

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 TV
My father's with his father
They're setting out some toys
The kids all want the train he's had
Since he was a boy
To be with You, to be with You
I love this time of year
It always brings me here
To be with You
I fall in with my sisters
Just like when we were young
My grandma holds the baby
She rocks and softly hums
We gather round the table
We close our eyes and sing
Praise God from whom all blessings flow
To be with You, to be with You

I love this time of year
It always brings me here
To be with You
Praise God from whom all blessings flow
We set our milk and cookies
The kids are quick to bed
They know St. Nick is coming
And nothing need be said
We gather by the fire
Reminiscing by its light
The kids will be up early
But it's hard to say goodnight
To be with You, to be with You
I love this time of year
It always brings me here
To be with You, to be with You
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