

Ricochet, Daddy's Money

Can't concentrate on the preacher's preaching
My attention span done turned off
I've horned in on that angel singing
Up there with the choir robe on

Corus:

She's got her daddy's money
Her momma'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 momma's good looks
And look who's looking at me

Her second cousin was my third grade teacher
I used to cut her grandma's grass
Back then she was nothing but knees and elbows
Golly did she grow up fast

chorus

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

chorus