Mama Tried

From: Ken Keefover
Subject: Momma Tried by Merle Haggard

Momma Tried
Written & performed by Merle Haggard
c1968 Tree Publishing Co., Inc.

D *G* *D* *G*
The first thing I remember knowin' was a lonesome whistle blowin',
D *G* *A7*
And a youngun's dream of growin' up to ride,
D *G* *D* *G*
On a freight train leavin' town, not knowin' where I'm bound.
D *A7* *D*
And no one could change my mind but Momma Tried.
D *G* *D* *G*
One and only Rebel child from a fam'ly meek and mild
D *G* *A7*
My momma seemed to to know what lay in store,
D *G* *D* *G*
'Spite all my Sunday learnin' towards the bad I kept on turnin',
D *A7* *D*
'Til momma couldn't hold me anymore.

N.C. *D* *G* *D*
And I turned twenty-one in prison doin' life without parole,
Bm *A7*
No one could steer me right but Mamma Tried, Momma Tried
D *G* *D*
Momma Tried to raise me better but her pleading I denied
A7 *D*
And that leaves only me to blame, cause Momma Tried

D *G* *D* *G*
Verse 3 Dear ole' daddy, rest his soul left my mom a heavy load,
D *G* *A7*
She tried so very hard to feel his shoes,
D *G* *D* *G*
Workin' hours without rest, wanted me to have the best
D *G* *A7*
She tried to raise me right but I refused.

Source: http://tabs.ultimate-guitar.com/m/merle_haggard/momma_tried_crd.htm

