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Let's Go to Morocco

Let's go to Morocco.
Maybe things are different there:
mountains and seas, other streets.
Lions don't fall into traps,
and hares don't whine like babies.
And people don't have scars from collarbone to shoulder.
An old lady will come up to us: "let me tell your fortune?"
"Predict your future luck."
Sorry, I don't know those terms.
Better take this coin and buy yourself
a bright scarf and some loose pants.
And we will go, sail away, leave.
But still, Morocco will never end.
Under a deep blue sky we'll become like an almond branch.
This will extend your life, and mine as well; at least for a time.

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