

Little Pistol

Mother Mother

Up on my side, where it is felt
I pack a little pistol on my pistol belt
I think it might be fear
Of the world and the way it makes you feel afraid

Under the skin, against the skull
They put a little chip so that they know it all
I think I might be scared
Of the world and the way it makes you feel afraid
And how it gets in the way

And now I want brimstone in my garden
I want roses set on fire
And I, well I want what's best for me
And I, I think I know just what that means
Just what that means

Today I coo, today I caw
I have a pistol party and I kill 'em all
I think I might be scared
Of the man and the men with their hands inside
And the women, oh, the women all they do is cry
And I, well I lose my mind

And now I found brimstone in my garden
I found roses set on fire
And I found Jesus, what a liar
So I trade licks with Muddy Waters

And I, well I found what's best for me
And now I see no tragedy
And I, I found a burning rose
And now I won't be packing little pistols
No, no, no more