

Cabin In the Sky

Rosemary Clooney, Nelson Riddle Orchestra & Nelson

In this cloudy sky overhead now
There's no guiding star I can see
And I would be lost by each wild tempest tossed
Oh, if I didn't know of a place we two can go
There's a little cabin in the sky, mister
For me and for you, I feel that it's true somehow
Can't you see that cabin in the sky, mister
An acre or two of heavenly blue to plow
We will be, oh, so gay
Eat fried chicken every day
As the angels go sailing by
And that is why my heart is flyin' high, mister
'Cause I know we'll have a cabin in the sky
We will be, oh, so gay
Eat fried chicken every day
As the angels go sailing by
That is why my heart is flying high, baby
'Cause I know we'll have a cabin in the sky

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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