I was a tiny little girl when my dad spoiled me,
Now daddys knee is going slow and his time is bad,

Used to take me in his arms and dance me on his knee,
Then late it seems to wabble so that's why I feel so sad,

Daddy called me best of all, his treasure and his baby doll,
Off to Boston I must go up on the knee of each new beau,

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now I tell the young men all when they call on me,
got the habit long ago from my dear old dad.

CHORUS  \( f \)

Dance me on your knee my darling, Dance me on your knee,
Just put your arms around my waist.
For you will not hurt me.
Now hold me tight don’t let me fall, I’m not afraid you see.

want to be your baby doll So dance me on your knee..............

Dance me on Your Knee 2