

Mammas Dont Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys

Auteur : Waylon Jennings — (sans accords)

Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levi's 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

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

(A tone higher)
Cowboys like smokey ol' 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 but his pride won't let him
Do the things to make you think he's right

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