

Jimmie Rodgers - Pistol Packin Papa

tom:
 Eb (forma dos acordes no tom de D)
 Capostrate na 1ª casa

A7
 I'm a pistol packin' papa and when I walk down the street
 You can hear those mamas shoutin': Don't turn your gun on me!
 Now girls, I'm just a good guy and I'm goin' to have my fun
 And if you don't wanna smell my smoke, don't monkey with my gun!

(D A7 D A)

[Segunda Parte]

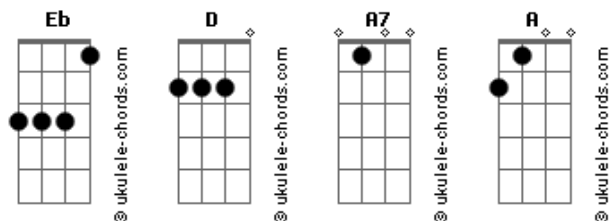
D A7
 Like a hobo when he's hungry, like a drunk man when he's full
 I'm a pistol packin' papa, I know how to shoot the bull
 The hold-up men all know me and they sure leave me be
 I'm a pistol packin' papa and I ramble where I please

(D A D)

[Terceira Parte]

A A7
 When I have that funny feeling, that luring ramblers call
 I swing aboard some freight train and I shoot my pistol off

Acordes



A
 Sometimes one shot will do me, sometimes takes four 'o five
 A7 D
 Sometimes I shoot all around, before I'm satisfied

[Ponte]

A7
 When you hear my pistol poppin', you better hide yourself some place

A
 D
 Cause I ain't made it for stoppin' and I come from a shootin' race

(D A7 D A7)

[Quarta Parte]

D A7
 My sweetheart understands me, she says I am her big shot
 D
 I'm her pistol packin' daddy and I know I've got the drop

A
 You can give new sport roadster, you can take my hard boiled hat

A7 A D
 But you can't never take from me, my silver-mounted gad

A7
 I'm a pistol packin' papa, I'm goin' to have my fun

A D
 Just follow me and you will hear, the barkin' of my gun

[Final] D A7 D