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 runLay that pistol down, babe
Lay that pistol down
Pistol packing mama
Lay that pistol downShe kicked out my windshield
She hit me over the head
She cussed and cried and said I'd lied
And wished that I was deadWell, lay that pistol down, babe
Lay that pistol down
Pistol packing mama
Lay that pistol downDrinking beer in the cabaret
And dancing with a blond
'Til one night she shot out the light
Bang, that blond was goneSo lay that pistol down, babe
Lay that pistol down
Pistol packing mama
Lay that pistol downI'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 awayAnd just lay that pistol down, babe
Lay that pistol down
Pistol packing mama
Lay that pistol downDrinking beer at the cabaret
And was I having fun
'Til one night she caught me right
And now I'm on the runNow, lay that pistol down, babe
Lay that pistol down
Pistol packing mama
Lay that pistol downNow, there was old Al Dexter
He always had his fun
But with some lead, she shot him dead
And his honking days are doneNow, lay that pistol down, babe
Lay that pistol down
Pistol packing mama
Lay that pistol downI 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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