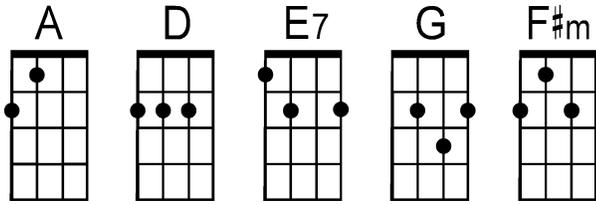


Momma Tried

by Merle Haggard (1968)



Intro: A . E7 . | A . A\

(---*Tacit*---) | A . D . | A . D .
The first thing I re-member knowin' was a lonesome whistle blowin'

| A . D . | E7 . .
And a young'n's dream of growing up to ride—

| A . D . | A . D .
On a freight train leaving town not knowin' where I'm bound

| A . E7 . | A . .
And no one could change my mind but Momma tried—

| A . D . | A . D .
One and only Rebel child from a family meek and mild

| A . D . | E7 . .
My momma seemed to know what lay in store—

| A . D . | A . D .
'Spite of all my Sunday learnin' toward the bad I kept on turnin'

| A . E7 . | A . A\
Till Momma couldn't hold me any—more—

Chorus: (---*Tacit*---) | A . . | G . A .
And I turned twenty-one in prison doing life with-out pa-rol

| F#m . . | E7 . .
No one could steer me right but Momma tried, Momma tried

| A . . | D . A .
Momma tried to raise me better but her pleadin' I de-nied

| . . E7 . | A . .
That leaves only me to blame cause Momma tried—

| A . D . | A . D .
Dear ole' Daddy rest his soul left my mom a heavy load

| A . D . | E7 . .
She tried so very hard to fill his shoes—

| A . D . | A . D .
Working hours without rest wanted me to have the best

| A . E7 . | A . A\
She tried to raise me right but I re-fused—

Chorus: (*---Tacit---*) | A | G . A .
 And I turned twenty-one in prison doing life with-out pa-role
 | F#m | E7 . .
 No one could steer me right but Momma tried, Momma tried
 | A | D . A .
 Momma tried to raise me better but her pleadin' I de-nied
 | . . . E7 | A . .
 That leaves only me to blame cause Momma tried———
 | . . . E7 | A . . E7\ A\
 That leaves only me to blame cause Momma tried———