

Kenny Rogers

"The Son Of Hickory Holler's 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 Mum on earth

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