

Kenny Rogers "Son Of Hickory Hollers Tramp"

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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 Mom on earth.

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Oh, the path was deep and wide from footsteps leading to our cabin Above the door there burned a scarlet...

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