

James Taylor, Caroline I See You

Caroline, I see you standing on the stairway, waiting for your bear there.
Handy on the landing, penny in my pocket, high enough to hold you.

When I come back home to you tomorrow,
you may well be angry, I'll for sure be hungry.
Meet me in the middle, make it melt like chocolate, be my little baby.

I take you down by the water some December morning.
Take you from your family, leave them with their longing.
Take you by your hand, somewhere on the sand.

Caroline, I love you, though I'm late to say so, hesitate to tell you.
What will be your answer some December morning?
Standing on the stairway, Caroline, I see you.