

The 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'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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