

Trisha Yearwood, Pistol

Well, this is what happens when you fall for a pistol...
No, no, I don't mean no gun.
Talkin' 'bout a man with bells and whistles...
The kind that keeps your heart on the run.

I met that cat in a two-bit juke-joint...
Took my money in a game of pool.
Next thing I knew, I was sittin' 'hind the eight ball,
Playin' my heart, breakin' all the rules.
Throw your rope around the runaway freight train,
You know it's gonna drag you down the track.
You dust your britches off, an' tell yourself you're insane,
But every time you love a man like that...

You get lost; you get lonely.
You get calls from the police.
Tell your Mama: "Don't know what happened."
Well you wanted trouble?
Now you got a fistful.
That's what happens when you fall for a pistol.
Ah ha.

[Instrumental break]

Well, you'd think by now I'd a-learned my lesson.
But I keep makin' them same mistakes.
There must be some clue I keep missin'...
How many times can a good heart break?
Well, I keep fallin' for all them bad boys...
Poor or rich as dirt.
Lots of fun, and I ain't jokin',
But every time I think I won't get hurt...

I get lost; I get lonely.
I get calls from the police.
Tell my Mama: "Don't know what happened."
Well, I wanted trouble?
Now I got a fistful.
That's what happens when you fall for a pistol.

[Instrumental break]

Well, you get lost; you get lonely.
You get calls from the police.
Tell your Mama: "Don't know what happened."
Well you wanted trouble, now you got a fistful.
Well, that's what happens when you fall for a pistol.
Well, that's what happens when you fall for a pistol, girl.

Sort of men'd give you a headache, now.
Oh, you'd better get on home.

[To fade]