

Mamas 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  
**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