

## Hank Snow

### "Pistol Packin' Papa"

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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...

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