

# 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]