

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