

Dont Let Yout Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys – Willie Nelson

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

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

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Cowboys like smoky old 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 ain't wrong, he's just different
But his pride won't let him
Do things to make you think he's right

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Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych