Carolina Calling

Mipso

In ten years I'll be older
Maybe living somewhere colder
Getting used to pavement under feet
These'll be our good old days
All the scenes that we'll replay
Before we scattered in the breeze
They say you can't go home again
(They say you can't go home again)
I hear a quiet voice begin:

Must be Carolina calling me
Must be Carolina in these things that follow me
Must be Carolina reminding us of the way we ought to be
Must be Carolina calling me

We're going to have to face it
Streetlights on empty faces
City sights and sounds under our skin
Nothing can erase it
Red clay and rolling acres
It's funny how a place can sink in
Someday I'll realize my mistake
(Someday I'll realize my mistake)
I'll reconsider my escape

Must be Carolina calling me
Must be Carolina in these things that follow me
Must be Carolina reminding us all of how we ought to be
Must be Carolina calling me

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