

# Plant The Seed

Kristy Lee Cook

Don't have a retirement plan  
Just a hundred acre piece of black dirt land  
And a red tractor sittin' in the shed  
Startin' tomorrow they're callin' for rain  
So, you're turnin' over that field today  
There's a wide world out there  
Waitin' to be fed

May the sun always  
Shine down upon you  
Let the rain fall  
'Til you have all you need  
It's God's job  
To turn everything  
Into what he wants it to be  
But, God bless the ones  
Who plant the seed

You don't mind livin' on a budget  
You wouldn't teach school  
If you didn't love it  
You're there before seven  
And stay long after five  
In your class  
The kids learn more than English  
You work with them 'til they believe that  
They can do anything  
They want to with their lives

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Shine down upon you  
Let the rain fall  
'Til you have all you need  
It's God's job  
To turn everything  
Into what he wants it to be  
But, God bless the ones  
Who plant the seed  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Here's to everyone  
Who unselfishly runs  
Their race so we can dream

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Shine down upon you  
Let the rain fall  
'Til you have all you need  
It's God's job  
To turn everything  
Into what he wants it to be  
But, God bless the ones  
Who plant the seed