

Message in a Bottle
Lyrics by: Charlene Sullivan
Music Composition by: Michelle Mackey
Suggested A-list Recording and Performing Artist: Céline Dion

Verse 1

The water is rising as I look to my right, the horizon, on the open sea, its adventures unknown,
Seems to be beckoning me, calling me home.

I'm standing still, the waves crashing in.
The shoreline it disappears over the ridge.

The water still rising as I look to my left, a wooden staircase to climb up the cliff (or Oh, what a staircase
to climb up the cliff).

The water is reaching my knees, the sand it covers my feet, as I turn to leave.

Chorus

What is this feeling deep down inside (or way down inside)?
A sensation, a wave so strong, I can't deny.

My emotions, a tide coming in, pushing all that surrounds me.
A shadowy figure is up on the beach, you can see me standing still, within your reach.

Contemplate my position as the waves reach the sand.
Where do I go, forward or backward and when, under sun or moonlight?

Why, I understand, tell me how, no longer seeking a fight.
I am ready to let go and tackle this plight.

Verse 2

I too must move, which way do I land?
The winds of change nudging me 'round the next bend.

Water it cools as it reaches my thighs.
The sun sinking quickly, it descends from the sky.

Alone in the sea,
With a sunset made for Hollywood scene.

Chorus

What is this feeling deep down inside (or way down inside)?
A sensation, a wave so strong, I can't deny.

My emotions a tide coming in, pushing all that surrounds me.
A shadowy figure is up on the beach, you can see me standing still, within your reach.

Contemplate my position as the waves reach the sand.
Where do I go, forward or backward and when, under sun or moonlight?

Why, I understand, tell me how, no longer seeking a fight.
I am ready to let go and tackle this plight.

Bridge

Suddenly pausing, wait, no, not just yet.
A bottle is floating with a message inside.

Date stamped on this day of our Lord in 1945 (or 1935 or 1925).
A pilot has crashed, alone in a raft, somewhere out at sea.

His handwriting faded, the paper is tarnished, the message it reads.
I am weak, I am frail, I am too afraid that I might fail.

This bottle it held my last moments of life.
Trying to steady the pen as I write.

Hoping that someone, somewhere, someday
Will read these final words, I pray.

Live each day to the fullest and take the first step.
Swim to the coastline and attempt to forget.

Continue the journey, leave now don't wait.
A future bright with promise awaits.

I'm sealing this bottle along with your fate.
A message of hope is now yours to take.

The water, now, swirling around my waist, lifting me off my feet, pushed from my place.
Twisting and turning, submerging me, I start to sink.

The tide is towing me in, bottle and message at sea.
As I start to sink.

Chorus

What is this feeling deep down inside (or way down inside)?
A sensation, a wave so strong, I can't deny.

My emotions a tide coming in, pushing all that surrounds me.
A shadowy figure is up on the beach, you can see me standing still, within your reach.

Contemplate my position as the waves reach the sand.
Where do I go, forward or backward and when, under sun or moonlight?

Why, I understand, tell me how, no longer seeking a fight.
I am ready to let go, and tackle this plight.