

# Bing Crosby, Pistol Packin Mama

Lay that pistol down, Babe.  
Lay that pistol down.  
Pistol packin mama  
Lay that pistol down.

Oh, drinkin beer in a cabaret  
Was I havin 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 packin 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 packin 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 packin 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 rootin tootin shootin 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 packin mama  
Lay that pistol down

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

Lay that pistol down, Babe.  
Lay that pistol down.  
Pistol packin mama  
Lay that pistol down

Oh, singing songs in a cabaret  
Was I havin 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 packin mama  
Lay that pistol down.

Oh, pistol packin mama  
Lay that pistol down.