

Phish "Carolina"

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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 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

Where the morning glories twine around the door
Whispering pretty stories I long to hear once more

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