

Mama's Don't let Your Babies Grow to be Cowboys

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^D ^{M7} ^{G+4} ^{M7} ^G
 Mama's don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys,
 Don't ^A let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks,
 Make them be doctors and lawyers and ^D such,
 Mama's don't let your babies grow up to be ^G cowboys
 Cause they ~~re~~ ^A never ^{STAY} ~~at~~ home and thy're always alone,
 Even with someone they ^D love.

^D ^{M7} ^{G+4} ^{M7} ^G
 A cowboy ain't easy to love and he's harder to hold,
 It means ^A more for him to give you his songs than ^{give you} silver or gold.
^D ^{M7} ^{G+4} ^{M7} ^G
 Budwiser buckles and soft faded levis and each nite begins a new day
 If you ^A can't understand him and he don't die young,
 He'll probably just ride ^D away.

(Refrain)

^E ^{M7} ^{G+4} ^{M7} ^A
 Cowboys love smokey ol pool rooms and clear mountain mornings
^{B7} Little warm puppies and children and girls of the ^E nite
 Them that don't know him won't ^{M7} like him and them that do ^A sometimes
 won't know how to take him,
^{B7} He's not wrong; he's just different but his pride won't let him
 do things to make you think he's ^E right.

(Refrain)