

Merle Haggard (Medley) Mama Tried, Daddy Frank, The Fightin Side Of Me

Was a lonesome whistle blowing
And a young'un's dream of growing up to ride
On a freight train leaving town
Not knowing where I'm bound
And no one could change my mind but Mama tried

One and only rebel child
From a family meek and mild
My mama seemed to know what lay in store
Despite all my Sunday learning
Towards the bad I kept on turning
Till Mama couldn't hold me anymore

And I turned twenty-one in prison doing 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

8 BAR SOLO

Daddy Frank played the guitar and the french harp
Sister played the ringing tambourine
And mama couldn't hear our pretty music
But she read our lips and helped the family sing
That little band was all a part of living
And our only means of living at the time
And it wasn't like no normal family combo
'Cause Daddy Frank the guitar man was blind

Frank and Mama counted on each other
Their one and only weakness made them strong
Mama did the driving for the family
And Frank made a living with his song
Home was just a camp along the highway
Pickup bed is where we bedded down
Don't ever once remember going hungry
But I remember Mama cooking on the ground

8 BAR SOLO + NEW KEY

I hear people talkin' bad,
About the way we have to live here in this country,
Harpin' on the wars we fight,
An' gripin' 'bout the way things oughta be.
An' I don't mind 'em switchin' sides,
An' standin' up for things they believe in.
When they're runnin' down my country, man,

They're walkin' on the fightin' side of me.

CHORUS:

Yeah, walkin' on the fightin' side of me.

Runnin' down the way of life,

Our fightin' men have fought and died to keep.

If you don't love it, leave it:

Let this song I'm singin' be a warnin'.

If you're runnin' down my country, man,

You're walkin' on the fightin' side of me.

CHORUS: