

Kippi Brannon

"Daddy's Little Girl"

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Daddy take me with you
I promise I'll be good
Daddy, it's next time
And Mama said I could
Sitting in the front seat, riding downtown
For an ice cream cone, I'd wrap him around
My little fingers, tighter than my baby curls
You can make a tear go a long, long way when you're
Daddy's little girl

Walking down the isle
My eyes on Mr. Right
My bouquet was shaking
But Daddy held on tight
Taking those last steps, Daddy and me
From the child to the woman I'd be
With a diamond on my finger
And my mama's string of pearls
He gave me away 'cause I couldn't stay
Daddy's little girl
Well, he taught me my bible
From seven to thirteen
Taught me to drive when I was a wild thing
I reached and he prayed when I made some mistakes
That I wouldn't have made if I'd've done it his way

Now he hugs me when he sees me
We talk about the past
He tries to give me money
And I try to give it back
He's a book of advice
More than I need
The look in his eyes
As he's saying to me
Let me help you while I can
While I'm still in this world
What will you do when your Daddy's gone
And you're Daddy's little girl

What'll I do when my daddy's gone

