

# Carolina

[Sheryl Crow](#)

Carolina  
Her tears are falling like the Spanish moss  
Disappearing  
Into beauty found in beauty lost So it goes  
The summer blooms and fades away  
Like moonlight falling on a bed  
And there can be no solace in remembering  
The words we never said Faded postcards  
Of all the places she loves best  
Take her far away  
As she presses wrinkles from her cotton dress So it goes  
The summer blooms and fades away  
Like moonlight falling on a bed  
And there can be no solace in remembering  
The words we never said

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