

Willie Nelson

"Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be"

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(with Waylon Jennings)

Mama don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
Mama 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 then diamonds or

Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levi's each night begins a new day

And if you don't understand him and he don't die young

He'll probly just ride away

gold

him

Mama don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such Mama 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 like smokey old pool rooms and clear mountian moringin's

Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night And them that don't know him won't like him And them that do sometimes won't know how to take

He ain't wrong he's just different

but his pride won't let him do things to make you think he's right

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