

# 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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