

The grandkids are gone
There's holes in the yard
The floor needs a mop
And I am so "tard."
The grandkids are gone
And I'm missing the hugs
The lizards and frogs
The jars and the bugs.
The grandkids are gone
And their parents are, too.
I can't believe all
Of the work that they do.
The grandkids are gone
And my arms are bereft
Oh where are the kisses
And hugs that they left?

They're here in my heart
They're smeared on my face
They're locked in my smile
And none can erase
The mem'ries we made
The horses we fed
The fish that we caught
The songs before bed.
The walks and the talks
The braiding of hair
The chocolate cake
and hearing their prayers.
And I'm counting the days
And wondering when
The Good Lord allows
Us to see them again.
The grandkids are gone
And I can't hear a peep,
But the rumbles of love
In my heart never sleep.