

Judy Collins "Morocco"

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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 chains

The 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 home

The 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 free

We 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 jade

The 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 free

I 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 dew

The 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 free

Free
Free
Free
Free

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