

Carey

Joni Mitchell

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 (Carey get out your
cane)
And I'll put on some silver (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 (Carey get out your cane)
And I'll put on some silver (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 Matalla Moon Come on Carey get out your cane (Carey get out your cane)
And I'll put on some silver (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 linenÂ and that
Fancy French cologneOh Carey, get out your caneÂ (Carey get out your cane)
I'll put on my finest silverÂ (I'll put on some silver)
We'll go to the Mermaid Cafe,Â have fun tonight
I said, oh, you're a mean old Daddy, but you're out of sight

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