language
I knew they were saying
The future was cutting us freeI left to fly back to the place
I was sleeping
Where all of my dreams
had been lost
I wrote your name down
On the back of a postcard
And finally counted the cost
Demons and devils
The saints and the angels
That gathered to show
me the view
And all of the tears that
had come when I met you
Were shining and bright
as the dewThe wind and the moon
and the sun in my eyes
We're driving me mad I could see and in any language I knew
I knew they were saying
The future was cutting us freeFree
Free
Free
Free.

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