

## 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