

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
and wished that I was dead.

Ref:

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."

Ref:

Now there was old Al Dexter - he always had his fun
But with some lead, she shot him dead - his honkin' days are done.

Ref: