\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* MAMAS DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

written by E. & P. Bruce

Verse 1:

D G

Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold

A D

They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold

G

Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levi's and each night begins a new day

A

If you don't understand him and he don't die young

D

He'll probably just ride away

Chorus:

D G

Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys

A

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

D

Make them be doctors and lawyers and such

G

Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys

A

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

D

Even with someone they love

Verse 2:(A tone higher)

E A

Cowboys like smokey ol' pool rooms and clear mountain mornings

B E

Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night

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

A

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

B

He ain't wrong, he's just different but his pride won't let him

E

Do the things that make you think he's right

Chorus bis:

E A

Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys

B

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

E

Make them be doctors and lawyers and such

A

Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys

B

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

E

Even with someone they love