

Pistol Whipping Mama

The Boys

Lay that pistol down, babe.
Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol down.Oh, drinkin' beer in a cabaret
Was I havin' fun!
Until one night she caught me right
And now I'm on the run.Oh, lay that pistol down, babe.
Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol down.Oh, lay that pistol down, babe.
Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that thing down before it goes off and hurts somebody!Oh, she kicked out my windshield
And she hit me over the head.
She cussed and cried and said I lied
And she wished that I was dead.Oh, lay that pistol down, babe.
Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol down.Lay that pistol down, babe.
Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol downPappy made a batch of corn
The revenuers came.
The draught was slow
So now they know
You can't do that to Mame.Lay that pistol down, babe.
Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol downOh, singing songs in a cabaret
Was I havin' fun!
Until one night it didn't seem right
And now I'm on the run.Oh, lay that pistol down, babe.
Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol down.Oh, pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol down.

Songwriters

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