

# Capital Lights, His Favorite Christmas Story

He met her up in Delaware in 1937.  
She was wearing red lipstick  
to match her pretty dress.  
December 24 at a quarter till 11's  
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's all she wanted to hear.  
He looked prepared with a smile as he started to say,  
"Here's my favorite Christmas story 'bout 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 24 at a quarter till 11's  
when I finally gained the courage  
to ask her to dance."

Every holiday season as he traveled he'd tell  
'bout his Christmas dance partner that he never knew well.  
He shared 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 the stories 'bout 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 24 at a quarter till 11's  
when I finally gained the courage  
to ask her to dance."

Ohh, Ohh, Ohhh...

20 years later as he took his last breath,  
saw a cold Christmas morning in a hospital bed.  
The children had grown.  
He had nobody left,  
except the little old nurse who was holding his hand.

He said, &quot;Ma'am, could you share a little holiday cheer?&quot;  
A simple Christmas story's all he wanted to hear,  
but his eyes filled with tears at the words she spoke,  
because his favorite Christmas story was the one that she told.

She said, &quot;I met him up in Delaware in 1937,  
though I never caught his name.  
He was a traveling man.  
December 24 at a quarter till 11.  
I'm so glad he got the courage to ask me to dance.&quot;