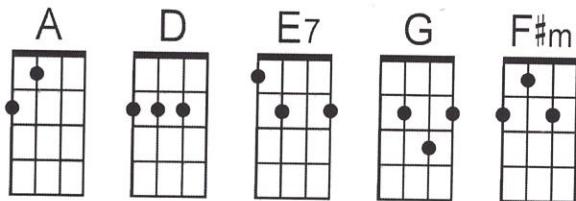


Momma Tried

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\