

The Incredible String Band, Log Cabin Home In T

All around this wide country the winter it has now begun
Now is the time to slip away from the California sun
To a place where a man can be free as the wind
As wild as the huskies' cry
Now winter is nigh let us fly to my log cabin in the sky

With snow piling all round the door
And many a log on the stove
Where the chickadee's singing a comforting song
I'll show you it's you that I love
O let the wolves howl, they won't find us here
By a soft oil lamp we will lie

Now there comes a time to every man
When he must turn his back on the crowd
When the glare of the lights gets much too bright
And the music plays too loud
When a man must run from the deeds he has done
Recalling those days with a sigh.