

Mama Tried

Joan Baez

First thing I remember knowin'
Was a lonesome whistle blowin'
And a young man's dream of growin' up to ride
On a freight train leavin' town
Never knowin' 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
'Spite of all my Sunday learnin'
To the bad, I kept a turnin'
'Til Mama couldn't hold me anymore

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 pleadings 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
Workin' hours without rest
Wanted me to have the best
She tried to raise me right but I refused

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