

Reba McEntire, Mama Tried

(Merle Haggard)

First thing I remember knowin'
Was a lonesome whistle blowin'
And a young one's dream of growin' up to ride
On a freight train leavin' town
Not knowin' where I'm bound
No one could steer me right
But Mama tried

One and only rebel child
From a family meek and mild
My mama seemed to know what lay in store
In spite of all my Sunday learnin'
Toward the bad I kept on turnin'
Till mama couldn't hold me anymore

And I turned twenty-one in prison
Doin' life without parole
No one could steer me right
But Mama tried Mama tried
Mama tried to raise me better
But her pleading I denied
And that leaves only me to blame
'Cause Mama tried