

# Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to be Cowboys

## CHORUS

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

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D G  
Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold.  
A7 D  
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold.  
  
Lone star belt buckles and old faded Levis  
G  
And each night begins a new day.  
A7  
If you don't understand him and he don't die young  
D  
He'll prob'ly just ride away.

## CHORUS

D G  
Cowboys like smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings  
A7 D  
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night.  
  
Them that don't know him won't like him  
G  
And them that do sometimes won't know how to take him.  
A7  
He ain't wrong he's just diff'rent but his pride  
D  
Won't let him do things to make you think he's right.

CHORUS