

Gene Watson "Harvest Time"

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(Bill Emerson - Lewis Moore - Carrol Dunham)

Cool and cloudy night upon Boll Mountain Alabama
I was stealing corn from Homer Lawson's field
The rattle of the cornstalks and the bark of Homer's
hound dog
Made me hug the ground and lie dead still.

Flashing through my mind was Big Homer's reputation
A man who really didn't give a damn
They say he shot ol' Mountain Joe for just one ear of
corn
And laughed the day they laid him in the ground.

Well, I can hear the breaking of the sticks from
someone's footsteps
But shaky legs just can't get up and run
And as I lay there breathless the next thing I expected
Was a blast of hell from Homer Lawson's gun.

--- Instrumental ---

The clouds rolled by and then I saw the shadow of a
lady
It was Homer's lovely daughter Julie Ann
I smelled the perfume in her hair as she sat down
beside me
Whispered papa's running moonshine again.

I thank God for cloudy nights and Alabama's whiskey
stills
And harvest times in Homer Lawson's field
I thank God for cloudy nights and Alabama's whiskey
stills
And harvest times in Homer Lawson's field...

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