

## 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 tried

One 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 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 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 steer me right but I refused

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