

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 revenuers 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