

# Mama Tried

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

The first thing I remember knowing was a lonesome whistle blowing  
And a young gun's dream of growing up to ride  
On a freight train leaving town, not knowing where I'm bound  
No one could change my mind but Mama tried

One and only rebel child from the family, meek and mild  
My mama seemed to know what lay in store  
Despite all my Sunday learning towards the bad, I kept on turning  
'Til mama couldn't hold me anymore

And 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 raise me right but I refused

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