

# Half Harvest

Michael Penn

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I don't care that you won't quit this notion  
of burying the carnival  
but what the hell is in your potion  
that's made you so dull?  
So I cannot make a blind from sawdust  
much less a cool millennium, but I'd  
much rather feel the heat of August  
than be sheltered and numb  
So move out of your bed of roses, now  
I'm putting in a bed of nails,  
'cause missiles, guns and rubber hoses  
will land me in jail  
This paradise is slowly crumbling  
from here to Wilshire Boulevard  
but the rubble over which you are stumbling  
just isn't that hard  
What did you do with all that grace, now?  
what did you do with all my wine?  
what makes you think that just 'cause you dress bright  
it means that you shine?  
So move out of your bed of roses now  
I'm putting in a bed of nails  
'cause when this whole production closes  
this innocence fails  
(and weren't we supposed to)  
SHINE...like half harvest never shone  
SHINE...like half harvest never known.

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