

Benny Hill

"Harvest Of Love"

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I rise at six and then I feed the chicks,
And I'm feeling lonesome and blue,

And when I milk the cow it seems, somehow,
My thoughts keep straying to you.

And as the horse and I plough the field nearby,
Your memory I can't erase,

For while I walk at the rear of the horse, my dear,
I seem to see your face.

I'm gonna sow the seed of deep devotion, fertilize it
with emotion,
Water it with warm desire and then I'll reap the harvest
of love.

(Spoken)

Yes, I was happy as a pig in spite of the way that you
looked at me,
When I met you at the village dance,
But you was in the ladies' excuse me at the time,
I thought I would never have a chance.
But you let me walk you home across Blatt's Meadow,
And I knew that with you I should be a hit,

'Cause I got an old cow to get up walk away,
So that you'd have somewhere nice and dry to sit.

I'm gonna sow the seed of deep devotion, fertilize it
with emotion,
Water it with warm desire and then I'll reap the harvest
of love.

Side by side we will take a ride,
In my horse and buggy one day,

And when the daylight ends and the night descends,
And my horse'll run out of hay,

And I will kiss your lips, those tempting lips,

The only ones that can thrill me,

And I would hold you tight 'neath the stars so bright,
If the wife ever finds out she'll kill me.

I'm gonna sow the seed of deep devotion, fertilize it
with emotion,
Water it with warm desire and then I'll reap the harvest
of love.

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