

# Son of Hickory Holler's Tramp

Merle Haggard

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.

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 shed 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 Momma's chicken dumplings  
And a goodnight kiss  
Before we went to bed.

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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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