

Dallas Frazier, Son Of Hickory Holler's Tramp

Son of Hickory Holler's Tramp
O.C. Smith

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

Well the weeds were high, the corn was dry when daddy took to drinking
Him and Sally Walker they up and they ran away
Then Mama shed a silent tear and then she promised fourteen children
I swear you'll never see a hungry day
When mama sacrificed her pride the neighbours started talking
But we was much too young to understand the things they said
All we really cared about was mama's chicken dumplings
And the goodnight kiss before we went to bed

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When daddy left then destitution came upon our family
Not one neighbour volunteered to lend us a helping hand
So just let them 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 is more than grateful for their birth
Each Sunday she receives a big bouquet of fourteen roses
And the card that reads the greatest mom on earth

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