

Freddie Hart, Mama Tried

First thing I remember knowing was a lonesome whistle blowing
And the youngest dream of growing up to ride
On a freight train leaving town not knowing where I'm bound
And no one could change my mind but mama tried
One and only rebel child for my family meek and mild
My mama seemed to know what laid in store
In spite of all my Sunday learning toward the bad I kept on turning
Till mama couldn't hold me anymore
I turned twenty one in prison doing 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
That leaves only me to blame cause mama tried
[dobro]
Dear old daddy rest his soul left my mama heavy load
She tried so very hard to fill his shoes
Working hours without rest wanted me to have the best
She tried to raise me right but I refused
I turned twenty one in prison...
Mama tried