

Reba McEntire "Mama Tried"

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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's got the best voice I have ever
heard"
And then later on when I got to go
And listen to him saying, "I'd sit there all night long
And wait for Ray Price to saying the blue"}

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