Carey Joni Mitchell

| GDAD |
|---|
| 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 |
| G D A D 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 |
| G D A D 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 O And they're playin' that senetably reals and rell O |
| And they're playin' that scratchy rock and roll Beneath the Matala Moon |
| A D |
| Come on Carey get out your cane and I'll put on |
| |

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







G D A D
Oh you're a mean old Daddy, but I like you