

# Pistol Packin' Mama

Bing Crosby

Lay that pistol down, Babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down

Oh, drinking beer in a cabaret  
Was I having 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 packing mama  
Lay that pistol down

Oh, I'll sing 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 packing 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 lied  
And she wished that I was dead

Oh, lay that pistol down, Babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down

We're 3 tough gals  
From deep down Texas way  
We got no pals  
They don't like the way we play  
We're a rough rooting tooting shooting trio  
But you ought to see my sister Cleo  
She's a terror make no error  
But there ain't no nicer terror  
Here's what we tell her

Lay that pistol down, Babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down

Pappy made a batch of corn  
The revenueurs came  
The draught was slow  
So now they know  
You can't do that to Mame

Lay that pistol down, Babe

Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down

Oh, singing songs in a cabaret  
Was I having fun  
Until one night it didn't seem right  
And now I'm on the run

Oh, lay that pistol down, Babe  
Lay that pistol down  
Pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down

Oh, pistol packing mama  
Lay that pistol down