

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

**Mammas don't let your Babies grow up to be Cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
Mammas don't let your Babies grow up to be Cowboys
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
Even with someone they love**

**Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold.
And they'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
Lone Star belt buckles and old faded Levis and each night begins a new day
If you don't understand him and he don't die young
He'll probably just ride away**

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Modulate up

**Cowboys like smoky old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
Them that don't know him won't like them and them that do
Sometimes won't know how to take him
He ain't wrong he's just different but his pride won't let him
Do things to make you think he's right**

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