

Pistol Packin' Mama

Writer: Al Dexter



[C] Drinking beer in a cabaret and was I having [G7] fun
Until one night she caught me right
and now I'm [Dm7] on [G7] the [C] run.

[C] Lay that pistol down, babe - lay that pistol [G7] down
Pistol Packin' Mama, lay that [Dm7] pis-[G7]tol [C] down.

[C] She kicked out my windshield - she hit me over the [G7] head
She cussed and cried and said I'd lied
and wished that [Dm7] I [G7] was [C] dead.

[C] Lay that pistol down, babe - lay that pistol [G7] down
Pistol Packin' Mama, lay that [Dm7] pis-[G7]tol [C] down.

[C] Drinking beer in a cabaret and dancin' with a [G7] blond
Until one night she shot out the light
Bang! - that blond [Dm7] was [G7] gone [C].

[C] Lay that pistol down, babe - lay that pistol [G7] down
Pistol Packin' Mama, lay that [Dm7] pis-[G7]tol [C] down.

[C] I'll see you ev'ry night, babe - I'll woo you ev'ry [G7] day
I'll be your regular daddy - if you'll put that [Dm7] gun [G7] a-[C]way.

[C] Lay that pistol down, babe - lay that pistol [G7] down
Pistol Packin' Mama, lay that [Dm7] pis-[G7]tol [C] down.

[C] Now I went home this morning - the clock was tickin' [G7] four
Gun in her hand, says "You're my man, but I don't need [Dm7] you
[G7] no [C] more."

[C] Lay that pistol down, babe - lay that pistol [G7] down
Pistol Packin' Mama, lay that [Dm7] pis-[G7] tol [C] down.

[C] Lay that pistol down, babe - lay that pistol [G7] down
Pistol Packin' Mama, lay that [Dm7] pis-[G7] tol [C] down.