**THE LONELIEST BOY IN THE TOWN**

Michael Troy’s music may be one of the lesser-known treasures of 21st century American acoustic music. His sad ballads of life in his home town of Fall River, Massachusetts earned him the sobriquet of “The Poet Laureate of Fall River”. Michael played for us at Second Saturday in 2007 and 2011, and was a Kerrville New Folk winner in 2010. We lost Michael to cancer on November 29, 2015. This deeply evocative Christmas song from his CD ***Mill Town Boy*** is representative of Michael’s best work. The CD is still available on CDBaby, or you can hear the song on the link below or at: [**https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fZP5VlYe7s4**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fZP5VlYe7s4)

**SHINE BOY Am CAPO II**

**Am G**

Snow flows in circles
  **F E**

Revealing the wind
**F E Am**

Christmas lights glow in a halo.

**Am G**

Garland hung across the street
**F E**

Strung pole to pole
**F E Am**

Bus tires crunching the new snow.

**G C**

Carols on loud speakers
**G C**

Mark Christmas Eve
**C**

He holds closed his collar
 **E**

His hands up his sleeves.
**Am G**
Visions of big tippers

*By Michael Troy*

**F E**

Danced in his mind
 **F E**

He holds out his shoe box
 **Am**

Ten cents a shine.

Ten blocks to Main Street
In the New England cold
Two hours, no takers
Damn the snow.

The neighborhood's sleepy
But Main Street's alive
Crowded with shoppers
In nineteen fifty-five.

The minister's scrapbook
Brings tears to his eyes
The newspaper clippings
The picture inside

Of the shine boy on a curbstone
With tears coming down

And the caption read,
"The Lonliest Boy in the Town."

**Dm G C**
Nothing so tender as the love of a mother
 **Am G C E**

As sure and steady as hourglass sand.
**Dm G C**

Nothing slows time like the grip of hunger,
**Am G C**

Nothing stops time like the back of her

**E7**

hand.

The shine boy sits down
On the edge of the curbstone
His feet in the gutter
His head in his arms.

A camera man calls
and gets his attention,
In the flash, a picture,
The moment lives on.

In the forgotten scrapbook
Pictures don't lie
Confronted by a moment
He'd rather deny
As he stopped in the church
To get out of the cold
A vision comforted his soul

Nothing so tender as the love of a father
As sure and steady as hourglass sand.
The fatherless boy, the husbandless mother
The poet, the prophet, the savior of man.

Snow flows in circles
Revealing the wind
And Christmas lights glow in a halo.