Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys

Cowboys ain't/easy to/love and they're/harder to/hold//
They'd/rather/give you a/song than/diamonds or/gold//
Lone Star belt/buckles and/old faded/Levis'
And/each night begins a new/day/
If you/don't understand him and/he don't die/young/
He'll prob'ly/just ride away///

Chorus:

Mamas/don't let your/babies grow/up to be/cowboys //
Don't/let 'em pick/guitars or/drive them old/trucks /
Let 'em be/doctors 'n/lawyers 'n/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 // E

Cowboys like/smokey old/poolrooms and/clear mountain/mornin's///
Little warm/puppies and/children 'n/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 ain't/wrong he's just/different but/his pride won't/let him
Do/things to make/you think he's/right///

Chorus (twice)