

# THE LONELIEST BOY IN THE TOWN

Michael Troy’s music may be one of the lesser-known treasures of 21<sup>st</sup> 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. You can listen to the song heret: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fZP5VIYe7s4>

## SHINE BOY

*By Michael Troy*

**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  
**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.