

Pistol Packin' Mama

John Prine

Lay that pistol down, Babe. Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin mama - Lay that pistol down.
Oh, drinkin beer in a cabaret
Was I havin fun!
Until one night she caught me right
And now I'm on the run.

Oh, lay that pistol down, Babe. Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin mama - Lay that pistol down.
Oh, I'll sing you every night Bing and I'll woo you every day.
I'll be your regular mama and I'll put that gun away.

Oh, lay that pistol down, Babe. Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin mama
Lay that thing down before it goes off and hurts somebody!
Oh, she kicked out my windshield and she hit me over the head.
She cussed and cried and said I lied and she wished that I was
dead.

Oh, lay that pistol down, Babe. Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin mama - Lay that pistol down.
We're 3 tough gals from deep down Texas way.
We got no pals, they don't like the way we play.
We're a rough rootin tootin shootin trio
But you ought to see my sister Cleo
She's a terror make no error
But there ain't no nicer terror
Here's what we tell her:

Lay that pistol down, Babe. Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin mama - Lay that pistol down
Pappy made a batch of corn, The revenueurs came.
The draugh was slow, so now they know you can't do that to Mame
.

Lay that pistol down, Babe. Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin mama - Lay that pistol down
Oh, singing songs in a cabaret - Was I havin fun!
Until one night it didn't seem right, and now I'm on the run.

Oh, lay that pistol down, Babe. Lay that pistol down.
Pistol packin mama - Lay that pistol down.

Oh, pistol packin mama - Lay that pistol down.