

# The Grateful Dead, Mama Tried

The first I remember knowin' was that lonesome whistle blowin'  
And a youngin's dream of growin' up to ride.  
On a freight train leavin' town, not knowin' where I was bound  
No one could steer me right, but mama tried.

Was the only rebel child from a family meek and mild  
Mama seemed to know what lay in store  
In spite of all my Sunday learnin'  
For the bad I kept on turnin' and mama couldn't hold me anymore.

And I turned 21 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 pleadin' I denied  
That leaves no one but 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  
Workin' hours without rest, wanted me to have the best  
Oh she tried to raise me right, but I refused.

And I turned 21 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 pleadin' I denied  
That leaves no one but me to blame cause mama tried.