

# The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Mama 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 mama tried.  
One and only rebel child from a fam'ly meek and mild  
My mama seemed to to know what lay in store,  
'spite all my sunday learnin' towards the bad I kept on turnin',  
'til 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

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 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