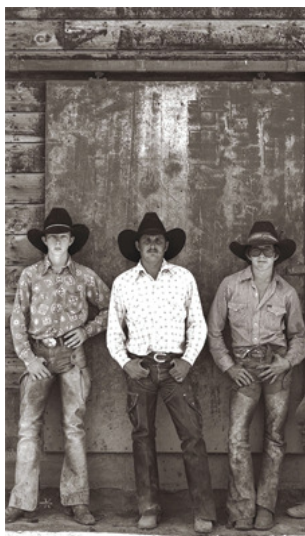


# MOMMAS DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS 271



## CHORUS

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

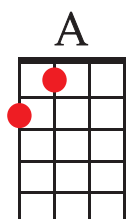
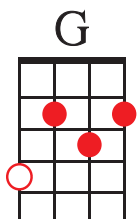
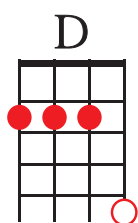
Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks

Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such

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

They'll never stay home and they're always alone

Even with someone they love



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

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

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

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

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

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

## CHORUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

## CHORUS TWICE



UKULELE CLUB OF SANTA CRUZ  
WILLIE NELSON NIGHT  
APRIL 2007