

Harvest Time

The Clientele

Bats from the eaves go shivering by
Scarecrows watch the verges of light
I hear a choir on the heath at night
But no one's there

It's harvest time
It's harvest time

Look at them working though nobody's there
The rolling moon the heavy air
Carrying the sheaves of the haunted year
Through summertime

It's harvest time
It's harvest time

Bats from the eaves go shivering by
Scarecrows watch the verges of light
Everything here has a place and a time
We're only passing by

It's harvest time