

Irene is in her Cabin Yet

Although we've gone, we can't forget,
Irene is in her cabin yet.

The cabin was built in yesteryear,
Not on the beach, but very near.

Santa Barbara's beside the sea;
Arch Cape's by the very same sea.

We have palms and often fogs;
You have spruce and cabin logs.

On this beach we walk in sun;
On Arch Cape's beach you have wet fun.

The rain comes down but she's not wet,
For Irene's in her cabin yet.

The surf runs up onto the beach
But does not to the cabin reach;

So from the surf she is not wet,
For Irene's in her cabin yet.

Outside the cabin the Singing Sand
Is always very near to hand;

Inside the cabin a different sound
Like that that's inside old logs found:

The sound is really good you bet,
It's Irene in her cabin yet.

This is the time that's very good
Inside the cabin made of wood.

Inside these logs there comes each year
A time of happy birthday cheer.

Happy Birthday! We won't forget
Irene is in her cabin yet!