

# Chris LeDoux, Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Gro

Mamas, 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  
Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
'Cause they'll never stay home and they're always alone  
Even with someone they love  
A cowboy ain't easy to love and he's harder to hold  
It means more to him to give you a song than silver or gold  
Big trophy buckles and soft faded Levi's  
And each night begins a new day  
If you can't understand him and he don't die young  
He'll probably just ride away  
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Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such  
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'Cause they'll never stay home and they're always alone  
Even with someone they love  
A cowboy loves smoky ole 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  
He's not wrong, he's just different and his pride won't let him do  
Things to make you think he's right  
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