

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
 'Cause they never stay home and they're always alone
 Even with someone they love

Acordes



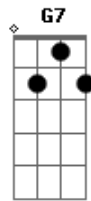
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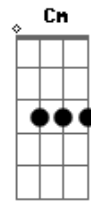
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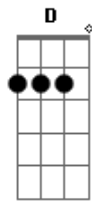
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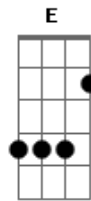
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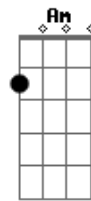
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