

## Carolina In The Morning

Al Jolson

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 a morning glory  
Went around the door  
Whispering pretty stories  
I long to hear once more.

Rolling with my girly 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!

When a morning glory  
Wind around the door  
Whispering pretty stories  
I long to hear once more.

Rolling with my girly where the dew is pearly early  
In the morning.  
Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup  
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