

Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys

Written by Ed and Patsy Bruce, Recorded by Willie Nelson

Chorus

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

G7

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

C
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such

C **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

C **F**
1. 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 a-way. **Chorus**

C **F**
2. 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

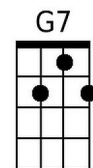
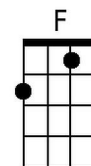
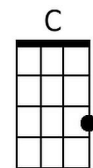
And them that do sometimes won't know how to take him

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. **Chorus**



Bari

