

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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