



Cardboard Box Christmas

Looking back on my childhood I remember
we moved often my mom and me
And there wasn't any money for lights or
even a Christmas tree
Yet no matter what, Santa always sent us
Christmas in a cardboard box
There was plenty of food for dinner and there
were always nice, warm socks
Each of us was thankful in our own way
and we took the time to enjoy our meal
I was very thankful for my mom and knowing
Santa Claus was real
And I told all my friends and proudly showed off
my brand-new socks
Grateful every year that Santa never forgot
us and sent us Christmas in a cardboard box

For some, hope is a gift...

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