

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.