

# Bring The Harvest Home

Chris Knight

The road ain't looked this good to me  
In a couple of months or so  
I've been breaking ground, heading down  
A hard road to hoe

I've been farming dreams but I ain't seen  
No harvest in L.A.  
But there's time enough to win her back  
I can't waste another day

A farmer I was born and a farmer I will die  
I want to plant my heels in a fertile field  
And dry Rebecca's eyes

Well I couldn't work that desert dirt  
And I thought my dreams were gone  
But dreaming keeps on driving me  
A little further on, yeah, a little further on

And all that time in California  
It was just a waste of seed  
I left everything I cared for  
Neglected in the weeds

But my love for sweet Rebecca  
Just keeps growing on and on  
And it's time, I bring the harvest home

Well I called Rebecca just last night  
And I broke right down and cried  
As soon as I heard her sweet voice  
Across the great divide

And in my dreams the grass was green  
On Sunset Boulevard  
But eleven hundred miles from now  
I'll wake up in her arms, yeah, back home on the farm

And all that time in California  
It was just a waste of seed  
I left everything I cared for  
Neglected in the weeds

But my love for sweet Rebecca  
Just keeps growing on and on  
And it's time, I bring the harvest home

Yeah, my love for sweet Rebecca  
Just keeps growing on and on  
And it's time, I bring the harvest home  
Bring the harvest home, bring the harvest home