

# To Be With You

Sara Groves

We come in from our travels  
Lay our gifts beneath the tree  
My mother's in the kitchen  
The parade is on TVMy father's with his father  
They're setting out some toys  
The kids all want the train he's had  
Since he was a boyTo be with You, to be with You  
I love this time of year  
It always brings me here  
To be with YouI fall in with my sisters  
Just like when we were young  
My grandma holds the baby  
She rocks and softly humsWe gather round the table  
We close our eyes and sing  
Praise God from whom all blessings flowTo be with You, to be with You  
I love this time of year  
It always brings me here  
To be with YouPraise God from whom all blessings flowWe set our milk and cookies  
The kids are quick to bed  
They know St. Nick is coming  
And nothing need be saidWe gather by the fire  
Reminiscing by its light  
The kids will be up early  
But it's hard to say goodnightTo be with You, to be with You  
I love this time of year  
It always brings me hereTo be with You, to be with You  
I love this time of year  
It always brings me here  
To be with You

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