

Mama Tried

Grateful Dead

The first I remember knowin'
Was that lonesome whistle blowin'
And a youngin's dream
Of growin' up to ride On a freight train leavin' town
Not knowin' where I was bound
No one could steer me right
But mama tried Was the only rebel child
From a family meek and mild
Mama seemed to know
What lay in store In spite of all my
Sunday learnin'
For the bad I kept on turnin'
And mama couldn't hold me anymore
And I turned 21 in prison
Doin' life without parole
No one could steer me right
But mama tried, mama tried Mama tried to raise me better
But her pleadin' I denied
That leaves no one but me to blame
'Cause mama tried Dear old daddy rest his soul
Left my mom a heavy load
She tried so very hard
To fill his shoes Workin' hours without rest
Wanted me to have the best
Oh, she tried to raise me right
But I refused
And I turned 21 in prison
Doin' life without parole
No one could steer me right
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But her pleadin' I denied
That leaves no one but me to blame
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