

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young "Marrakesh Express"

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Whoopa, hey mesa, hooba huffa, hey meshy goosh
goosh.

Looking at the world through the sunset in your eyes,
Traveling the train through clear Moroccan skies
Ducks, and pigs, and chickens call,
Animal carpet wall to wall
American ladies five-foot tall in blue.
Sweeping cobwebs from the edges of my mind,
Had to get away to see what we could find.
Hope the days that lie ahead
Bring us back to where they've led
Listen not to what's been said to you.

Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh
Express?
Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh
Express?
They're taking me to Marrakesh.
All aboard the train.
All aboard the train.

I've been saving all my money just to take you there.
I smell the garden in your hair.
Take the train from Casablanca going south,
Blowing smoke rings from the corners of my m m m m
m mouth.
Colored cottons hang in the air,
Charming cobras in the square.
Striped djellebas we can wear at home.
Well, let me hear ya now.

Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh
Express?
Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh
Express?
They're taking me to Marrakesh.
Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh
Express?
Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh
Express?
They're taking me to Marrakesh.

All on board the train,
All on board the train,
All on board!

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