

# Joni Mitchell, Carey

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 cologne

Oh Carey, get out your cane  
I'll put on my finest silver  
We'll go to the Mermaid Cafe  
Have fun tonight  
I said, Oh, you're a mean old Daddy, but you're out of sight