

# Bobby Bare, Son Of Hickory Holler's Tramp

The corn was dry and the weeds were high when daddy took to drinking  
Then him and Lucy Walker they took up and ran away  
Mama cried a tear and then she promised fourteen children  
I swear you'll never see a hungry day  
Oh the path was deep and wide from footsteps leading to our cabin  
Above the door there burned the 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 mama sacrificed her pride the neighbors started talkin'  
But I was much too young to understand the things they said  
The things that mattered most of all was mama's chicken dumplings  
And the goodnight kiss before we went to bed  
Oh the path was deep and wide...

When daddy left then destitution came upon our family  
Not one neighbor volunteered to give a helping hand  
So let 'em gossip all they want she loved us and she raised us  
The proof is standing here a full grown man  
Last summer mama passed away and left the ones who loved her  
Each and every one of us were more than grateful for our birth  
Now every Sunday she receives a fresh bouquet of fourteen roses  
With a card that says to the greatest mom on earth  
Oh the path was deep and wide...  
Yes I'm the son of Hickory Holler's tramp