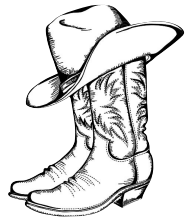


# Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys

Written by Ed Bruce and Patsy Bruce



[CHORUS]

C F  
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
G7

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

C  
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such

F  
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
G7

They'll never stay home and they're always alone

C  
Even with someone they love

F  
Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold  
G7 C  
And they'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold

Lone Star belt buckles and old faded Levis

F  
And each night begins a new day  
G7

And if you don't understand him and he don't die young  
C

He'll probably just ride away

[REPEAT CHORUS]

F  
A cowboy loves smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings  
G7 C

Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night

Them that don't know him won't like him

F  
And them that do, sometimes won't know how to take him  
G7

He's not wrong, he's just different, and his pride won't let him

C  
Do things, to make you think he's right

[REPEAT CHORUS]