

Carolina Caroline

Jonathan Edwards

Don't tell me about your fame
And your treasures by their name
I must tell you from the start
Of the pleasure in my heart

I have been calling to the ocean
From a cold and windy shore
But I never, no, I never
Heard it calling Carolina before

I heard the ocean calling your name
Carolina, Caroline
I never will be the same
Carolina, Caroline

Don't tell me about your home
And your silver brush and comb
I must take you by your hand
And show to you this land

But this old wagon, she's no carriage
With her six golden horses in hand
But we can listen, we can listen
To Caroline upon the sand

I heard the ocean calling your name
Carolina, Caroline
I know that's the reason you came
Carolina, Caroline

But this old wagon, she's no carriage
With her six golden horses in hand
But we can listen, we can listen
To Caroline upon the sand

I heard the ocean calling your name
Carolina, Caroline
I never will be the same
Carolina, Caroline
Carolina, Caroline