

Ed Bruce - Mama's Don't Let Your Babies Grow up to Be Cowboys

tom:

Intro: C

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

'Cause they 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

They'd rather give you a song than silver or gold

Road-Star belt buckles and old faded levis

And each night begins a new day

If you can't understand him, and he don't die young

He'll probably 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

Cause they never stay home and they're always alone

Even with someone they love

Cowboys love smoky 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

Sometimes won't know how to take him

He isn't wrong, he's just different but his pride won't let him

Do things to make you think he's right

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

Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks

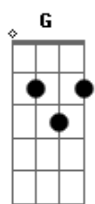
Let'em be doctors and lawyers and such

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

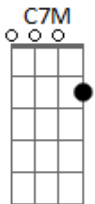
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Even with someone they love

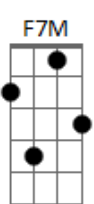
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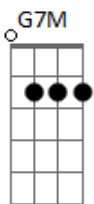
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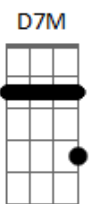
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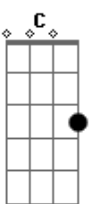
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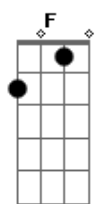
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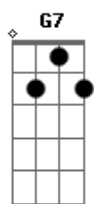
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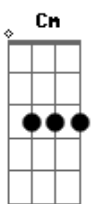
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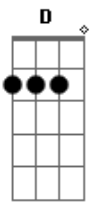
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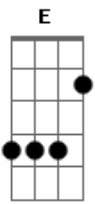
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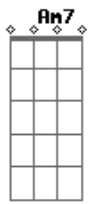
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