

# Broken Harvest

Madison Cunningham

'Round and 'round this broken rat race  
I'm moving and stopping, I'm window shopping  
For love, for fame, for anything that would take me  
And when I'm done taking up space  
Well I'm coming home late to a dirty place  
Half awake, the broom, the rake, take the kid out of me  
Just say the word  
Just say the word and I'll give it up  
The word and I'll hang it up

What do I know?  
What do I hold?  
That will not fade away  
All things fade away  
Where will I be?  
The crop and the wheat  
Feast and fade away  
All things fade away

Putting on a business coat  
For the tear in the jeans, the hole in the boat  
To make the burden float, to pay in full this time  
When you're living on a dreamer's salary  
A broken harvest, feels like robbery  
What do I do this for, if it's just gonna pour out easily?  
You've seen me there  
Climbing the stairs, beggin' for air  
And not coming up  
I'm not coming up

What do I know?  
What do I own  
That will not fade away  
All things fade away  
Where will I be?  
The fruit and the tree  
Thirst and fade away  
All things fade away

Fade away, fade away  
All things fade away  
All things (All things) fade away (Fade away)  
All things (All things) fade away (Fade away)  
All things (All things) fade away (Fade away)  
All things (All things) fade away (Fade away)  
All things fade away  
All things