Pistol

Mia Dyson

Well, here's what happens when you fall for a pistol
No, no, I don't mean no gun
Talkin' 'bout a man with bells and whistles
The kind that keeps your heart on the runI met that cat in a two-bit juke-joint
Took my money in a game of pool
Next thing I knew, I was sittin' 'hind the eight ball
Playin' my heart, breakin' all the rulesThrow your rope around the runaway freight train
You know it's gonna drag you down the track
You dust your britches off, an' tell yourself you're insane
But every time you love a man like thatYou get lost, you get lonely, you get calls from the police
Tell your Mama, "Don't know what happened"
Well, you wanted trouble? Now you got a fistful
That's what happens when you fall for a pistol, uh huhWell, you'd think by now I'd'a learned my lesson
But I keep makin' them same mistakes
There must be some clue I keep missin'
How many times can a good heart break?Well, I keep fallin' for all them bad boys
Poor or rich as dirt
Lots of fun and I ain't jokin'
But every time I think I won't get hurtI get lost, I get lonely, I get calls from the police
Tell my Mama, "Don't know what happened"
Well, I wanted trouble, now I got a fistful
That's what happens when you fall for a pistolWell, you get lost, you get lonely, you get calls from the police
Tell your Mama, "Don't know what happened"
Well, you wanted trouble, now you got a fistful
Well, that's what happens when you fall for a pistol
Well, that's what happens when you fall for a pistol, girlSort of men that give you a headache, now
Oh, you'd better get on home
Oh, I'm on my way home

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