

Timber She's Hauled
Mike Aiken, Amy Aiken

Sitting under the firelight
Watch the moonlight glow
Illuminates these memories
Of the times, the times they go

Fog swirls in the morning light
Watch the windlass spin
Set the main with these old hands
Follow on a whispering wind

Settle back and rewind through time, how far she's gone
Same seas same stars still shine, the old crew lives on
Memories of the days gone by, on a whispering wind
Timber she's hauled

Built down in the Chesapeake
For the cargo trade
Through world wars and hurricanes
She made her way up the coast to Maine

Second century of her life, the old soul sails on.
Her spirit speaks to the newfound crew and the young captain
who guides her along

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