

Carolina In The Morning

Al Jolson

Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina
In the morning
No one could be sweeter than my sweetie when I meet her
In the morning,
When a morning glory
Went around the door
Whispering pretty stories
I long to hear once more.

Rolling with my girly where the dew is pearly early
In the morning.
Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup
At dawning.
If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a day
I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say:
Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina
In the morning!

When a morning glory
Wind around the door
Whispering pretty stories
I long to hear once more.

Rolling with my girly where the dew is pearly early
In the morning.
Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup
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If I had Aladdin's lamp only a day
I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say:
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