

Stan Rogers

"First Christmas"

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This day, a year ago, he was rolling in the snow
With a younger brother in his father's yard.
Christmas break - a time for touching home
The heart of all he'd known, and leaving was so hard -
Three thousand miles away, now he's working
Christmas Day
Making double time for "the minding of the store"...
Well, he'd always said he'd make it on his own
He's spending Christmas Eve alone.
First Christmas away from home.

She's standing by the train station, panhandling for
change
Four more dollars buys a decent meal and a room.
Looks like the Sally Ann place after all,
In a crowded sleeping hall that echoes like a tomb
But it's warm and clean and free and there are worse
places to be,
And at least it means no beating from her Dad
And if she cries because it's Christmas Day
She hopes that it won't show...
First Christmas away from home.

In the apartment stands a tree, and it looks so small
and bare
Not like it was meant to be
The Golden Angel on the top, it's not that same old
silver star
You wanted for your own
First Christmas away from home.

In the morning, they get prayers, then it's Crafts and
tea downstairs
Then another meal back in his little room
Hoping maybe that "the boys" will think to phone
before the day is gone
Well, it's best they do it soon.
When the "old girl" passed away, he fell more apart
each day
Each had always kept the other pretty well
But the kids all said the nursing home was best

'Cause he couldn't live alone...
First Christmas away from home.

In the Common Room they've got the biggest tree
And it's huge and cold and lifeless,
Not like it ought to be
And the lit-up flashing Santa Claus on top
It's not that same old silver star you once made for
your own
First Christmas away from home.

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