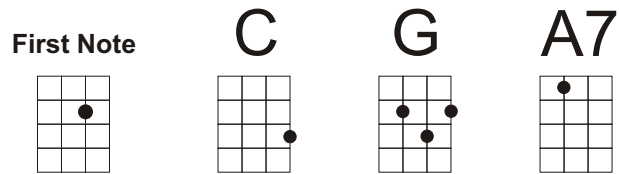


Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys



[C] Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to [F] hold.
 [G7] They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or [C] gold.
 Rockstar belt buckles and old faded levis,
 And [F] each night begins a new day.
 If you [G7] don't understand him, an' he don't die young,
 He'll prob'ly just ride [C] away.

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be [F] cowboys.
 Don't [G7] let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks.
 Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and [C] such.
 Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be [F] cowboys.
 They'll [G7] never stay home and they're always alone.
 Even with someone they [C] love.

[D] Cowboys like smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain [G] mornings,
 [A7] Little warm puppies and children and girls of the [D] night.
 Them that don't know him won't like him and them that do,
 [G] Sometimes won't know how to take him.
 He [A7] ain't wrong, he's just different but his pride won't let him,
 Do things to make you think he's [D] right.

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be [G] cowboys.
 Don't [A7] let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks.
 Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and [D] such.
 Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be [G] cowboys.
 They'll [A7] never stay home and they're always alone.
 Even with someone they [D] love.