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