

Marrakech

Douwe Bob

Well the soles on my boots are thin and the road is long
I've got some money in my pocket, just enough for my way back home
I got the sun on my face and the wind in my back
I'm wild at heart but my mind is relaxed
And I'm walking on the streets of Marrakech

Well my phone just got stolen and I don't even give a damn
I see some friends drinking sweet tea and eating smoked lamb
It's so good to be here in the belly of the beast
Where the love drunk lovers and the sinners meet
And I'm walking on the streets of Marrakech

You know, I've been afraid and I've been confused
But now my mind is clear
It's good to be anywhere
But it's better to be here

In his right hand a chicken, in his left hand a knife
I saw him cut its throat, I saw him end its life
And to tell you the truth I never felt more alive
Then after seeing the poor thing die
I got a coat made out of the finest leather
And after smoking that hash I feel as light as a feather
And I'm floating on the sweet breath of Marrakech
I'm making my way through the beautiful dirt of Marrakech

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But now my mind is clear
It's good to be anywhere
But it's better to be here