

# Son Of Hickory Hollers Tramp

*recorded by Kenny Rogers*

written by Dallas Frazier

<sup>C</sup> The corn was dry the <sup>F</sup> weeds were high when <sup>C</sup> Daddy took to drinking  
<sup>F</sup> When him and Lucy <sup>C</sup> Walker they took up and <sup>G7</sup> run away  
<sup>C</sup> Mama cried a tear and then she <sup>C</sup> promised fourteen children  
<sup>F</sup> I swear you'll never see a <sup>G7</sup> hungry <sup>C</sup> day

<sup>C</sup> Oh the <sup>G7</sup> path was deep and wide from <sup>F</sup> footsteps leading to our <sup>C</sup> cabin  
<sup>F</sup> Above the <sup>G7</sup> door there burned a <sup>C</sup> scarlet lamp  
<sup>G7</sup> And late at night a hand would knock  
<sup>F</sup> And there would stand a <sup>C</sup> stranger  
<sup>F</sup> I'm the son of <sup>G7</sup> Hickory <sup>C</sup> Holler's tramp

<sup>F</sup> Mama sacrificed her <sup>C</sup> pride and <sup>C</sup> neighbors started talking  
<sup>F</sup> But I was much too young to understand the things they <sup>G7</sup> said  
<sup>C</sup> The things that mattered <sup>F</sup> most of all was <sup>C</sup> Mama's chicken dumplings  
<sup>F</sup> And a goodnight kiss before we went to <sup>C</sup> bed

<sup>F</sup> When Daddy left and <sup>C</sup> destitution came upon our family  
<sup>F</sup> Not one neighbor <sup>C</sup> volunteered to give a <sup>G7</sup> helping hand  
<sup>C</sup> So let 'em gossip all they want she <sup>F</sup> loved us and she <sup>C</sup> raised us F  
<sup>G7</sup> The proof is standing here a <sup>C</sup> full grown man

<sup>F</sup> Last summer Mama <sup>C</sup> passed away and left the ones who loved her  
<sup>F</sup> Each and every <sup>C</sup> one is more than grateful for his <sup>G7</sup> birth  
<sup>C</sup> Each Sunday she receives a <sup>F</sup> fresh bouquet of <sup>C</sup> fourteen roses  
<sup>F</sup> And a card that says to the <sup>G7</sup> greatest <sup>C</sup> Mom on earth

Repeat #2

