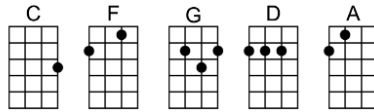


# MAMMAS, DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS

3/4 123 123

-Patsy Bruce/Ed Bruce



**Intro: C (4 measures)**

C F  
Cowboys ain't easy to love, and they're harder to hold  
G C  
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold  
C F  
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levis, and each night begins a new day  
G C  
If you don't understand him, an' he don't die young, he'll probably just ride a-way  
C F  
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 F  
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
G C  
They'll never stay home and they're always alone, even with someone they love  
D G  
Cowboys like smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornin's  
A D  
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 G  
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 G  
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
A D  
They'll never stay home and they're always alone, even with someone they love  
A D G D  
They'll never stay home and they're always alone, even with someone they love