Katy

Tom Paxton

Oh, I have a little daughter and my daughter's name is Kate
And she's every bit mischievous as a kitten on a skate
With a bandage on her forehead and the bruises on her knees
You would swear she'd fought with buccaneers upon the seven seasFor it's up the stairs and down the stairs and in the room and out
Like a miniature tornado, she can blow the house about
Take an angel with the devil in the twinkling of her eye
And that's my Katy, little lady, and I love herOh, you might believe in miracles, you might believe in saints
But you'd never believe my Katy when she's playing with her paints
For there's red upon the window and there's green upon her face
In her hair, and in her eyes but on the paper, not a traceWhen she's in her room and quiet, and there comes a bit of calm
You develop the sensation that you're sitting on a bomb
Take an angel with the devil in the twinkling of her eye
And that's my Katy, little lady, and I love herMy Katy loves her games, you know, a thirty times a week
I find myself dragooned into a game of hide and seek
So, I find myself in closets, under beds I quietly creep
And I wait for thirty minutes till my brain has gone to sleepYes, I sit there in the closet and it seems like half a day
Till I find a friend has come to call and Kate's gone out to play
Take an angel with the devil in the twinkling of her eye
That's my Katy, little lady, and I love herAnd you might have heard of daddies who would dote upon their girls
Who get wrapped around their fingers by the tossing of the curls
Who respond to hugs and kisses till there's nothing they wouldn't do
Don't you ever believe a word if it, it simply isn't trueFor I'd only jump the moon for her, I'd only jump the sea
For the hugs I get to give her and the kisses she gives to me
Take an angel with the devil in the twinkling of her eye
That's my Katy, little lady, and I love herTake an angel with the devil in the twinkling of her eye
That's my Katy, little lady, and I love her

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