

**Daddys Money**

**Ricochet**

Daddy s Money By: Ricochet

**E B E**  
(1st Verse) Cain t concentrate on the preacher preachin ,

**B E**  
My attention span done turned off.

**B E**  
I want in on that angel singin ,

**F# B**  
Up there in the choir loft.

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

A wild imagination, a college education,  
**E**  
Add it all up, it s a deadly combination.

**A**  
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,  
**E**  
And look who s lookin at me.

**B E**  
(2nd Verse) Her second cousin was my third grade teacher.

**B E**  
I used to cut her Grandma s grass.

**B E**  
Back then she was nothin but knees and elbows.

**F# B**  
Golly did she grow up fast!

(Chorus) (Lead) G

**B E**  
(3rd Verse) Lord if you ve got any miracles handy,

**B E**  
Maybe you can grab me one.

**B** **E**  
Just let me walk down the isle and say I do,  
**F#** **B**  
To that angel with the choir robe on.

(Chorus)

**B** (Stop)  
She s got her Daddy s money, her Mama s good looks,  
**E**  
And look who s lookin at me.