

## Hoyt Axton "Pistol Packin' Mama"

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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.

I was drinkin' beer in a cabaret, thought I was havin'  
fun,  
Till 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 on the head,  
She cussed and cried and said I'd lied, and wished that  
I was dead.  
Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down,  
Pistol-packin' mama, lay that pistol down.

I was raisin' cane in a cabaret, dancin' with a blonde,  
Till one night she shot out the light, and 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 love you every day,  
I'll be your reg'lar daddy, just put that gun away.  
Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down,  
Pistol-packin' mama, lay that pistol down.

Instrumental- (guitar, harmonica)

Well the moral of this story is, if you wanna have some  
fun,  
Make sure your sweet mama, don't have a loaded gun.  
Oh, 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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