

It Will Come To Pass

[Willie Nelson](#)

The turning earth will raise its wand
And bring the seasons to their fruitful end
And little men and trains will crawl
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 scalpeled 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

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