

## **The Gathering Field "Reservoir"**

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My father told me, he told me, "Son,  
There was one year in my life, I felt so close to God."  
He said, "I lost my way on and off again  
Since that time oh but you can be sure.  
When my well runs dry I return  
To the reservoir."

This life is a river, cruel and then kind  
Yes it can cradle or kill you, protect you or leave you to  
die  
I said, the river runs cold and merciless  
Headlong past every shore  
But in the end it returns by and by to the reservoir

Oh my body's battered  
Oh my soul is anything but pure  
So I go drawing from the reservoir

Heaven is a perfect blue reflection of the reservoir  
It's a perfect blue reflection  
More perfect than perfection

We're born into this life our bodies glistening from the  
reservoir  
Our bodies shiny with the water  
Each of us heaven's sons and daughters  
I said:  
Between that moment and the journey's end  
We lose the knowledge that we had back then

Innocence like sunlight  
Sunlight falling on the field in which we gather  
The field that gathers up our hearts  
And leads them homeward past the stories of the  
sycamores  
Sense of wonder, over yonder lies the reservoir

My father told me, he told me "Son,  
There was one year in my life  
I felt so close to God."  
He said he felt so close to God

Now he's returning to the reservoir  
He's always returning to the reservoir  
I guess we're all just returning to the reservoir.

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