

# A BOX OF CANDY AND A PIECE OF FRUIT

words and music by  
Bob Gibson and Tom Paxton



1. No Christ-mas gift I've ever come by,      wheth-er trains or home-made

2. Christ-mas,      I re-member it so

3. -ranta      in a fath-son cafee

4. Mount-es      R.C.M.P. was their

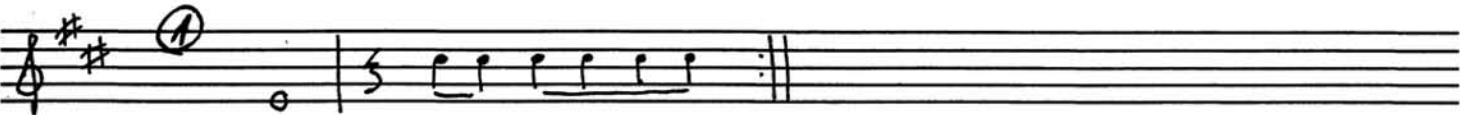


1. socks, has haun-t-ed me like one sweet or-ange      and some cand-y in a

2. well, I spent a very lonely Christ-mas      in-side a loney prison

3. stop.      It was hot and it was smoky      I just didn't know how

4. name.      they didn't look like Sergeant Preston      And they didn't act the



1. box.      2. Sev-ral years a-go at

2. cell.      3. I'd been work-ing in To-

3. hot.      4. I had a run-in with the

4. same.

5. They had a stack of wants and warrants  
B's enough to make a book,  
And they were mad about my smoking,  
And some other stuff I took.

6. So the magistrate presided,  
And he set a monstrous bail.  
I said, "Judge, I stand here busted."  
I got hustled off to jail.

7. The next four months were quite a party,  
Lots of time to meditate.  
It's a different world in prison.  
It's a different kind of weight.

8. It was early in November  
I first heard them tell the tale  
About the Sally Army's visit  
Every Christmas time in jail.

9. A great annual occasion.  
A great Yuletide salute.  
Silent night and seedy Santa,  
Box of candy and a piece of fruit.

A BOX OF CANDY AND A PIECE OF FRUIT - 2

10. Yes, a box of Christmas candy  
And a navel orange, to boot.  
I heard the old cons talk about it,  
Box of candy and a piece of fruit.
11. Till I could almost taste the candy  
And I could almost smell the fruit.  
Every day a little closer -  
Box of candy and a piece of fruit.
12. Then I had a great misfortune,  
Worse than all my time in jail.  
~~The~~ Twenty-third day of December  
Lousy judge lowered my bail.
13. He did it in the Christmas spirit,  
Friends and family raised the loot,  
Never knowing I'd be losing  
My box of candy and a piece of fruit.
14. And So, Virginia, if there's a Santa,  
And if Santa ain't too mean,  
He owes me a box of candy,  
And a lousy tangerine!

14. And So, Virginia, if there's a Santa And if Santa ain't too  
mean, he owes me a box of candy And a lousy tang-er-  
-ine!