

MAMAS, DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS (ED & PATSY BRUCE, 1975)

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

(D) **G**
Lone star belt buckles and old faded Levi's and each night begins a new day

A **D**
If you don't understand him and he don't die young he'll probably just ride away

Chorus:

D **G**
Mammas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys

A
Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks

D
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such

(D) **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

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 him and them that do,
sometimes won't know how to take him
He ain't wrong, he's just different and his pride won't let him
do things that make you think he's right **(Chorus)**