

Ed Bruce

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

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Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
Don't let them pick guitars and drive in old trucks
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
They'll 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
And they'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
Lone Star belt buckles and old faded Levis
And each night begins a new day
And if you don't understand him and he don't die young
He'll probably just ride away

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A cowboy loves smokey 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 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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