

# 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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Fill the diesel tank up  
And make another round  
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Combine's cutting in a staggered line  
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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