

Harvest Home

Mark Lanegan

Happy in my harvest home
Walking floors with the ghost all alone
Happy that I'm made of stone
To grieve that I cause is my cause to a tone
Now black is the color
Black is my name
And I used to burn it up
We chased the devil away

The house

On fire

The flame

How wild

Nothing

To say

This girl

So gray

I grieve

I've sold

My harvest

My homeHappy in my harvest home
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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