

# Everything But The Girl, Shadow On A Harvest M

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,  
&quot;I've drowned my torch and so should you.&quot;