

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 our 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