

Daddys Money
Ricochet

Daddy s Money By: Ricochet

Eb **Bb** **Eb**
(1st Verse) Cain t concentrate on the preacher preachin ,
Bb **Eb**
My attention span done turned off.
Bb **Eb**
I want in on that angel singin ,
F **Bb**
Up there in the choir loft.

Eb
(Chorus) She s got her Daddy s money, Her Mama s good looks,
Bb
More laughs than a stack of comic books.

A wild imagination, a college education,
Eb
Add it all up, it s a deadly combination.
G#
She s a good bass fisher, a dynamite kisser, country as a turnip green.

A (Stop on first time)
She s got her Daddy s money, her Mama s good looks,
Eb
And look who s lookin at me.

Bb **Eb**
(2nd Verse) Her second cousin was my third grade teacher.
Bb **Eb**
I used to cut her Grandma s grass.
Bb **Eb**
Back then she was nothin but knees and elbows.
F **Bb**
Golly did she grow up fast!

(Chorus) (Lead) G

Bb **Eb**
(3rd Verse) Lord if you ve got any miracles handy,
Bb **Eb**
Maybe you can grab me one.

Bb

Eb

Just let me walk down the isle and say I do,

F

Bb

To that angel with the choir robe on.

(Chorus)

Bb (Stop)

She's got her Daddy's money, her Mama's good looks,

Eb

And look who's lookin' at me.