

Log cabin home in the sky - Mike Heron

[G]All around this wide country
The [C]winter it has now be[G]gun
Now is the time to slip away from the [A7]California [D7]sun
To a [G]place where a man can be free as the wind
As [C]wild as the huskies' [G]cry
Now winter is nigh let us [C]fly to my log cabin [G]home [D7]in the [G]sky

[G]With snow piling all around the door
And [C]many a log on the [G]stove
Where the chickadee's singing a comforting song
I'll [A7]show you it's you that I [D7]love
O [G]let the wolves howl, they won't find us there
By a [C]soft oil lamp we will [G]lie
Now winter is nigh let us [C]fly to my log cabin [G]home [D7]in the [G]sky

Middle 8

We'll [C]watch the Northern [G]Lights as all
The [C]colours dance in the [D]sky.
Then we'll [C] drink a toast to [G]long lost friends,
Whose [C]spirit will never [D]die.

Now there [G]comes a time to every man
When he [C]must turn his back on the [G]crowd
When the glare of the lights gets much too bright
And the [A7]music plays too [D7]loud
When you [G]find you must run from the deeds you have done
Re[C]calling those days with a [G]sigh
Now winter is nigh let us [C]fly to my log cabin [G]home [D7]in the [G]sky.