

Carolina in the Morning

Lyric by Gus Kahn, music by Walter Donaldson 1922

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.

VERSE 2:

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.

INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

VERSE 2