

# Carey Joni Mitchell

G D A D

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

Come on down to the Mermaid Café 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 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-wells now

The night is a starry dome

And they're playin' that scratchy rock and roll

Beneath the Matala 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

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've got me used to that clean white linen

And that fancy French cologne

Oh Carey get out your cane and I'll put on my finest silver

We'll go to the Mermaid Café, have fun tonight

I said, Oh, you're a mean old Daddy

But you're out of sight

G D A D

