

# John Prine

## "Daddy's Little Pumpkin"

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You must be 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  
It's quarter past eleven  
You're sleeping on the bedroom floor

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

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

I'm going downtown  
Gonna to rattle somebody's cage  
Yeah, I'm going downtown  
I'm gonna rattle somebody's cage  
I'm gonna beat on my guitar  
Strut all around the stage

Yeah, if you see my baby coming  
Don't you 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  
Well, you never do nothing

To save your doggone soul, that's right

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