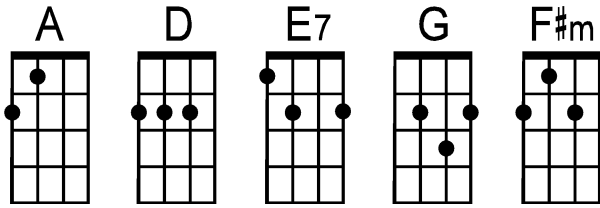


# Momma Tried

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—————

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
 (v1b - 5/7/20)