

Sonia Bohosiewicz, My Heart Belongs To Daddy

My name is Lolita ...

and er...

I'm not supposed to play!

...with boys!

Moi? Mon coeur est a papa.

You know, le proprietaire.

No!

While tearing off a game of golf,

I may make a play for the caddy,

but when I do, I don't follow through

'cause my heart belongs to daddy.

If I invite a boy some night to dine on my fine finnan haddie,

I just adore his asking for more, but,

my heart belongs to daddy.

Yes, my heart belongs to daddy, so I simply couldn't be bad.

Yes my heart belongs to daddy.

So I want to warn you laddie,

though I know that you're perfectly swell,

that my heart belongs to daddy cause my daddy he treats it so..

While tearing off a game of golf,

I may make a play for the caddy,

but when I do, I don't follow through, ooh, daddy.

If I invite a boy some night to cook up a fine enchilada,

though spanish rice is all very nice..

my heart belongs to my daddy so I simply couldn't be bad.

So, I want to warn you laddie,

though I know that you're perfectly swell,

that my heart belongs to my daddy

'cause my daddy he treats it..so..

That little old man he just treats it so good!