

Tanya Tucker, Old Dan Tucker's Daughter

Mama died havin' me and papa tried to raise me
And then he took to drinking when I was only three
I'd follow him and his guitar along the streets of Mobile
Where he'd sing for just a drink and a lollipop for me
Then at night he sat me on the bar while he did some singin'
I played with his old railroad watch when I was a dancin'
And I passed around his worn out hat they're pitchin' down some quarters
Oh how proud I was to be old Dan Tucker's daughter
Things seemed to go from bad to worse as I grew sadly older
And papa looked so down and out failin' more each day
And pride I always felt to him slowly turned to pitty
And Lord you know it broke my heart each time I hear them say
Get out away old Dan Tucker take this dime and take this quarter
Get out away old Dan Tucker take your wine and take your daughter
[fiddle]

Papa died just today a cold grey Mobile morning
Now here I stand all alone crying on his grave
Not a single soul from Mobile came to wish him well his journey
But at least for papa's goin' no one there will say
Hey get out away old Dan Tucker...