

# Ian Gillan, One Eye To Marocco

I don't know where I'm going  
I don't know what I'm doing  
But it feels alright  
I have one eye to Morocco  
I only have to follow  
Through the scented night  
Conversation  
Is fading away  
The last thing  
I heard you say  
Was just a murmur  
A distant blur  
Your lips are moving  
But I hear no words  
All day  
Sitting alone in my room  
Waiting for no-one to call me  
Lost in a dream of my own  
I'm drawn by this obsession  
With a tantalising vision  
Of a swirling robe  
I have one eye to Morocco  
By the time I reach tomorrow  
I'll be on that road  
Sweet temptation  
Draws me on  
Gives me the strength  
To cross my Rubicon  
Past a point  
Of no return  
Ever onwards  
As my bridges burn  
All day  
Sitting alone in my room  
Waiting for no-one to call me  
Lost in a dream of my own