

My Heart Belongs To Daddy

Lisa Ek Dahl

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 finnan haddie
I just adore his asking for more
But my heart belongs to Daddy

My heart belongs to Daddy
So I simply couldn't be bad
My heart belongs to Daddy
Da-da da-da-da da-da-da-ad
So I want to warn you laddie
Though I know you're perfectly swell
That my heart belongs to Daddy
'Cause my Daddy he treats it so well

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