

M Boney

"Ride To Agadir"

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They rode in the morning

Casablanca to the west

On the Atlas Mountain foothills leading down to
Marakesh

For Mohammed and Morocco

We had taken up our guns

For the ashes of our fathers and the children of our
sons.

For the ashes of our fathers and the children of our
sons.

In the dry winds of summer

They were sharpening the blades.

They were riding to act upon the promise we had
made.

With the fist and the dagger

With the rifle and the lance

We will suffer no intrusion from the Infidels of France.

We will suffer no intrusion from the Infidels of France.

Ride, ride, ride, ride to Agadir.

Ride, ride, ride, ride to Agadir.

They could wait no more

In the burning sands on the ride to Agadir.

Ride, ride, ride, ride to Agadir.

Like the dogs of war

For the future of this land on the ride to Agadir.

Ride, ride, ride, ride to Agadir.

Though they were waiting

And they were fifty to our ten

They were easily outnumbered by a smaller force of men.

As the darkness was falling

They were soon to realize

We were going to relieve them of their God-Forsaken lives.

We were going to relieve them of their God-Forsaken lives.

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