Al Dexter, Pistol Packin' Mama

Drinking beer in a cabaret and was I having fun Until one night she caught me right and now I'm on the run.

Ref:

Lay that pistol down, babe - lay that pistol down Pistol Packin' Mama, lay that pistol down. She kicked out my windshield - she hit me over the head She cussed and cried and said I'd lied

Ref:

and wished that I was dead.

Drinking beer in a cabaret and dancin' with a blond Until one night she shot out the light - Bang! that blond was gone.

Ref:

I'll see you ev'ry night, babe - I'll woo you ev'ry day I'll be your regular daddy - if you'll put that gun away.

Ref:

Now I went home this morning - the clock was tickin' four Gun in her hand, says " You're my man, but I don't need you no more. "

Now there was old Al Dexter - he always had his fun

But with some lead, she shot him dead - his honkin' days are done.

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