

## **MAMA TRIED** – by Merle Haggard

First thing [G] I remember [C] knowin'  
Was a [G] lonesome whistle [C] blowin'  
And a [G] young-on's dream of [C] growing up to [D7] ride  
On a [G] freight train leaving [C] town  
Not [G] knowing where I'm [C] bound  
And no [G] one could change my [D7] mind,  
But Mama [G] tried

One and [G] only rebel [C] child,  
From a [G] family meek and [C] mild,  
My [G] Mama seemed to [C] know what lay in [D7] store  
'Spite of [G] all my Sunday [C] learnin',  
Toward the [G] bad I kept on [C] turnin'  
'Til [G] Mama couldn't [D7] hold me any-[G]more

### **CHORUS:**

***And I turned [G] twenty-one in prison  
Doing [C] life without par-[G]ole  
No [Em] one could steer me right,  
But Mama [D] tried, Mama [D7] tried  
Mama [G] tried to raise me better,  
But her [C] pleading I den-[G]ied  
That leaves only me to [D7] blame, 'cause Mama [G] tried***

Dear old [G] Daddy rest his [C] soul,  
He left my [G] mom a heavy [C] load  
She [G] tried so very [C] hard to fill his [D7] shoes  
Working [G] hours without [C] rest,  
She wanted [G] me to have the [C] best  
She [G] tried to raise me [D7] right, but I re-[G]fused

### **REPEAT CHORUS**