

# Pistol Packin' Mama

## Roadracers

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, I'll sing you every night Bing  
And I'll woo you every day  
I'll be your regular mama  
And I'll put that gun away 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 We're three tough gals  
From deep down Texas way  
We got no pals  
They don't like the way we play We're a rough rootin' tootin' shootin' trio  
But you ought to see my sister Cleo  
She's a terror make no error  
But there ain't no nicer terror  
Here's what we tell her Lay that pistol down, babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packin' mama  
Lay that pistol down Pappy made a batch of corn  
The Revenuers came  
The draugh was slow  
So now they know  
You can't do that to Mame Oh, lay that pistol down, babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packin' mama  
Lay that pistol down Oh, 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

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