

Tom Paxton, Katie

Oh, I have a little daughter, and my daughter's name is Kate.
And she's every bit mischievous as a kitten on a skate.
With a bandage on her forehead and the bruises on her knees,
You would swear she'd fought with buccaneers on all the seven seas.
For its up the stairs and down the stairs and in the room and out.
Like a miniature tornado, she can blow the house about.
Take an angel with the devil in the twinkling of her eye,
And that's my Katy, little lady, and I love her.

Now you might have heard of miracles, you might believe in saints,
But you'd never believe my Katy when she's playing with her paints.
For there's red upon the window and there's green upon her face,
On the wall, In her hair, but on the paper, not a trace.
When she's in her room and quiet, and there comes a little calm,
You develop the sensation that you're sitting on a bomb.
Take an angel with the devil in the twinkling of her eye,
And that's my Katy, little lady, and I love her.

My Katy loves her games, you know, and thirty times a week,
I find myself dragooned into a game of hide-and-peek.
So I found myself in closets, under beds I quietly creep,
And I wait for thirty minutes till my brain has gone to sleep.
Yes I sit there in the closet and it seems like half a day,
Till I find a friend has come to call and Kate's gone out to play!
Take an angel with the devil in the twinkling of her eye,
And that's my Katy, little lady, and I love her.

Now, you might have heard of daddies who would dote upon their girls,
Who get wrapped around their fingers by the tossing of the curls,
Who respond to hugs and kisses till there's nothing they wouldn't do,
Don't you ever believe a word if it, it simply isn't true.
For I'd only jump the moon for her, I'd only jump the sea,
For the hugs I get to give her and the kisses she gives to me.
Take an angel with the devil in the twinkling of her eye,
And that's my Katy, little lady, and I love her.