MAMMAS, DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS
3/4 123 123
-Patsy Bruce/Ed Bruce

Intro:  C (4 measures)

C
Cowboys ain't easy to love, and they're harder to hold
G
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
C
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levis, and each night begins a new day
G
If you don't understand him, an' he don't die young, he'll probably just ride a-way
C
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
G
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks
C
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
C
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
G
They'll never stay home and they're always alone, even with someone they love
D
Cowboys like smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornin’s
A
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
D
Them that don't know him won't like him and them that do
G
Sometimes won't know how to take him
A
He ain't wrong, he's just different, but his pride won't let him
D
Do things to make you think he's right
D
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks
D
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
D
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A
They'll never stay home and they're always alone, even with someone they love
D
They'll never stay home and they're always alone, even with someone they love