

# Stan Rogers, First Christmas

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 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,  
Pan-handling 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  
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,  
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 apart more every 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