

# **MAMMAS DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS**

**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**

**Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold.  
And they'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold  
Lone Star belt buckles and old faded Levis 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**

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## **Modulate up**

**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 them 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 things to make you think he's right**

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