

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

Bruce, Ed

Mamas, 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

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
Even with someone they love

Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
And 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
And if you don't understand him and he don't die young
He'll probably just ride away

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Cowboys like smoky old pool rooms, clear mountain mornings
Little warm puppies and children, girls of the night
And 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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Lyrics submitted by Mark DeLozier.

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