

Boney M., Ride To Agadir

They rode in the morning
Casablanca to the west
On the Atlas Mountain foothills leading down to Marakesh
For Mohammed and Morocco
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
They were sharpening the blades.
They were riding to act upon the promise we had made.
With the fist and the dagger
With the rifle and the lance
We will suffer no intrusion from the Infidels of France.
We will suffer no intrusion from the Infidels of France.

Ride, ride, ride, ride to Agadir.
Ride, ride, ride, ride to Agadir.

They could wait no more
In the burning sands on the ride to Agadir.

Ride, ride, ride, ride to Agadir.

Like the dogs of war
For the future of this land on the ride to Agadir.

Ride, ride, ride, 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 relieve them of their God-Forsaken lives.
We were going to relieve them of their God-Forsaken lives.

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