

Mike Batt, Ride To Agadir

We rode in the morning,
Casablanca to the west.
On the Atlas mountain foothills leading down to Marakesh.
For Mohammed and Marocco
We had taken up our guns
For the ashes of our fathers and the children of our sons.
For the ashes of our fathers and the children of our sons.

In the dry winds of summer
We were sharpening the blades.
We were riding to act upon the promise we had made.
With the fist and the dagger,
with the rifle and and the lance,
We will suffer no intrusion from the infidels of France.
We will suffer no intrusion from the infidels of France.

We could wait no more,
In the burning sands on the ride to Agadir.
Like the dogs of war,
For the future of this land on the ride to Agadir.

Though they were waiting,
And they were fifty to our ten,
They were easily outnumbered by a smaller force of men.
As the darkness was falling
They were soon to realize,
We were going to relive upon their godforsaken lives.
We were going to relive upon their godforsaken lives.

We could wait no more,
In the burning sands on the ride to Agadir.
Like the dogs of war,
For the future of this land on the ride to Agadir.

We rode in the morning,
Casablanca to the west.
On the Atlas mountain foothills leading down to Marakesh.
For Mohammed and Marocco
We had taken up our guns,
For the edges of our fathers and the children of our sons.
For the edges of our fathers and the children of our sons.