

Mama don't let your babies
grow up to be
superintendents

Don't let them rake bunkers and drive them
old mowers

Make them be golf pros or GM's and such
Mama don't let your babies grow up to be
superintendents

They'll never be home. They'll always be out
on the course even if it's at
night alone

Superintendents ain't easy
to love and they're even
harder to hold
And they'd rather grow
grass than chase silver or
gold

They like old Jake hats and
faded boots, and each dawn starts a new
day

If you don't understand him and he don't
die young, he'll probably get fired anyway

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superintendents

Don't let them set cups and flymow all
those bunkers

Make them be salesmen or tech reps or such
Mama don't let you babies grow up to be
superintendents

They'll never be home. They'll always be out
on the course even if it's at night alone

Superintendents like two-toned striped
fairways and mild sunny days

Nice clean shops and crew members and
irrigation running at 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 say some things
Even when he knows you're wrong and he's
right

Mama don't let your babies grow up to be
superintendents

Don't let them repair heads and drive them
old Cushmans

Make them be doctors and lawyers and such
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superintendents

They'll never be home. They'll always be out
on the course even if it's at night alone

Superintendents get wrinkled and
sunburned and gray haired

From worry over things they can't always
control

Doing their best to work miracles to keep
the grass green and golfers happy

But they seldom get credit for the effort
when picky members are on a roll

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Wisdom from Willie Nelson

Green Side Up



Joel Jackson, CGCS
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