

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

written by Ed and Patsy Bruce (1978)

D *D* *D* *D* *G* *G* *G* *G*
Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
A *A* *A* *A* *D* *D* *D* *D*
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
D *D* *D* *D* *G* *G* *G* *G*
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levi's and each night begins a new day
A *A* *A* *A*
If you don't understand him and he don't die young
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
He'll probably just ride away

D *D* *D* *D* *G* *G* *G* *G*
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A7 *A7* *A7* *A7*
Don't let them pick guitars and drive them old trucks
A *A* *A* *D* *D*
Let them be doctors and lawyers and such
D *D* *D* *D* *G* *G* *G* *G*
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A *A* *A* *A* *A*
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
Even with someone they love

Cowboys like smoky 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 that make you think he's right