

## Mama Tried

Freddie Hart

First thing I remember knowing was a lonesome whistle blowing  
And the youngest dream of growing up to ride  
On a freight train leaving town not knowing where I'm bound  
And no one could change my mind but mama tried  
One and only rebel child for my family meek and mild  
My mama seemed to know what laid in store  
In spite of all my Sunday learning toward the bad I kept on turning  
Till 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 mama 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  
I turned twenty one in prison...  
Mama tried