

Bing Crosby, The Road To Morocco

We're off on the road to Morocco
This taxi is tough on the spine (hit me with a band-aid, Dad)
Where they're goin', why we're goin', how can we be sure
I'll lay you eight to five that we'll meet Dorothy Lamour (yeah, get in line)

Off on the road to Morocco
Hang on till the end of the line (I like your jockey. Quiet)
I hear this country's where they do the dance of the seven veils
We'd tell you more (uh-ah) but we would have the censor on our tails (good boy)

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
Stand by for a concussion
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
(shall I slip on my big shoes?)

Off on the road to Morocco
Hooray! Well blow a horn, everybody duck
Yeah. it's a green light, come on boys

We run into Villians but we haven't any fears
Paramount will protect us cause we're signed for five more years(yeah)
Certainly do get around
Like Webster's Dictionary we're Morocco bound

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 Christmas time for your cousin Julia
We're Morocco bound
(we could be arrested)