

Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to be Cowboys

Willie Nelson (1975)

Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys.
Don't let them pick guitars and drive them old trucks.
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such.
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys,
cause they'll never stay home and they're always alone,
even with someone they love.

A cowboy ain't easy to love and he's harder to hold.
And it means more to him to give you a song than silver or gold.
Budweiser buckles and soft faded Levis
and each night begins a new day.
If you can't understand him & he don't die young,
he'll probably just ride away.

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A cowboy loves smokey ol' 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 do sometimes won't know how to take him.
He's not wrong, he's just different and his pride won't
let him do things to make you think he's right.

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