

Carolina in the Morning

Bing Crosby

"Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina"

Wishing is good time wasted,
Still it's a habit they say,
Wishing for sweet's I've tasted,
That's all I do all day.
Maybe there's nothing in wishing,
But, speaking of wishing I'll say,

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 the morning glories
Twine around the door
Whispering pretty stories
I long to hear once more
Strolling with my girlie
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.

Dreaming was meant for night time
I live in dreams all the day,
I know it's not the right time,
But still I dream away
What could be sweeter than dreaming,
Just dreaming and drift away.

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