

# Randy Travis, Mama Tried

Album: A Tribute to Tradition  
Randy Travis & Merle Haggard

The first thing I remember knowing,  
Was a lonesome whistle blowing,  
And a young un's dream of growing up to ride;  
On a freight train leaving town,  
Not knowing where I'm bound,  
No-one could change my mind but Mama tried.  
One and only rebel child,

From a family, meek and mild:  
My Mama seemed to know what lay in store.  
Despite all my Sunday learning,  
Towards the bad, I kept on turning.  
'Til Mama couldn't hold me anymore.  
And 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 'cos Mama tried.

--- Instrumental ---

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 raise me right but I refused.

And 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 'cos Mama tried...