

This Time Next Year

Fernando Ortega

Turn up the light so we can see
The redhead grandson on your knee
You'd 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,
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 cottonwoods

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 miles