

My Heart Belongs to Daddy

Cole Porter

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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