

Michael Penn "Half Harvest"

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I don't care that you won't quit this notion
of burying the carnival
but what the hell is in your potion
that's made you so dull?
So I cannot make a blind from sawdust
much less a cool millennium, but I'd
much rather feel the heat of August
than be sheltered and numb
So move out of your bed of roses, now
I'm putting in a bed of nails,
'cause missiles, guns and rubber hoses
will land me in jail
This paradise is slowly crumbling
from here to Wilshire Boulevard
but the rubble over which you are stumbling
just isn't that hard
What did you do with all that grace, now?
what did you do with all my wine?
what makes you think that just 'cause you dress bright
it means that you shine?
So move out of your bed of roses now
I'm putting in a bed of nails
'cause when this whole production closes
this innocence fails
(and weren't we supposed to)
SHINE...like half harvest never shone
SHINE...like half harvest never known.

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