

The Andrews Sisters

"Pistol Packin Mamaas"

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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 see 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'd 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 three 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 oughta see my sister Cleo

She's a terror, make no error, but there ain't no lassie
fairer

Here's what we tell 'er

Lay that pistol down, babe

Lay that pistol down

Pistol packin' mama

Lay that pistol down

----- instrumental break -----

Pappy made a batch o' corn

The revenueers came

Their draw was slow so now they know

You can't do that to Mame

Oh, lay that pistol down, babe

Lay that pistol down

Pistol packin' mama

Lay that pistol down

Oh, singin' songs in the cabaret

Was I havin' fun

Until one night, I didn't sing right

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

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