

Kirsty MacColl, Harvest For The World

All babies together, everyone one a seed
Half of us are satisfied, half of us in need
Love's bountiful in us, tarnished by our greed
Oh when will there be a harvest for the world? A nation planted so concerned with gain
As the seasons come and go greater grows the pain
Far too many feeling the strain
Oh when will there be a harvest for the world?

Gather every man
Gather every woman
Celebrate your lives
Give thanks for your children
Gather everyone
Gather all together
Overlooking none
Hoping life gets better for the world
When will there be a harvest for the world?

Dress me up for battle when all I want is peace
Those of us who pay the price come home with the least
Nation after nation turning into beasts
Oh when will there be a harvest for the world?