

# 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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