Harvest Moon

James Reyne

She talked in riddles, she talked in three dimensional
She held my lazy head when evening light was gone
She called the breaks, I ploughed the lower forty when
She called me plough boy, say what paddock were you onSummer sun when my day is done
God, help me just to shade my eyes
Harvest moon, she'll be rising soon
God willing and the creek don't riseShe knows I'm right, she knows I'm so conventional
She knows I'm cultivated furrows on my brow
The land was mortified, the land was indivisible
I tell you someday we will reap what we might sowDon't rise, she calls me Captain, she knows I'm so industrious
She fills my tea cup when the window shades are down
We load the pick up, we're making individual
We're making all that hay while driving into town

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