

Mama Tried

Reba McEntire

First thing I remember knowin'
Was a lonesome whistle blowin'
And a young one's dream of growin' up to ride
On a freight train leavin' town
Not knowin' where I'm bound
No one could steer me right
But Mama tried

One and only rebel child
From a family meek and mild
My mama seemed to know what lay in store
In spite of all my Sunday learnin'
Toward the bad I kept on turnin'
Till mama couldn't 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

And then there was another man from Texas.
My mama and daddy used to drive for
miles and miles just to listen to him sing.
I remember Mama used to tell me.
She'd say "Reba he's got the best voice I've ever heard"
and then later on when I got to go and listen to him sing,
I'd sit there all night long and wait for
Ray Price to sing the blues.