

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys

Par Willie Nelson

Album : Revolutions Of Time....the journey 1975-1993 The Pilgrimage

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

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

Even with someone they love

Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
Lonestar 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 probably just ride away

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys

Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks

Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys

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

Even with someone they love

Cowboys like smoky old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
And 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

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

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

Even with someone they love

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.