

Daddy's Little Pumpkin

Drive-By Truckers

You must be daddy's little pumpkin You must be daddy's little pumpkin
I can tell by the way you roll
You must be daddy's little pumpkin
I can tell by the way you roll
It's quarter past eleven
You're sleeping on the bedroom floor I can see the fire burning
Burning right behind your eyes
I can see the fire burning, baby
Burning right behind your eyes
You must've swallowed a candle
Or some other kind of surprise I'm going down to Memphis
Got three hundred dollars in cash
Yeah, I'm going down to Memphis
Got three hundred dollars in cash
All the women in Memphis
Want to see how long my money will last I'm going downtown
Gonna to rattle somebody's cage
Yeah, I'm going downtown
I'm gonna rattle somebody's cage
I'm gonna beat on my guitar
Strut all around the stage Yeah, if you see my baby coming
Don't you tell her that her daddy's in jail
If you see my baby coming
Don't you tell her that her daddy's in jail
She'd sell her little pumpkin just to raise
Her sweet daddy's bail You must be daddy's little pumpkin
I can tell by the way you roll
You must be daddy's little pumpkin
I can tell by the way you roll
Well, you never do nothing
To save your doggone soul, that's right

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>