Eaton Chris, 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

iove

Where the fields are ready for the gathering of

iove

Yeah, the fields are ready for the gathering of

ove

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

Written by Chris Eaton

Longitude Music Co. obo Clouseau Music

Musicians:

Programmed by: Tommy Simms

Bass: Tommy Simms Guitar: Dann Huff

Technical assistant to Tommy Simms: Danny Duncan Background vocals: Chris Eaton, Chris Rodriguez,

Michael Mellett

