

Summer's Over

The summer is over, the harvest's still waiting
And the fruit of our labour will be gathered in
The promise of plenty will keep us believing
That the hunger and thirsting are over and gone
But the sky in the country is open to heaven
The earth keeps us rooted and close to the vine
And the river will wash us and carry us over
The wandering years are over this time

Sometimes I feel like a prodigal son
Wasting the future before it's begun
Building with bucket and spade in the sand
Watching the grains as they slip through my hand

The summer is over, the harvest's still waiting....

I've wandered dry deserts for 40 long years
Led out in hope and then blinded by fears
Just when it comes down to doing what's right
Giants are waiting to stand up and fight

The summer is over, the harvest's still waiting....

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