

# Daddy's Money

Ricochet

Can't concentrate on the preacher preaching  
My attention span done turned off  
I'm honed in on that angel singing  
Up there in the choir loft

She's got her daddy's money, her mama's good looks  
More laughs than a stack of comic books  
A wild imagination, a college education  
Add it all up it's a deadly combination

She's a good bass fisher, a dynamite kisser  
Country as a turnip green  
She's got her daddy's money, her mama's good looks  
And look who's lookin' at me

Her second cousin was my third grade teacher  
I used to cut her grandma's grass  
Back then she was nothin' but knees and elbows  
Golly did she grow up fast

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Lord if you got any miracles handy  
Maybe you could grant me one  
Just let me walk down the aisle and say, "I do"  
To that angel with a choir robe on

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