

John Prine, Daddy's Little Pumpkin

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
Why it's quarter past eleven
And you're sleeping on the bedroom floor

I can see the fire burning
Burning right behind your eyes
I can see the fire burning
Burning right behind your eyes
You must of swallowed a candle
Or some other kind of surprise

I'm going down to Memphis
I got three hundred dollars in cash
I'm going down to Memphis
I got three hundred dollars in cash
All the women in Memphis
Want to see how long my money will last

I'm going downtown
I'm gonna to rattle somebody's cage

I'm going downtown
I'm gonna rattle somebody's cage
I'm gonna beat on my guitar
And strut all around the stage

If you see my baby coming
Don't tell her that her daddy's in jail
If you see my baby coming
Don't you tell her that her daddy's in jail
She'd sell her 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
You must be daddy's little pumpkin
I can tell by the way you roll
You never do nothing
To save your doggone soul.