

# His Favorite Christmas Story

Capital Lights

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 share 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