

Intro CC to

Merle Haggard — Mama Tried

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 all my Sunday learning,
Towards the bad, I kept on turning,
'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 'cos Mama tried.

Without note

Instrumental break. over verse

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.