

## **Andrews Sisters**

### **"Pistol Packin Mama"**

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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 revenueurs 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

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