

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

[Willie Nelson](#)

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

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

Cowboys like smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings,  
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.

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Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such.  
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys.  
'Cos they'll never stay home and they're always alone.  
Even with someone they love.

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