Reaping the Rich Harvest

Icicle Works

(McNabb)When day is done, wind in my sails,
With confidence, how could we fail,
Fingers can pass through fire,
And somehow not get burned,
Hang your hopes upon, all you've learned,Chorus: Only when I find you,
Will I use your lines for guidance,
Will I subsequently fumble,
Through the reasons to be gained,
Bind me up with promises, lend me to the wisdom of your ways,
Will you find it in yourself,
To reap the richest harvest then...Those aisles are long,
With wisdom worn,
And it was here,
Our love was born...Repeat ChorusReap the richest harvest once again

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