

Kathy Mattea

"You Plant Your Fields"

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My father said, "Some thing 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

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When the summer beats down, you pray for rain
You hope for the harvest and the long cold winter
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You plant your fields, your fields again
You plant your fields, your fields again
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