

Bobby Bare

"Son Of Hickory Holler's Tramp"

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The corn was dry and the weeds were high
When daddy took to drinking
Then him and Lucy Walker they took up and ran away
Mama cried a tear and then she promised fourteen
children

I swear you'll never see a hungry day
Oh, the path was deep and wide from footsteps
leading to our cabin

Above the door there burned the 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 mama sacrificed her pride the neighbors started
talkin'
But I was much too young
To understand the things they said
The things that mattered most of all was mama's
chicken dumplings
And the goodnight kiss before we went to bed
Oh, the path was deep and wide

When daddy left then destitution came upon our family
Not one neighbor volunteered to give a helping hand
So let 'em gossip all they want she loved us and she
raised us
The proof is standing here a full grown man

Last summer mama passed away and left the ones
who loved her
Each and everyone of us were more than grateful for
our birth
Now every Sunday she receives a fresh bouquet of
fourteen roses
With a card that says to the greatest mom on earth

Oh, the path was deep and wide
Yes I'm the son of Hickory Holler's tramp

