

Cabin in the Sky

Johnny Mathis

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