

Harvest Home

Mark Lanegan

Happy in my harvest home
Walking floors with the ghost all alone
Happy that I'm made of stone
To grieve that I cause is my cause to a tone
Now black is the color
Black is my name
And I used to burn it up
We chased the devil away
The house
On fire
The flame
How wild
Nothing
To say
This girl
So gray
I grieve
I've sold
My harvest
My home

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