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

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

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 Cushman’s

Make them be doctors and lawyers and such

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