

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 house To 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 cottonwood This 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 year The 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 lives This 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 year This 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 year

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