

Old Dan Tucker's Daughter

Tanya Tucker

Mama died havin' me and papa tried to raise me
And then he took to drinkin' when I was only three
I'd follow him and his guitar along the streets of Mobile
Where he'd sing for just a drink and a lollipop for me

Then at night he sat me on the bar while he did some singin'
I played with his old railroad watch when I was a dancin'
And I passed around his worn out hat, they're pitchin' down some
quarters
Oh how proud I was to be old Dan Tucker's daughter

Things seemed to go from bad to worse as I grew sadly older
And papa looked so down and out failin' more each day
And pride I always felt to him slowly turned to pity
And Lord you know it broke my heart each time I hear them say

Get out away old Dan Tucker
Take this dime and take this quarter
Get out away old Dan Tucker
Take your wine and take your daughter

Papa died just today a cold gray Mobile mornin'
Now here I stand all alone cryin' on his grave
Not a single soul from Mobile came to wish him well his journey
But at least for papa's goin', no one there will say

Hey, get out away old Dan Tucker
Take this dime and take this quarter
Get out away old Dan Tucker
Take your wine and take your daughter