

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

tom:

^D
Cowboys ain't easy to love

^D ^G
And they're harder to hold

^A
They'd rather give you a song

^D
Than diamonds or gold

^D
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded levis

^G
And each night begins a new day

^A
If you don't understand him

And he don't die young

^D
He'll prob'ly just ride away

^D
Mamas, don't let your babies

^G
Grow up to be cowboys

^A
Don't let 'em pick guitars

Or drive them old trucks

Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such ^D

^D
Mamas don't let your babies

^G
Grow up to be cowboys

^A
'Cos they'll never stay home

And they're always alone

^D
Even with someone they love

^E
Cowboys like smokey old pool rooms

^A
And clear mountain mornings

^{B7}
Little warm puppies and children

^E
And girls of the night

^E
Them that don't know him

Won't like him and them that do

^A
Sometimes won't know how to take him

^{B7}
He ain't wrong, he's just different

But his pride won't let him

^E
Do things to make you think he's right

^E
Mamas, don't let your babies

^{E7} ^A
Grow up to be cowboys

^{B7}
Don't let 'em pick guitars

Or drive them old trucks

^E
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such

^E
Mamas don't let your babies

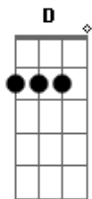
^{E7} ^A
Grow up to be cowboys

^{B7}
'Cos they'll never stay home

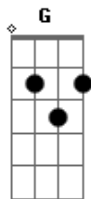
And they're always alone

^E
Even with someone they love

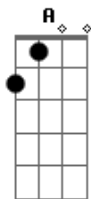
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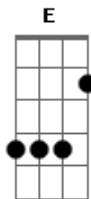
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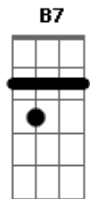
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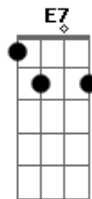
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