

Mama Tried
Grateful Dead

(intro) D A D

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

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

 D G
 D
And I turned twenty-one in prison doin life without parole,
 Bm A
A7
no one could steer me right but Mama tried, Mama tried.
 D G D
Mama tried to raise me better but her pleading I denied,
 A D
that leaves only me to blame, cause Mama tried.

(intro) D A D

 D G D G
Dear ole daddy, rest his soul left my mom a heavy load,
 D A
she tried so very hard to fill his shoes,
 D G D G
workin hours without rest, wanted me to have the best,
 D A D
she tried to raise me right but I refused.

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

Bm

no one could steer me right but Mama tried, Mama tried.

D

Mama tried to raise me better but her pleading I denied,

A

that leaves only me to blame, cause Mama tried.

D

A

That leaves only me to blame, cause Mama tried.

A

A7

G

D

D

D