

Sail the Cabin's Creek

Echo Orbiter

When this stream makes its way to the sea
Carrying my message in a bottle

Passing the cabin that she lives in
Waltzing to parlophones in the kitchen
Creating memories without me

Lying in her country haven
Legs propped up on oak antique tables

Lying in her country haven
Legs propped up on oak antique tables
Meeting feet to the hardwood floor
Contrasting a soft angelic beauty
Years ago when this stream was clean
She surely won't remember me
My message on the rolling stream
Passing by in a bottle that she won't see
Making its way to the open sea

Lyrics submitted by Cab.

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