

# Al Jolson, Carolina In the Morning

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  
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