

Porter Wagoner, Little Shirt My Mother Made For

(Speck Rhodes)

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 and when the nurse she took me on her lap
Oh she bathed me all over I remember and after powder-puffin' me you see
She put me in the cradle by the window 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
Oh I didn't like the pants that I was wearin' so on the street I took 'em off you see
And I started walkin' home so brave and darin'
In the little shirt my mother made for me
While I was on my holiday upon the briny ocean I did gaze
The water looked so fine I thought I'd go and have a swim but in a minute oh
All the girls on beach at me were starin' and some were takin' pictures I could see
Was a lucky thing for me that I was wearin' the little shirt my mother made for me