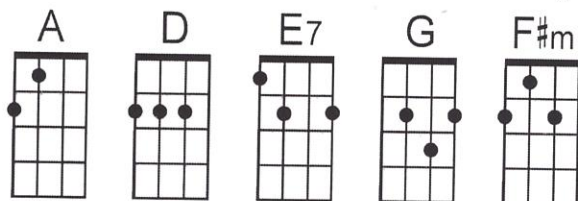


# Momma Tried

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-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—

| 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\_\_\_\_\_