

Carolina in the Morning

Dinah Shore

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 Alladin'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 dreazming and drift away.

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