

## **Fernando Ortega**

### **"This Time Next Year"**

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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

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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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