Harvest Time

The Cabin Project

There's peanut dust and corn husk drifting through the air tonight
The marching band's warming up under the football lights
There's tractor trailers backed up down by the elevators
Train track grain car a-rolling later
Get filled up and head on out in the world
It's harvest time in this little town
Time to bring it on in
Pay the loans down
Fill the diesel tank up
And make another round
There's a big red moon coming up in the sky
Combine's cutting in a staggered line
The only time of year
We miss the church bell's chime
It's harvest time
There's a thermos and a water jug
Rolling around in the cab
A set of socket wrenches
Wrapped up in a greasy red rag
Bobby's mother pulls in the field
Bringing us supper
We grab a bite and make sure to hug her
Saddle back up and let the big wheels roll

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The only time of year
We miss the church bell's chime
It's harvest time
At a quarter till two I kick off my boots
In the laundry room,
We'll start it all over tomorrow at noon
Till it's all done, until we're all done
It's harvest time in this little town

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And make another round
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