

# 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

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