

Willie Nelson, It Will Come To Pass

The turning earth will raise its wand
And bring the seasons to their fruitful end
and little men and trains will crash
And snake their way around the timeless bend
And rivers, too, will course their way to find the hungry Mother Sea at last
And love will grow, it will come to pass

The sun will blaze its scorching path
across the sky a million times or more
and men with charts will scan the skies
in quest of life on some forgotten shore
and in the quiet womb the sleeping seed
will stretch its arms and grow at last
and love will grow, it will come to pass

It will come to pass

Though men and minds and times will change
still pinioned they by fears of growing old
though scalped hands will plumb the deepest corners
none will find the soul
yet bearded men in sandwich boards will tell the sinful streets
"He's Come At Last", and love will grow, it will come to pass