

# 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