

Daddy's Little Girl

Michael Bublé

You're the end of the rainbow, my pot of gold,
You're daddy's little girl to have and to hold.
A precious gem is what you are,
You're mom-my's bright and shi-ning star.
You're the spirit of Christmas, my star on the tree,
You're the Easter Bunny to mommy and me;
You're sugar, you're spice, you're ev'-ry-thing nice,
And you're daddy's little girl.

You're the treasure I cherish, so sparkling and bright;
You were touched by the Holy and beautiful light.
Like angels that sing, a hea-ven-ly thing,
And you're daddy's little girl.