

Daddy's Money

Ricochet

Can't concentrate on the preacher preaching
My attention span done turned off
I'm honed in on that angel singing
Up there in the choir loft She's got her daddy's money, her mama's good looks
More laughs than a stack of comic books
A wild imagination, a college education
Add it all up it's a deadly combination She's a good bass fisher, a dynamite kisser
Country as a turnip green
She's got her daddy's money, her mama's good looks
And look who's lookin' at me Her second cousin was my third grade teacher
I used to cut her grandma's grass
Back then she was nothin' but knees and elbows
Golly did she grow up fast She's got her daddy's money, her mama's good looks
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Add it all up it's a deadly combination She's a good bass fisher, a dynamite kisser
Country as a turnip green
She's got her daddy's money, her mama's good looks
And look who's lookin' at me Lord if you got any miracles handy
Maybe you could grant me one
Just let me walk down the aisle and say, "I do"
To that angel with a choir robe on She's got her daddy's money, her mama's good looks
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Country as a turnip green
She's got her daddy's money, her mama's good looks
And look who's lookin' at me
She's got her daddy's money, her mama's good looks
And she's lookin' at me

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