

# SOMETIME

For hours and years . . . we crawl, walk, run and limp along this road  
Ups and downs, curves and straight-aways, with our individual loads  
As Greenwich mean time, tick-tocks away in slots too small to define  
I ponder the birth and death of our Lord . . . and hope to see you sometime

The Priests and Rabbis constantly remind us of those who have gone before  
But as we add one year to the next, I realize we now pray for many more  
Always mindful of nakedness and clothing, hunger and food, thirst and wine  
My thoughts are flooded with memories and reminders, and I hope to see you sometime

As Christmas comes around again, to remind us of the good old days of yore  
Those people who we pray for today . . . stand so real in many ways like before  
And the smell of pine boughs, cookies and spiked egg nog too . . . I would know this place if blind  
My Word! Why it's Christmas past! Perhaps we can all stay here . . . and I hope to see you sometime

As always, this Christmas table is set especially for you to join one and all  
Please don't delay with your RSVP . . . but reservations are always on call  
The banquet menu of the finest foods that hands can make . . . rich and hearty bread and wine  
The blessed sacrament of our Lord, to remind us of his love . . . and hope to see you sometime

To family and friends - Christmas and New Years wishes are certainly in order here  
I hope this Holiday view of the past brought all kinds of warm, good cheer  
You see, thinking and cherishing the past is the only way to end this rhyme  
But I'll look to the future . . . and hope to See You Sometime.