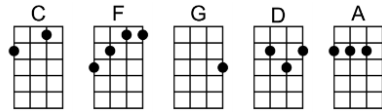


MAMMAS, DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS(BAR)

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