

# 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 revenueurs 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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