

# Reba McEntire, Mama Tried

(Merle Haggard)

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