

Crosby, Stills and Nash - Marrakesh Express

I smell the garden in your hair. Take the train from Casablanca going south, blowing smoke rings from the corners of my m m m mouth. Colored cottons hang in the air, charming cobras in the Striped djellebas we can wear at home. Well, let me hear ya now. Don't you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express. Em7 Don't you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express, they're taking me to Marrakesh. Don't you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express. Em7 Don't you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express, they're taking me to Marrakesh. All aboard the train, all aboard the train. G All aboard the train, all aboard the train. All on board!

Acordes



