

Phish, Carolina

Carolina, carolina, carolina, carolina

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 glory

Twine around the door

Whispering pretty stories

I long to hear once more

Strolling with my girlie when the dew is pearly early in the morning

Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup, in the morning

If I had aladdin's lamp

I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say

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