

## After The Harvest

David Gray

Through days like empty fields after the harvest  
This ache where the heart is  
Like a tree that's bare, 'neath a sky that's starless  
Like something out of place  
I feel all used up I feel tarnished  
Like smudged eyeliner, chipped nail varnish  
Like something scarcely visible garnished  
With a face

Think I might be done with this final strawness  
This pick your heart back up off the flooriness  
This less that's certainly not moreness  
This bitter aftertaste  
This rotten right down to the coreness  
This beat your fists on the doorness  
This myness this yourness  
Well in any case

I know that love is bigger  
Than this dumb day to day  
I see its shining figure  
Fighting for scraps out in the melee

Tell me I got this turned around the wrong way  
Tell me I got it mixed up in my head  
Feels like I'm left here standing on the runway  
A fleeting thought that barely registers

So imagine gazing up  
Into the great dispassionate eyes that observe us  
Head slightly tilted to one side the way a bird does  
Staring quizzically  
At all our silly little lies, our absurd loves  
Our scratching at the surface  
Clowns throwing custard pies in the circus  
Of our vanity

And I know that love is bigger  
Than this grim day to day  
I see its shining figure  
Fighting for scraps out in the melee  
And maybe I should know better  
Than to take it personally  
When the hand that wrote the love letter  
Decides to write you out the story

Maybe I got this turned around the wrong way  
Could be I got it mixed up in my head  
Feels like I'm left here standing on the runway  
A fleeting thought that barely registers

So now the moment of truth is finally upon us  
Take a look in my eyes see how much I want this  
As I stand here astonished  
Scraping off the filth  
Cutting away this stifling bodice  
Underneath a brand new skin like a goddess

Words forming on my lips like a promise  
To myself

I know that love is bigger  
Than this dumb day to day  
I watch its shining figure  
Fighting for scraps out in the melee