

Mamas, Dont Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys
Willie Nelson

Intro: C C C C

Parte 1:

C F
Cowboys ain t easy to love and they re harder to hold.
G C
They d rather give you a song than diamonds or gold.
C
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded levis,
F
And each night begins a new day.
G
If you don t understand him, an he don t die young,
C
He ll prob ly just ride away.

Refrão:

C F
Mamas, don t let your babies grow up to be cowboys.
G
Don t let em pick guitars or drive them old trucks.
C
Let em be doctors and lawyers and such.
C F
Mamas don t let your babies grow up to be cowboys.
G
Cos they ll never stay home and they re always alone.
C
Even with someone they love.

Parte 2:

C F
Cowboys like smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings,
G C
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night.
C
Them that don t know him won t like him and them that do,
F
Sometimes won t know how to take him.
G
He ain t wrong, he s just different but his pride won t let him,
C
Do things to make you think he s right.

Refrão:

C

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G

Don t let em pick guitars or drive them old trucks.

C

Let em be doctors and lawyers and such.

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F

Mamas don t let your babies grow up to be cowboys.

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Cos they ll never stay home and they re always alone.

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Even with someone they love.