

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

^D cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold ^G
^{A7} they'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold ^D
^D lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levis
^G 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

^D *mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys* ^G
^{A7} *don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks*
^D *let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such*
^D *mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys* ^G
^{A7} *'cause they'll never stay home and they're always alone*
^D *even with someone they love*

^D cowboys like smoky old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings ^G
^{A7} little warm puppies and children and girls of the night ^D
^D them that don't know him won't like him
^G and them that do 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