

Back To Marseilles

John Martyn

The boat for the Bailey's leaves just on time
Silver and indigo fisherman's lines
The scent from the quarter always in the air
Mint tea and majoon - wish I was there.

Back in Marseilles wish I was there
Smooth of the slipper as you move through the souk
Smooth feel of your feet as you slide through the souk
Slide of your slipper as you move through the souk.

I'm going back, oh back to Marseilles
Down by the harbour
Same old danger, same old jive
Hoping for my fishermen are going to come home alive
Down by the harbour
Life is calling me back
That's what I am watching all the time.

Take me back to Marseilles
Take me back to Marseilles.

Never disgraceful of speaking in tongues
Nothing to seek for no right in no wrongs
Face of the women look so discreet
Gaze of virgins so sweet.

Back in Marseilles, oh I'm back to Marseilles
Down by the same harbour
Same danger, same jive
Waiting for my fishermen to come home alive.

Back to Marseilles
Take me back to Marseilles

Bring 'em back, bring 'em back alive
Bring 'em back, bring 'em back alive.

The boat from the Bailey's docks just in time
Silver and ending goes still on the line
Feel of the moonshine, change in your life
Nothing like a fine, fine line.

Back in Marseilles
Take me back to Marseilles
Take me back, take me.