

Carey

Joni Mitchell

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've 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
I like you, I like you, 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 Mantle of the 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 and 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"

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