

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