

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

D G
Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
A7 D
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds and gold
G
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded levis and each night begins a new day
A7
If you don't understand him and he don't die young
D
He'll probably just ride away

G
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A7
Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks
D
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
G
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A7
'Cause they'll never stay home and they're always alone
D
Even with someone they love

G
Cowboys like smoky old pool rooms and clear moutain mornings
A7 D
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
G
Them that don't know him won't like him and them that do
G
Sometimes won't know how to take him
A7
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