

## Mama Tried

Jack Ingram

The first thing I remember knowin' was a lonesome whistle blowin',  
And a youngin's dream of growin' up to ride,  
On a freight train leavin' town, not knowin' where I'm bound.  
And no one could change my mind but Mama tried.  
One and only rebel child from a family meek and mild  
My mama seemed to to know what lay in store,  
'Spite all my Sunday learnin' towards the bad I kept on turnin'  
,  
'Till Mama could not hold me anymore.

And I turned twenty-one in prison doin' 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  
And that leaves only me to blame, 'cause Mama tried

Dear ole' Daddy, rest his soul left my mom a heavy load,  
She tried so very hard to feel his shoes,  
Workin' hours without rest, she wanted me to have the best  
She tried to raise me right but I refused.

And that leaves only me to blame, 'cause Mama tried.