

Chris Knight, Bring The Harvest Home

The road ain't looked this good to me

In a couple of months or so

I've been breaking ground, heading down

A hard road to hoe

I've been farming dreams but I ain't seen

No harvest in L.A.

But there's time enough to win her back

I can't waste another day

A farmer I was born and a farmer I will die

I want to plant my heels in a fertile field

And dry Rebecca's eyes

Well I couldn't work that desert dirt

And I thought my dreams were gone

But dreaming keeps on driving me

A little further on, yeah, a little further on

And all that time in California

It was just a waste of seed

I left everything I cared for

Neglected in the weeds

But my love for sweet Rebecca

Just keeps growing on and on

And it's time, I bring the harvest home

Well I called Rebecca just last night

And I broke right down and cried

As soon as I heard her sweet voice

Across the great divide

And in my dreams the grass was green

On Sunset Boulevard

But eleven hundred miles from now

I'll wake up in her arms, yeah, back home on the farm

And all that time in California

It was just a waste of seed

I left everything I cared for

Neglected in the weeds

But my love for sweet Rebecca

Just keeps growing on and on

And it's time, I bring the harvest home

Yeah, my love for sweet Rebecca

Just keeps growing on and on

And it's time, I bring the harvest home

Bring the harvest home, bring the harvest home