

Ian Gillan

"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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