

## 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