

Wanda Jackson, Please Don't Sell My Daddy No

Please don't sell my daddy no more wine no more wine
Mama don't want him drinking all the time
Please don't sell my daddy no more wine no more wine
He may be no good but he's still mine
Late one night in Old Joe's friendly barroom
Two men were standin' drinking all alone
Thinkin' of the days they were younger
Talking about the women they had known
When there in the dim light of the tavern
A sweet young girl came softly to their side
And two one man surprised looked upon two tear stained eyes
And saw his own sweet daughter's there a crying
Please don't sell my daddy...
My daddy used to buy me pretty dresses
Now it's only hand-me-downs and worn out shoes
It's because of you I know that I wear these ragged clothes
For you're the man who sells my daddy booze
Her father looked down on the glass that he was holding
As the teardrops trickled down his solemn face
I been here Joe so long now it's time that I was gone
Going home to stay I'll never see this place
Please don't sell my daddy...
Don't you do it don't you do it
Don't you sell my daddy no more wine no more wine
He may be no good but he's still mine