

Chris Eaton, Harvest Years

Look at our world
Caught in a trap
We have to face the consequence
Of holding our love back
Not enough love
Time after time
We say responsibility, surely can't be mine
I can't wait, I can't wait
For the healing to begin in you and I
Make way for the harvest years
Where the daughters and sons come together as one
Make way for the harvest years
Where the fields are ready for the gathering of
love
Where the fields are ready for the gathering of
love
Shattering dreams, wars carry on
We can't turn and walk away
As if there's nothing wrong
Feel my soul burning like a fire
We can keep this dream alive
And lift His name so high
Don't be afraid, it's not too late
For the healing to begin in you and I
Make way for the harvest years
Where the daughters and sons come together as one
Make way for the harvest years
Where the fields are ready for the gathering of
love
Where the fields are ready for the gathering
Think for a minute
Listen for a minute
What you and I can sacrifice for the harvest
years,
the harvest years
Make way for the harvest years
Where the daughters and sons come together as one
Make way for the harvest years
Where the fields are ready for the gathering of
love
Where the fields are ready for the gathering of
love
Yeah, the fields are ready for the gathering of
love
Make way for the harvest years
We can keep this dream alive
If we lift His name on high
We can keep this dream alive
If we lift His name, if we lift His name
Don't be afraid
It's not too late
It's not too late
It's not too late