

Mama Tried

Jack Ingram

M. Haggard 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

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