

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.