

# Old 97's, Mama Tried

Merle Haggard, Bluebook Music (BMI)

First thing I remember knowin' was a lonesome whistle blowin'  
And a young-on's 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, from a family meek and mild  
Mama seemed to know what lay in store  
'Spite of all my Sunday learnin', toward the bad I kept on turnin'  
'Til Mama couldn't hold me anymore

CHORUS:

And 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  
Dear old Daddy rest his soul, he left my mom a heavy load  
She tried so very hard to fill his shoes  
Working hours without rest, she wanted me to have the best  
She tried to raise me right, but I refused

CHORUS