

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

Don't **let** 'em pick **guitars** and **drive** them old **trucks**

Let 'em be **doctors** and **lawyers** and **such** ...

/ D - - - G - - - / A7 - - - / - - - D - /

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

'Cause they'll **never** stay **home** and they're **always** a-lone

Even with **someone** they **love**

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Cowboys ain't **easy** to **love** and they're **harder** to **hold**

They'd rather **give** you a **song** then **diamonds** or **gold**

Lonestar belt **buckles** and **old** faded **Levi's**

And **each** night be-gins a new **day** ...

If you **don't** under-stand him and he **don't** die **young**

He'll probably **just** ride a-way

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Chorus

Cowboys like **smokey** old **pool** rooms and **clear** mountain **mornin'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 ain't **wrong** he's just **different** but his **pride** won't **let** him

Do **things** to make you **think** he's **right**

Chorus 1.5x