

The Little Shirt My Mother Made For Me

Marty Robbins

I can't forget the day that I was born
Was on a cold and frosty winter's morn'
The doctor said I was a chubby chap
But when the nurse, she took me on her lap
She washed me all over I remember
And after powder-puffin' me, you see
She laid me in the cradle by the window
In the little shirt my mother made for me.

When I began to crawl it was a sight
I used to frighten mom from morn' til night
There's no mistake I was a little curse
'Cause when my daddy, he came home from work
Every night he would say; "Where's Little Sam got?"
As down the kitchen, happy as could be
They used to find me scrapin' out the jam pot
In the little shirt my mother made for me.

The first day that I wore my Knickerbocks
I felt so funny after wearin' smocks
I looked a little picture, they did say
But when they let me out to run and play
Well, I didn't like the britches I was wearin'
And in the street I took 'em off, you see
I started walkin' home so bold and darin'
In the little shirt my mother made for me.

Last year when I was on my holiday
Upon the briny ocean I did gaze
The water looked so nice I thought I'd go
To have a swim, but, in a minute, oh
All the girls along the beach at me were starin'
And some were takin' pictures, I could see
Was a good thing for me that I was wearin'
the little shirt my mother made for me.