

# Jack Ingram

## "Mama Tried"

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M. Haggard

The first thing I remember knowin' was a lonesome  
whistle blowin',  
And a youngun'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 fam'ly 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',  
'Til 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

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, wanted me to have the best  
She tried to raise me right but I refused.

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

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