Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys
by Ed and Patsy Bruce

G7   G7   C   C
///   ///   ///   ///

C
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys

G7
Don’t let ‘em pick guitars and drive them old trucks

G7   C   C
Let ‘em be doctors and lawyers and such

C
Mammas, don’t let your babies grow up to be cowboys

G7
They'll never stay home and they're always alone

G7   C
Even with someone they love

C
Cowboys ain’t easy to love and they’re harder to hold

G7   C
And they'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold

C
Lone Star belt buckles and old faded Levi's

F
And each night begins a new day

G7
If you don’t understand him and he don’t die young

C
He’ll probably just ride away

C
Mammas don’t let your babies grow up to be cowboys

G7
Don’t let ’em pick guitars and drive them old trucks

G7   C   C
Let ‘em be doctors and lawyers and such
C
Mammas, don’t let your babies grow up to be cowboys

G7
They’ll never stay home and they’re always alone

G7    C    C    A7    A7
Even with someone they love

D
Cowboys like smoky old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings

A7    D
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night

D
Them that don’t know him don’t like him

G
And them that do sometimes don’t know how to take him

A7
He ain’t wrong, he’s just different and his pride won’t let him

D
Do things to make you think he’s right

D    G
Mammas don’t let your babies grow up to be cowboys

A7
Don’t let ‘em pick guitars and drive them old trucks

D    D
Let ‘em be doctors and lawyers and such

D
Mammas, don’t let your babies grow up to be cowboys

A7
They’ll never stay home and they’re always alone

D    D    A7    D
Even with someone they love