

Mama Tried (The Ballad from Killers Three)

Merle Haggard

The first thing I remember knowing,
Was a lonesome whistle blowing,
And a young un's dream of growing up to ride,
On a freight train leaving town,
Not knowing where I'm bound,
No-one could change my mind but Mama tried.
One and only rebel child,
From a family, meek and mild,
My Mama seemed to know what lay in store.
Despite my Sunday learning,
Towards the bad, I kept turning.
'Til Mama couldn't hold me anymore. And I turned twenty-one in prion 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,
Left my Mom a 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 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.

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