

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

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Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds and gold.

Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levis
Each night begins a new day.
If you don't understand him he don't like you
He'll probably just ride away.

Chorus

Mamas don't let you babies grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars and ride an old horse
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such.
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
For they never stay home and they're always alone
Even with someone they love.

Cowboys like 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
If he's wrong he's just different
But his pride won't let him do things to make you think
he's right.

Repeat chorus

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