Merle Haggard, Momma Tried

The first thing I remember knowin' was a lonesome whistle blowin', And a youngun's dream of growin' up to ride, On a freight train leavin' town, not knowin' where I'm bound. And no one could change my mind but Momma Tried. One and only Rebel child from a fam'ly meek and mild My momma seemed to to know what lay in store, 'Spite all my Sunday learnin' towards the bad I kept on turnin', 'Til momma couldn't hold me anymore. And I turned twenty-one in prison doin' life without parole, No one could steer me right but Momma Tried, Momma Tried Momma Tried to raise me better but her pleading I denied And that leaves only me to blame, cause Momma Tried Dear ole' daddy, rest his soul left my mom a heavy load, She tried so very hard to feel his shoes, Workin' hours without rest, wanted me to have the best She tried to raise me right but I refused. And I turned twenty-one in prison doin' life without parole, No one could steer me right but Momma Tried, Momma Tried Momma Tried to raise me better but her pleading I denied And that leaves only me to blame, cause Momma Tried