

Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys

written by Ed and Patsy Bruce

D G
Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
A D
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
G
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levi's and each night begins a new day
A
If you don't understand him and he don't die young
D
He'll probably just ride away

D G
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A
Don't let them pick guitars and drive them old trucks
D
Make them be doctors and lawyers and such
G
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
D
Even with someone they love

E A
Cowboys like smokey ol' pool rooms and clear mountain mornings
B E
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night

Them that don't know him won't like him
A
And them that do sometimes won't know how to take him
B
He ain't wrong, he's just different but his pride won't let him
E
Do the things that make you think he's right

E A
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
B
Don't let them pick guitars and drive them old trucks
E
Make them be doctors and lawyers and such
A
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
B
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
E
Even with someone they love