

# Cowboys

Jelly Roll

Mama's don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys (cowboys)  
Don't let them pick guitars and drive old trucks  
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such  
Mama's don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys (cowboys)  
'Cause they'll never be at home and they're always feel alone  
Even if they're with somebody they love

Mama raised a dreamer, southside leanin'  
Antiox codeine fiend, rose like the phoenix  
Whippin' way in then winds up, I ended up in hand cuffs  
Was no comedian when the judge told me to stand up  
Man in the mirror clearly different appearance  
Experience is make it where I feel sentencin' hearin's  
But I just stay faithful, real cowboys never make it  
A shame, we see what the game did to Troy Aikman  
But I just kept prayin', 'cause that's what the good book said  
I followed in the footsteps of a man that booked beds  
My daughter and my son I pray they can be all they can be  
As long as they chose not to be a cowboy like me

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Mama raised a rambler, all on the line gambler  
Slick country grammar, cocked back hammer  
100 pounds in the camper, few years in the slammer  
Air my dirty laundry share my life panorama  
Life of a cowboy backdrop bandana  
Panda, panda, I picked the load up from Atlanta  
Landin' from Havana from the hands of Jorge  
Foreplay for court dates what more can they say, uh  
I'm the real story, the one they try and tell  
Quarter in the wishin' well, fishin' for the fish scale  
Residue on this scale, victory in this tale  
I throw my boat off in the water watch the shit sail  
Get mail spend it all runnin' from the law  
Feel along with my locals 'cause my back against the wall  
Times up blue lights and a loud noise  
Tellin' my baby mama don't let the babies grow up to be cowboys

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