

Gene Thomas

"Pistol Packin' Mama"

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Drinkin' beer in a cabaret And I was havin' fun!
Until one night she caught me right, And now I'm on the
run

Lay that pistol down Babe, Lay that pistol down,
Pistol Packin' Mama, Lay that pistol down.

She kicked out my windshield, She hit me over the
head,
She cussed and cried, and said I lied, And I wished that
I was dead.

Lay that pistol down Babe, Lay that pistol down,
Pistol Packin' Mama, Lay that pistol down.

Drinkin' beer in a cabaret, And dancing with a blonde,
Until one night she shot out the light, Bang! That
blonde was gone.

Lay that pistol down Babe, Lay that pistol down,
Pistol Packin' Mama, Lay that pistol down.

I'll see you every night Babe, I'll woo you every day,
I'll be your regular Daddy, If you'll put that gun away.

Lay that pistol down Babe, Lay that pistol down,
Pistol Packin' Mama, Lay that pistol down.
Lay that pistol down Babe, Lay that pistol down,
Pistol Packin' Mama, Lay that pistol down.

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