

# 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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