

Harvest Moon

James Reyne

She talked in riddles
She talked in three dimensional
She held my lazy head when evening light was gone
She called the breaks
I ploughed the lower forty when
She called me plough boy
Say what paddock were you on

Summer sun when my day is done
God help me just to shade my eyes
Harvest moon she'll be rising soon
God willing and the creek don't rise

She knows I'm right
She knows I'm so conventional
She knows I'm cultivated furrows on my brow
The land was mortified
The land was indivisible
I tell you someday we will reap what we might sow

Don't rise

She calls me Captain
She knows I'm so industrious
She fills my tea, cup when the window shades are down
We load the pick, up
We're making individual
We're making all that hay while driving into town

Don't rise

Harvest moon she'll be rising soon
God willing and the creek don't rise

Don't rise