

Gonna get what's mine and wild horses couldn't keep it from me.
Papa says I'm a golden child and the whole world's gonna fall at my feet.
It's all coming to me.

Going down picking when it's harvest time,
gonna get my share, gonna get what's mine for me.
Sun is a-blazing down but I don't mind;
I'm picking, I'm digging, it's harvest time for me.
When I get my little eye on it,
when I get my little mind on it, you best believe.

Ole sweet tooth aching in my head,
gonna fill my belly to the brim, oh yes indeed!
Hive is a-buzzing in a hollow tree
and I don't care if I gotta kill a little honeybee.

When I get my little eye on it,
when I get my little mind on it, you best believe.
Oh my, it's all coming to me.

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Papa says I'm a golden child and the whole world is gonna fall at my feet.
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Pumpin' and a-suckin' till the well is dry,
nobody's booming in these busted times like me.
Down in Texas where the cattle don't roam
oil is a-dripping and the savings and loans, they bleed.

When I get my little eye on it,
when I get my little mind on it, you best believe.
Oh my, it's all coming to me.

Papa came along and he shook the tree;
down came a bushel and a peck for me.
Papa shooed away all the honeybees.
Papa dug a well and it flowed for me.
Papa caught the mother-lode fish for me.
Papa set a fire and it burned for me.
Papa put a skillet in the flame to fry;
Papa filled this little silver spoon of mine.
Papa said the Lord took a shine to me.
Papa said I gotta set the whole world free.
Papa said how it's gonna be.