

Maurie Fields

"Carolina In The Morning"

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Nothin' could be finer than to be in Carolina in the
mornin'
No one could be sweeter than my sweetie when I meet
her in the mornin'
Where the Mornin' Glory's twine around the door
Whisperin' pretty stories I long to hear once more
Strollin' with my girlie when the dew is pearly early in
the mornin'
Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup at
dawnin'
If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a day, I'd make a wish
and here's what I'd say
Nothin' could be finer than to be in Carolina in the
mornin'

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