

# Pistol Packin' Mama

Gene Vincent

Drinking beer at the cabaret  
And was I having fun  
'Til one night she caught me right  
And now I'm on the run Lay that pistol down, babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down She kicked out my windshield  
She hit me over the head  
She cussed and cried and said I'd lied  
And wished that I was dead Well, lay that pistol down, babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down Drinking beer in the cabaret  
And dancing with a blond  
'Til one night she shot out the light  
Bang, that blond was gone So lay that pistol down, babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down I'll sing you every night, babe  
And I'll woo you every day  
I'll be your regular daddy  
If you'll put that gun away And just lay that pistol down, babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down Drinking beer at the cabaret  
And was I having fun  
'Til one night she caught me right  
And now I'm on the run Now, lay that pistol down, babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down Now, there was old Al Dexter  
He always had his fun  
But with some lead, she shot him dead  
And his honking days are done Now, lay that pistol down, babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down I said, "Lay that pistol down, babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama"

I said, "Lay that pistol down"  
I said, "Lay that pistol down, babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down"

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