

Carolina In the Morning

Dean Martin

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
Strolling with my girlie where the dew is pearly early in the morning
Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each 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
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