PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA

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Lay that pistol down, babe
Lay that pistol down
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol downOh, drinkin' beer in a cabaret
Was I havin' fun
Until one night she caught me right
And now I'm on the runOh, lay that pistol down, babe
Lay that pistol down
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol downOh, 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 awayOh, 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 deadOh, lay that pistol down, babe
Lay that pistol down
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol downWe're three tough gals
From deep down Texas way
We got no pals
They don't like the way we playWe'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 herLay that pistol down, babe
Lay that pistol down
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol downPappy made a batch of corn
The Revenuers came
The draugh was slow
So now they know
You can't do that to MameOh, 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 runOh, lay that pistol down, babe
Lay that pistol down
Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol downOh, pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol down

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