

John Denver, Please Daddy

Please daddy, don't get drunk this Christmas.
I don't wanna see my mamma cry.
Please daddy don't get drunk this Christmas.
I don't wanna see my mamma cry.

Just last year when I was only seven.
Now I'm almost eight as you can see.
You came home a quarter past eleven.
Fell down underneath our Christmas tree.

Please daddy, don't get drunk this Christmas.
I don't wanna see my mamma cry.
Please daddy don't get drunk this Christmas.
I don't wanna see my mamma cry.

Mamma smiled and looked outside the window.
She told me: "Son, you better get upstairs."
But then you laughed and hollered: "Merry Christmas."
I turned around and saw my mamma's tears.

Please daddy, don't get drunk this Christmas.
I don't wanna see my mamma cry.
Please daddy don't get drunk this Christmas.
I don't wanna see my mamma cry.

Please daddy, don't get drunk this Christmas.
I don't wanna see my mamma cry.
Please daddy don't get drunk this Christmas.
I don't wanna see my mamma cry.
No, I don't wanna see my mamma cry.