

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 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 one night, I didn't sing right
Now I'm on the run-acap

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