

Capital Lights

"His Favorite Christmas Story"

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He met her up in Delaware in 1937
She was wearing red lipstick to match her pretty dress
December 24th at a quarter till eleven is when he
finally gained the courage to ask her to dance

It was the night before Christmas, it was love at first
sight
The carolers sang as they danced through the night
She was a small town girl, he was a traveling guy
He never caught her name before they said their
goodbyes

A couple years later he was out on the road
Having Christmas dinner in a diner alone
When he saw a young waitress with a gleam in her eye
Her favorite day of the year she showed her spirits
were high
She said sir can you shed a little holiday cheer
A simple Christmas story was all she wanted to hear
He looked prepared with a smile as he started to say
here's my favorite Christmas story about a girl with no
name

He said I met her up in Delaware in 1937
She was wearing red lipstick to match her pretty dress
December 24th at a quarter till eleven is when I finally
gained the courage to ask her to dance

Every holiday season as he traveled he'd tell about his
Christmas dance partner that he never knew well
He'd share his favorite story with the locals he met
He was called the Christmas story telling traveling man

By age 53 he had done settled down
All the neighborhood kids liked to gather around
Just to listen to his stories about his life on the road
All he had now were these children he told
And every Christmas eve they showed up before dark
He'd tell them all the story but they knew it by heart
They could quote it word for word, he always told it the
same
It was his favorite Christmas story called the girl with

no name

He said I met her up in Delaware in 1937
She was wearing red lipstick to match her pretty dress
December 24th at a quarter till eleven is when I finally
gained the courage to ask her to dance

Twenty years later as he took his last breath
It was on a cold Christmas morning on a hospital bed
The children were grown, he had nobody left
Except the little old nurse who was holding his hand
He said Ma'am can you share a little holiday cheer
A simple Christmas story was all he wanted to hear
But his eyes filled with tears at the words that she
spoke
Because his favorite Christmas story was the one that
she told

She said I met him up in Delaware in 1937
Though I never caught his name he was a traveling
man
December 24th at a quarter till eleven
I'm so glad he got the courage to ask me to dance

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