

Mama Tried

Old 97's

First thing I remember knowin' was a lonesome whistle blowin'
And a young one's dream of growing up to ride
On a freight train leaving town, not knowing where I'm bound
No one could steer me right but mama triedOne and only rebel child, family meek and mild
My mama seemed to know what lay in store
Despite of all my Sunday learnin', bad I kept on turnin'
'Til mama couldn't hold me anymoreI 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 triedDear 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 steer me right but I refused

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