

# Pistol

## Trisha Yearwood

Well here's what happens when you fall for a pistol  
No no I don't mean no gun  
I'm talkin' 'bout a man with bells and whistles  
The kind that keeps your heart on the run  
I met that cat in a two-bit juke joint  
Took my money in a game of pool  
Next thing I knew I was sittin' 'hind the eight-ball  
Playin' my heart  
Breakin' all the rules  
Throw your rope 'round a runaway freight train  
You know it's gonna drag you down the track  
You dust your britches off and tell yourself you're insane  
But every time you love a man like that  
You get lost  
You get lonely  
You get calls  
From the police  
Tell your mama  
Don't know what happened  
Well you wanted trouble  
Now you got a fistful  
That's what happens  
When you fall for a pistol Well you'd think by now I'd learned my lesson  
But I keep makin' them same mistakes  
Must be some clue I keep missin'  
How many times can a good heart break  
I keep fallin' for all them bad boys  
Poor or rich as dirt  
Lots of fun and I ain't jokin'  
But every time I think I won't get hurt  
I get lost  
I get lonely  
I get calls  
From the police  
Tell my mama  
Don't know what happened  
Well I wanted trouble  
Now I got a fistful  
That's what happens  
When you fall for a pistol You get lost  
You get lonely  
You get calls

From the police  
Tell your mama  
Don't know what happened  
Well you wanted trouble  
Now you got a fistful  
That's what happens  
When you fall for a pistol

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