

Pistol Packin' Mama

Hoyt Axton

Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down,
Pistol-packin' mama, lay that pistol down.
Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down,
Pistol-packin' mama, lay that pistol down.

I was drinkin' beer in a cabaret, thought I was havin' fun,
Till one night, she caught me right, and now I'm on the run.
Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down,
Pistol-packin' mama, lay that pistol down.

She kicked out my windshield, she hit me on the head,
She cussed and cried and said I'd lied, and wished that I was dead.
Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down,
Pistol-packin' mama, lay that pistol down.

I was raisin' cane in a cabaret, dancin' with a blond,
'Till one night she shot out the light, and Bang! that blond was gone.
Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down,
Pistol-packin' mama, lay that pistol down.

I'll see you every night babe, I'll love you every day,
I'll be your regular daddy, just put that gun away.
Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down,
Pistol-packin' mama, lay that pistol down.

Well the moral of this story is, if you wanna have some fun,
Make sure your sweet mama, don't have a loaded gun.
Oh, lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down,
Pistol-packin' mama, lay that pistol down.
Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down,
Pistol-packin' mama, lay that pistol down .