

Pistol Packin' Papa

Jimmie Rodgers

I'm a pistol packin' papa and when I walk down the streets
You can hear those mamas shouting don't turn your gun on me
Now girls I'm just a good guy and I'm going to have my fun
And if you don't want to smell my smoke don't monkey with my gun.

Like a hobo when he's hungry like a drunkman when he's full
I'm a pistol packin' papa and I know how to shoot the bull
The whole of men don't hold me and they sure leave me be
I'm a pistol packin' papa and I ramble where I please.
Oh well, I have that funny feeling that luring rambles call
I swing aboard of some freight train and I shoot my pistol low
Sometimes one shot will do near sometimes it takes four or five
And sometimes I shoot all around before I'm satisfied.
When you hear my pistol puffin' you better hide yourself someplace

'Cause I ain't made for stoppin' and I come for a shootin' race
My sweetheart understands me she says I'm her big shot
I'm her pistol packin' daddy and I know I got to drop.
You can hear my Newsport roadster you can take my Hartford hat
But you can never take from me my silver mounted gut
I'm a pistol packin' papa and I'm going to have my fun
Just follow me and you will hear the barking of my gun...