

# Willie Nelson, Mammamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow

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 gold  
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  
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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 him  
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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