Momma Tried
by Merle Haggard (1968)


The first thing I remember knowin’ was a lonesome whistle blowin’

And a young’n's dream of growing up to ride—

On a freight train leaving town not knowin’ where I'm bound

And no one could change my mind but Momma tried—


One and only Rebel child from a family meek and mild

My momma seemed to know what lay in store—

‘Spite of all my Sunday learnin’ toward the bad I kept on turnin’

Till Momma couldn't hold me any more——


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

Momma tried to raise me better but her pleadin’ I denied

That leaves only me to blame cause Momma tried——


Dear ole’ Daddy rest his soul left my mom a heavy load

She tried so very hard to fill his shoes——

Working hours without rest, wanted me to have the best

She tried to raise me right but I refused——
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  
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——

San Jose Ukulele Club
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