

# 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