

# My Heart Belongs to Daddy

Mary Martin

My name is Lolita  
And uh...I'm not supposed to play...with boys!  
What?  
uh uh!  
mon cur eta Papa  
You know, le proprietaire While tearing off a game of golf  
I may make a play for the caddy  
But when I do, I don't follow through  
'Cause my heart belongs to Daddy If I invite a boy some night  
To dine on my fine food and haddie  
I just adore, his asking for more  
But, my heart belongs to Daddy Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy  
So I simply couldn't be bad  
Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy  
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, dad So I want to warn you, laddie  
Though I know that you're perfectly swell  
That my heart belongs to Daddy  
'Cause my Daddy, he treats it so While tearing off a game of golf  
I may make a play for the caddy  
But when I do, I don't follow through  
Shoo do ga do, shoo do ga do, ooo, Daddy If I invite a boy some night  
To cook up a fine enchilada  
Though Spanish rice is all very nice  
Ba da, ba da, ba da, ba da, ba da, da da Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy  
So I simply couldn't be bad  
Yes, my heart belongs to my Daddy  
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, dad So I want to warn you, laddie  
Though I know that you're perfectly swell  
That my heart belongs to Daddy  
'Cause Daddy, my Daddy  
My little ol' Daddy treats it so That little old man, he just treats it so good

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