Carey

Sara Gazarek

The wind is in from Africa
Last night I couldn't sleep
You know it sure is hard to leave here, Carey
It's really not my home

My fingernails are filthy
Iâ€™ve got beach tar on my feet
And I miss my clean white linen
And that 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

Down to the Mermaid CafÃ©
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 a round for the bright red devil
Who keeps me in this tourist town

Oh Carey, get out your cane
And I'll put on some silver
Oh, you're a mean old daddy
But I like you

Maybe I'll go to Amsterdam
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-wellâ€™s now
The night is a starry dome
And they're playinâ€™ that scratchy rock â€˜nâ€™ roll
Beneath the Matalla moon

Come on Carey, get out your cane
And I'll put on some silver
Oh, you're a mean old daddy
But I like you just fine

The wind is in from Africa
Last night I couldn't sleep
You know it sure is hard to leave here, Carey
It's really not my home

Maybe it's been too long a time
Since I was scramblin' down in the streets
They got me used to that clean white linen
And that fancy French cologne

Come on Carey, get out your cane
And I'll put on some silver
Down to the Mermaid CafÃ©
Have fun tonight

I said, oh you're a mean old daddy
But you're out of sight
Carey, get out your cane

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