

Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys
Willie Nelson (and Waylon Jennings)

[Verse 1]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 2] (A tone higher)

E Cowboys like smokey ol' pool rooms and clear mountain mornings **A**
B Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night **E**
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]

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

^B
Don't let them pick guitars and drive them old trucks
Make them be doctors and lawyers and such^E
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys^A
^B
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
^E
Even with someone they love