

Little Pistol
Mother Mother

Am

Upon my side

F

Where it is felt

C

F

I pack a little pistol on my pistol belt

F

I think I might be scared

F

Of the world,

G

and the way

F

Am

it makes you feel afraid

Am

Under the skin

F

Against the skull

C

F

They put a little chip so they know it all

F

I think I might be scared

F

Of the world,

G

and the way

F

G

it makes you feel afraid

Am

Am

And I, I, I, I, I, I

F

It gets in the way,

C

gets in the way

F

gets in the way

G

In the way, way ay ay ay and now

Dm

I want brimstone

Am

In my garden

Dm

And I want roses

Am

Set on fire

C

F

And I, I want what s best for me

C

And I,

Dm

I think I know, know what that means,

Am

Just what that means.

A, G#, G, F

F, E, D#, E

E, C, A, D

Am

To-day I coo

F

To-day I caw

C

I have a pistol party and I

F

E

Kill them all

F

E

I think I might be scared.

F

G

Of the men and the men

F

G

with their hands in-side,

F

G

and the women, oh the women

F

G

all they do is cry,

Am

Am

And I, I, I, I, I, I

F

I lose my mind

C

lose my mind

F

lose my mind

G

Lose my mi,i,i,ind and now

Dm

I found brimstone

Am

In my garden

Dm

And I found roses

Am

Set on fire

Dm

Am

And I found Jesus, what a liar

Dm

Am

So I trade licks with Muddy Waters

C

F

And I, I found what s best for me

C

F

And I, I see no tragedy

C

F

And I, well I found a burning rose,

C

Dm

And I, I think I know, know what that means

Am

Just what that means,

A, G#, G, F

F, E, D#, E

E, C, A, D