

# James Reyne, Harvest Moon

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