

# 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...