

You Plant Your Fields

Kathy Mattea

My father said some things you learn
Only by doing, when it comes your turn
Everything comes around, so be ready if you can
Prepare your heart like the farmer turns the land
You plant your fields
When the spring is tender
When the summer beats down
You pray for rain
You hope for the harvest
And the long cold winter
And then you plant your fields again
He spoke right to my restless soul
Still wild, and hungry, and beyond control
For all that you dream, there's a time and a place
But you won't know it till it comes your turn
You plant your fields
When the spring is tender
When the summer beats down
You pray for rain
You hope for the harvest
And the long cold winter
And then you plant your fields again