Ian Eskelin "One Eye To Morocco"

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I don't know where I'm going I don't know what I'm doing But it feels alright

I have one eye to Morocco I only have to follow Through the scented night

Conversation
Is fading away
The last thing
I heard you say
Was just a murmur
A distant blur
Your lips are moving
But I hear no words

All day
Sitting alone in my room
Waiting for no-one to call me
Lost in a dream of my own

I'm drawn by this obsession With a tantalising vision Of a swirling robe

I have one eye to Morocco By the time I reach tomorrow I'll be on that road

Sweet temptation
Draws me on
Gives me the strength
To cross my Rubicon
Past a point
Of no return
Ever onwards
As my bridges burn

All day Sitting alone in my room

Waiting for no-one to call me Lost in a dream of my own

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