Mama’s Don’t Let Your Baby’s Grow Up To Be Cowboys (D) Waylon

D D G G
Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
A D D
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
D G
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded levis and each night begins a new day
A D D
If you don't understand him, an' he don't die young He'll prob'ly just ride away

Chorus—

D G G
Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A D D
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
D G G
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
A D D
'Cos they'll never stay home and they're always alone even with someone they love

Mod—to E

E A A
Cowboys like smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings
B E E
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
E A
Them that don't know him won't like him and them that do sometimes won't know how to take him
B E E
He ain't wrong, he's just different but his pride won't let him do things to make you think he's right

Repeat Chorus Twice—

E A A
Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
B E E
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
E A A
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
B E E
They never stay home and they're always alone even with someone they love
B E E
They never stay home and they're always alone even with someone they love

B-A-G#m-F#m-E-B-E