

Old 97's "Mama Tried"

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First thing I remember knowin' was a lonesome whistle
blowin'

And a young one's dream of growing up to ride
On a freight train leaving town, not knowing where I'm
bound

No one could steer me right but mama tried

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

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 steer me right but I refused

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

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