## Marty Robbins, Little Shirt My Mother Made For N

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 But when the nurse, she took me on her lap She washed me all over I re-member And after powder-puffin' me, you see She laid me in the cradle by the window In The Little Shirt My Mother Made For Me.

When I began to crawl it was a sight I used to frighten mom from morn' til night There's no mistake I was a lttle curse 'Cause when my daddy, he came home from work Every night he would say; " Where's Little Sam got? " As down the kitchen, happy as could be They used to find me scrapin' out the jam pot 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 Well, I didn't like the britches I was wearin' And in the street I took 'em off, you see I started walkin' home so bold and darin' In The Little Shirt My Mother Made For Me.

Last year when I was on my holiday
Upon the briny ocean I did gaze
The water looked so nice I thought I'd go
To have a swim, but, in a minute, oh
All the girls along the beach at me were starin'
And some were takin' pictures, I could see
Was a good thing for me that I was wearin'
The Little Shirt My Mother Made For Me.