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C G F G
Sharpen the blade of this plowman
C G F G
So I can make the furrows deep
C G F
give me a sack full of seed to sow
G C G F G C G F G C
'Cause the angels are comin' to reap Hey Hey Hey Hey

I have asked for more seed to sow
I have asked for a sharpened plow
I have asked for an early spring thaw
'Cause the plowman's in the passing lane now

Woman do you remember
Mon pays (my country) when you were younger
I sang you love songs and you began to weep
Your soul spread wide and the seed went deep
The locust years and the empty cup
Were blown away when I filled you up
You stretched your arms open wide
Your sons and daughters came running to your side
E Am
Ain't gonna sit around waiting for the harvest
F C
My head's like flint, my eyes like fire
E Am
I can see so many fields lying fallow
F G
Gonna let my plough go, row by row by row

The seed you sow will grow 3 times
Got to live by faith