

This Time Next Year

[Fernando Ortega](#)

Turn up the lights so we can see
The red-head grandson on your knee
 Better hold him while you can
 He'll be walking soon
 This time next year you'll want to take him
Down the old road behind your houseTo show him the sun on the autumn fields
 To smell the wind-blown alfalfa
 To look out where the geese are rising
 For their southern flight
 Circling arrows in the sky
 Above the ditches and the cottonwoodThis time next year
 There'll be stories to tell
 And he will listen to you, quiet in your arms
 And there'll be songs to sing him
 While he goes to sleep
 When we gather in your home
 This time next yearThe boy is laughing on your knee
 Hold him up so we can see
 Hold him high because we're lifted
 In his laughter
 And in the gladness he has brought you
 As you walk these heavy livesThis time next year
 There'll be stories to tell
 And he will listen to you, quiet in your arms
 And there'll be songs to sing him
 While he goes to sleep
 When we gather in your home
 This time next yearThis time next year
 There'll be stories to tell
 And he will listen to you, quiet in your arms
 And there'll be songs to sing him
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 When we gather in your home
 This time next year