

Kiki Dee

"CAREY"

Visit "[CAREY](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The wind is in from Africa

Last night I couldn't sleep

Oh, you know it sure is hard to leave here Carey

But it's really not my home

My fingernails are filthy, I got beach tar on my feet

And I miss my clean white linen and my fancy French cologne

Oh Carey get out your cane

And I'll put on some silver

Oh you're a mean old Daddy, but I like you fine

Come on down to the Mermaid Cafe and I will buy you a bottle of wine

And we'll laugh and toast to nothing and smash our empty glasses down

Let's have a round for these freaks and these soldiers

A round for these friends of mine

Let's have another round for the bright red devil

Who keeps me in this tourist town

Come on, Carey, get out your cane

I'll put on some silver

Oh you're a mean old Daddy, but I like you

Maybe I'll go to Amsterdam

Or maybe I'll go to Rome

And rent me a grand piano and put some flowers
'round my room

But let's not talk about fare-thee-wells now

The night is a starry dome.

And they're playin' that scratchy rock and roll

Beneath the Matalla Moon

Come on, Carey, get out your cane

And I'll put on some silver

You're a mean old Daddy, but I like you

The wind is in from Africa

Last night I couldn't sleep

Oh, you know it sure is hard to leave here

But, it's really not my home

Maybe it's been too long a time

Since I was scramblin' down in the street

Now they got me used to that clean white linen

And that fancy French c

Visit [Kiki Dee](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.