

# Brian Wilson, Cabin Essence

Light the lamp and fire mellow,  
Cabin essence timely hello,  
Welcomes the time for a change.

Lost and found, you still remain there.  
You'll find a meadow filled with grain there.  
I'll give you a home on the range.

Who ran the iron horse?  
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I want to watch you windblown facing  
Waves of wheat for your embracing.  
Folks sing a song of the grange.

Nestle in a kiss below there.  
The constellations ebb and flow there.  
And witness our home on the range.

Who ran the iron horse?  
(Truck driving man do what you can)  
Who ran the iron horse?  
(High-tail your load off the road)  
Who ran the iron horse?  
(Out of night-life-it's a gas man)  
Who ran the iron horse?  
(I don't believe I gotta grieve)  
Who ran the iron horse?  
(In and out of luck)  
Who ran the iron horse?  
(With a buck and a booth)  
Who ran the iron horse?  
(Catchin' on to the truth)  
Who ran the iron horse?  
(In the vast past, the last gasp)  
Who ran the iron horse?  
(In the land, in the dust, trust that you must)  
Who ran the iron horse?  
(Catch as catch can)

Have you seen the grand coolie workin' on the railroad?  
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Over and over,  
The crow cries uncover the cornfield.  
Over and over,  
The thresher and hover the wheat field.

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