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 . A . D . 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—

One and only Rebel child from a family meek and mild
A . D . A . D . 'Spite of all my Sunday learnin' toward the bad I kept on turnin'
A . E7 . A . Till Momma couldn't hold me any—more——

Chorus: (---Tacit---) | A . . . . . . G . A . And I turned twenty-one in prison doing life without pa-role
F#m . . . . E7 . No one could steer me right but Momma tried, Momma tried
D . A . D . A . D . Momma tried to raise me better but her pleadin' I de-nied
A . 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——
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
That leaves only me to blame cause Momma tried——
| . . . . E7 . . A . . E7\ A\|That leaves only me to blame cause Momma tried——