

Daddy's Little Pumpkin

Josh Ritter

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
And you're sleeping on the bedroom floor

I can feel the fire burning
Burning right behind your eyes
Feel the fire burning
Burning right behind your eyes
You must've swallowed a candle
Or some other kind of surprise

I'm going down to Memphis
I got three hundred dollars in cash
Goin' down to Memphis
I got three hundred dollars in cash
All the women in Memphis
Gonna see how long my money can last

I'm going down to Memphis
Gonna rattle somebody's cage
I'm going down to Memphis
Gonna rattle somebody's cage
I'm gonna beat on my guitar
And strut all around the stage

You must be daddy's little pumpkin
I can tell by the way you roll
And if you see my baby coming
Don't tell her that her daddy's in jail
Ah you'd sell 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
Daddy's little pumpkin
I can tell by the way you roll
You never do nothing
Just to save your goddamn soul