

The Son of Hickory Holler's Tramp

Kenny Rogers

The corn was dry, the weeds were high when Daddy took to drinkin'
Then him and Lucy Walker, they took up and run away
Mama cried a tear and then she promised fourteen children I swear you'll never see a hungry
day
When mama sacrificed her pride the neighbours started talkin'
But I was much too young to understand a thing they said
The things that mattered most of all was Mama's chicken dumplin's
And a goodnight kiss before we went to bed
Oh, the path was deep and wide from footsteps leading to our cabin
Above the door there burned a scarlet lamp
And late at night a hand would knock and there would stand a stranger
Yes, I'm the son of Hickory Holler's tramp When daddy left and destitution came upon our
family
Not one neighbour volunteered to give a helpin' hand
So let 'em gossip all they want, she loved us and she raised us
The proof is standin' here, a full grown man
Last summer Mama passed away and left the ones who loved her
Each and every one was more than grateful for their birth
Each Sunday she receives a fresh bouquet of fourteen roses
And a card that says The greatest Mum on earth
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And late at night a hand would knock and there would stand a stranger
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