

# 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