

## Carolina In The Morning

Dean Martin

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

Where 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 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  
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