

Sharecropper's Seed

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He's never been scared of hard work
So why are his hands trembling
And how could something so small
Be all so weighty
On the scales of what could be

This tiny seed has potential
For a better way of life
And how he sows it is crucial
For his little ones, his wife

So he prays to the Lord of the harvest
Would you rain down on the least of these
Would you please multiply and divide them
These are my sharecropper seeds
These are my Sharecropper seeds

It yielded more, than he'd ever hoped for
Enough to take care of things
'Til the landowner came and said, "I want more"
And gave him less than agreed

So he cry to the Lord of the harvest
Please remember the least of these
Would you shine on my sons, and my daughters
Cause these are my sharecropper seeds
These are my Sharecropper seeds

So Bring me, my flowers
While I can see them
So that I will know the beauty that they bring, that they bring

Stories like these told to me from my mother
Of my grandpa and them back when
She said, most of the good crops, today that I, was reaping
Were sown in love by them

So I'm praising the Lord of the harvest
For remembering the least of these
And I'm proud of the title I'm wearing
'Cause I am Sharecropper seed.
Yeah I am the lest of these
God still cares for the least the sharecropper's seed