

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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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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