

Mama Tried  
Grateful Dead

(intro) D A D

The first thing I remember knowin was a lonesome whistle blowin ,  
and a youngun s dream of growin up to ride,  
on a freight train leavin town, not knowin where I m bound,  
no one could change my mind but Mama tried.

One and only Rebel child from a fam ly meek and mild,  
my Mama seemed to know what lay in store,  
spite all my Sunday learnin with the bad I kept on turnin ,  
til mama couldn t hold me anymore.

And I turned twenty-one 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 pleading I denied,  
that leaves only me to blame, cause Mama tried.

(intro) D A D

Dear ole 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,  
she tried to raise me right but I refused.

And I turned twenty-one in prison doin life without parole,

<b>Bm</b>		<b>A</b>	<b>A7</b>
no one could steer me right but Mama tried, Mama tried.			
<b>D</b>		<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>
Mama tried to raise me better but her pleading I denied,			
<b>A</b>			<b>D</b>
that leaves only me to blame, cause Mama tried.			
<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>		<b>D</b>
That leaves only me to blame, cause Mama tried.			