

Carey

Words & Music:
Joni Mitchell

D A7
The wind is in from Africa, last night I couldn't sleep.
G D A7
Oh, you know it sure is hard to leave you, Carey, but it's really not my home.
D A7
My fingernails are filthy, I've got beach tar on my feet
G D A7
And I miss my clean white linen and my fancy French cologne.
A7 D A7
Oh, Carey, get out your cane and I'll put on some silver.
G D A7 D Dsus4 D
Oh, you're a mean old daddy but I like you----- fine.

Come on down to the Mermaid Cafe, and I'll 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 & 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.
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.

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-the-wells now, the night is a starry dome.
And the they're playing that scratchy rock & roll beneath the mantle of the moon.
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.

The wind is in from Africa, last night I couldn't sleep.
Oh, you know it sure is hard to leave you, but it's really not my home.
Maybe it's been too long a time since I was scrambling down in the streets.
Now they got me used to that 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 fine.
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.