

O.C. Smith

"The Son Of Hickory Holler's Tramp"

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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 Hollers tramp

Yeah, the weeds were high, the corn was dry
When daddy took to drinking
Him and Sally Walker, they up and ran away
Then Momma she'd a silent tear
And promised fourteen children
I swear you'll never see a hungry day

When Momma sacrificed her pride
The neighbours started talking
But we were much too young
To understand the things they said
All we really cared about
Was Mommas chicken dumplings
And a goodnight kiss
Before we went to bed

Oh, you know, 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 Hollers tramp

When Daddy left and destitution
Came upon our family
Not one neighbour volunteered
To lend a helping hand
So just let em gossip all they want
She loved us, and she raised us
The proof is standing here
A full grown man

Last summer Momma passed away
And left the ones who loved her
Each and every one is

More than grateful for their birth
And each Sunday she receives
A big bouquet of fourteen roses
With a card that reads
The Greatest Mom on Earth

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