

Sammy Kershaw

"Daddy Stuff"

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(R. Killough)

If someone said I'd feel this way, I'd laughed out loud
But you were born on Christmas Day, and I never felt so
proud
A baby girl can make the biggest man a powder puff
I can't explain the way I feel, I guess it's daddy's stuff.

Now Christmas seems to come so fast, more than once
a year
Childhood never seems to last, then grown up way
appear
Assembling toys on Christmas Eve sometimes was
really touch
But I love helping Santa Claus, I guess it's daddy's
stuff.

If love going Christmas shopping, finding mom a gift
from you
The times we spent together, seemed so special and
so few
We'd go hand in hand from store to store, until you had
enough
Then I'd make your mind up for you, another part of
daddy's stuff.

Now Christmas seems to come so fast, more than once
a year
Childhood never seems to last, then grown up way
appear
Assembling toys on Christmas Eve sometimes was
really touch
But I love helping Santa Claus, I guess it's daddy's
stuff.

The holidays have changed a lot, since you're all grown
up
You're going out with the boys, polished nails and soft
makeup
If I could turn the tide of time, I'd do it sure enough
I'd have my Christmas angel back and be doing

daddy's stuff...

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