

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



CHORUS

^D Mommas don't let your babies grow up to be ^G cowboys

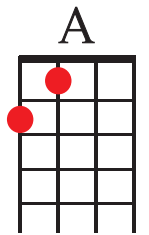
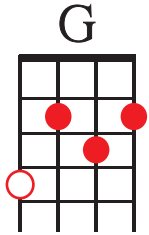
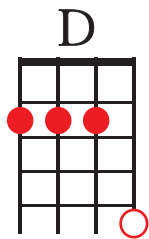
Don't ^A let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks

Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such ^D

^D Mommas don't let your babies grow up to be ^G cowboys

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

Even with someone they ^D love



^D Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to ^G hold

And they'd rather give you a song, than diamonds and ^D gold

^D Lone Star belt buckles and old faded Levis

And each night begins a ^G new day

And if you don't understand him, and he don't die young, ^A

he'll probably just ride ^D away

CHORUS

^D Cowboys like smoky old poolrooms and clear mountain ^G mornin's

^A Little warm puppies, and children, and girls of the ^D night

^D And them that don't know him won't like him

And them that do ^G sometimes won't know how to take him

He's ain't ^A wrong he's just different, but his pride won't let him

Do things to make you think he's ^D right

CHORUS TWICE



UKULELE CLUB OF SANTA CRUZ
WILLIE NELSON NIGHT
APRIL 2007