

# Log Cabin Fever

Split Enz

Downstairs in the cellar drums are beating  
Wounded no discomfort emotions bleeding  
In the river alone  
Always alone out of my depth  
headlong to the ocean will I sink or swim

Heard them tell the story of mad old Jim  
Found him in his cabin with his head caved in  
Waiting out the winter was a little too much for him

It's cold out  
Hear the wind howl down the chimney  
Wish I could just cry out to someone, help  
But we live in isolation of the cruelest kind  
Scared to show pour colours to the world

Time to break away from my condition  
Rejoin the human race  
See what I'm missing  
Try to face the day  
My private passion  
Is eating me away

Log cabin fever  
It's a remote possibility  
Log cabin fever  
It's an impossible delivery  
Log cabin fever  
It's not an impossibility