

Cabin Fever Blues

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Reviewing Jackson Delta elsewhere in this issue, Dave Spalding (who used to play the blues himself in England), notes that the content of that Ontario trio's songs, even the originals, consists generally of "the traditional subject matter of blues, with trains, happy and unhappy love affairs, American cities, rebellion against authority, and other familiar ground.... Don't Canadian situations inspire blues players?" Good question! Bulletin editors have remembered a few Canadian blues on Canadian themes, and we're going to look for some more, hoping to offer readers a Canadian Blues Festival in print before long. We considered holding this song until then, but decided that too many Canadians have had the blues this winter, and it's time to turn those

frowns into grins, which is what the blues is for. (Incidentally, the final line originally read, "There's a buzz in my head, and at the door two men in red end those cabin fever blues," but we were worried that Walt Disney may no longer allow such use of M**vie imagery.)

Joe Adams is an old friend to Bulletin readers; his song, "History of the Boots" (Bulletin 25.4) has been recorded by Barry Luft on his new CD/cassette, *Lean a Little*. (4604 —15th Street SW, Calgary, Alberta T2T 4B2). Joe now lives in the deep south of Alberta (Calgary), but he spent his formative years in the Peace River country and knows whereof he speaks.

got the cab-in fe-ver blues and I'm wear-in' big holes in my shoes, My

head's spin-nin' round and I'm pac-in' up and down with the blues, It's for-ty be-low and I

know it's damn cold to come down with the cab-in fe-ver blues!

I've got the cabin fever blues, and I'm wearin' big holes in my shoes.
My head's spinnin' 'round, and I'm pacin' up and down with the blues.
Oh, it's 40 below, and I know it's damned cold, to come down with the cabin fever blues.

There's no chinook in the breeze, and through the windows the trees keep starin' back at me.
There's a mouse on a log, he's as big as a dog, and he just bared his teeth at me.
And the icicles gleam like a poised guillotine, oh those cabin fever blues.

I lay down on the bed to rest the pain in my head as the walls keep closing in.
The bedbug sat down and said oh man don't frown, we'll be jumping tonight again.
We've a 3-piece band and you're host of the plan, to the cabin fever blues.

I was down on my knees asking just please to stop this hallucination,
When a pack rat appeared in white collar and beard, said don't ask in desperation,
For if it's heaven or hell, just flip a coin as well, as he sang the Cabin Fever Blues.

I went to the door just to do a what-for, and it froze me in my tracks.
And up in the tree there's a hee-hee-hee from a whiskey jack.
As that freezing yellow stream caused a helluva scream, oh those cabin fever blues.

The marks on the wall show 40 days in all, and I'm silly as a squirrel.
The footprints on ceiling have me believing my head is in a whirl.
And they've come for me today to take me away, end of these cabin fever blues.