

Mattea Kathy

"You Plant Your Fields"

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(Wendy Waldman/Donny Lowery)
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
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

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