

# MOMMAS DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS <sup>271</sup>



## CHORUS

<sup>D</sup> Mommas don't let your babies grow up to be <sup>G</sup> cowboys

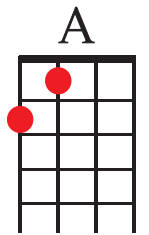
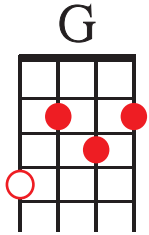
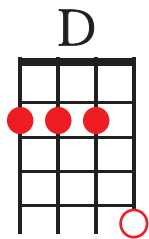
Don't <sup>A</sup> let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks

Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> Mommas don't let your babies grow up to be <sup>G</sup> cowboys

They'll <sup>A</sup> never stay home and they're always alone

Even with someone they <sup>D</sup> love



<sup>D</sup> Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to <sup>G</sup> hold

And they'd rather give you a <sup>A</sup> song, than diamonds and <sup>D</sup> gold

<sup>D</sup> Lone Star belt buckles and old faded Levis

And each night begins a <sup>G</sup> new day

And if you don't understand him, and he don't die <sup>A</sup> young,

he'll probably just ride <sup>D</sup> away

## CHORUS

<sup>D</sup> Cowboys like smoky old poolrooms and clear mountain <sup>G</sup> mornin's

<sup>A</sup> Little warm puppies, and children, and girls of the <sup>D</sup> night

<sup>D</sup> And them that don't know him won't like him

And them that do <sup>G</sup> sometimes won't know how to take him

He's ain't <sup>A</sup> wrong he's just different, but his pride won't let him

Do things to make you think he's <sup>D</sup> right

## CHORUS TWICE



UKULELE CLUB OF SANTA CRUZ  
WILLIE NELSON NIGHT  
APRIL 2007