

# 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'  
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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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