

Momma Tried

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Thanks Don Orgeman

The first thing I remember knowing
was a lonesome whistle blowing
And a youngun's dream of growing up to ride
On a freight train leaving town
not knowing where I'm bound
And no one could change my mind but Momma tried

One and only Rebel child from a family meek and mild
My momma seemed to know what lay in store
Spite all my Sunday learning
with the bad I kept on turning
Till momma couldn't hold me any more

And I turned twenty-one in prison doing life without parole
No one could steer me right but Momma tried Momma tried
Momma tried to raise me better but her pleading I denied
And that leaves only me to blame cause Momma tried

Dear ole' daddy rest his soul left my mom a heavy load
She tried so very hard to feel his shoes
Working hours without rest wanted me to have the best
She tried to raise me right but I refused

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