

Merle Haggard, Son Of Hickory Holler's Tramp

SON OF HICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP

(Dallas Frazier)

'67 Acuff-Rose Music, BMI

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
The corn was dry and the weeds were high when daddy took the drinking
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
When mama sacrificed her pride the neighbors started talkin'
But I was much too young to understand the things they said
The thing 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 them gossip all they want she loved us and she raised us
The proof is standing here the 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 the fresh bouquet of fourteen roses
And the card that reads the greatest mom on earth
Oh the path was deep and wide...
Yeah I'm the son of Hickory Holler's tramp