

Road to Morocco

Bing Crosby

We're off on the road to Morocco
This taxi is tough on the spine (Beats the bus, hey jr. Beats me!)
Where we're goin', why we're goin', how can we be sure
I'll lay you eight to five that we'll meet Dorothy Lamour (Wahoo!)

We're off on the road to Morocco
Hang on till the end of the line
I hear this country's where they do the dance of the seven veils
We'd tell you more (shhh) but we would have the censor on our tails

We certainly do get around
Like Webster's Dictionary we're Morocco bound

We're off on the road to Morocco
Well look out, well clear the way, 'cause here we come
The men eat fire, sleep on nails and saw their wives in half
It seems to me there should be easier ways to get a laugh

Off on the road to Morocco,
And somewhere I feel kind of numb
For any villains we may meet, we haven't any fear
Paramount will protect us cause wear singed for 5 more years

We certainly do get around
Like a complete set of Shakespeare that you get
in the corner drugstore for a dollar ninety-eight
We're Morocco bound

Or, like a volume of Omar Khayyam that you buy in the
department store at