

Shadow on a Harvest Moon

Everything But the Girl

Let me tell you about this torch I carry
It's not much of a career
And it won't make my fortune I fear
But it stays alight and won't be buried
It's brighter year-by-year
And someday it will surely disappear

When it does I'll know I've laid to rest
The ghost of your unhappiness
That flits around from room to room
A widow on a honeymoon
A shadow on a harvest moon

So put away this torch you carry
For it's doing you no good
And surely you know by now that you should
And come the day you die or marry
Will you be understood
When you say that you wanted but never could

Turn your back and lay to rest
The ghost of your unhappiness
That flits around from room to room
A widow on a honey moon
A shadow on a harvest moon

I write these words to make them true,
"I've drowned my torch and so should you."