

Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys

Chris LeDoux

Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
Cause they'll never stay home and they're always alone
Even with someone they love
A cowboy ain't easy to love and he's harder to hold
He'd rather sing you a song then give diamonds or gold
Budwiser buckles and soft faded Levi's and each night begins a
new day
If you can't understand him and he don't die young he'll probab
ly just ride away
Mammas don't let your babies...

A cowboy loves smokey ole pool rooms and clear mountain morning
s
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
Them that don't know him won't like him
And them that do sometimes won't know how to take him
He's not wrong he's just different and his pride won't let him
Do things to make you think he's right
Mammas don't let your babies...