

I think you're sweet
And you do everything right
Those heartfelt conversations
Into the darkness of the night
And I swear I've never felt like this
About anyone before
But there's just one little thing
I find so hard to ignore

Your dad's a DILF
He's absolute filth
And you might have his eyes, but you're half the size
I prefer how he's built
Your dad's a DILF (He's a DILF, he's a DILF)
He's like you on stilts (You on stilts, you on stilts)
And I can't take anymore, he should get a divorce
I can't help how I feel
Your dad's a-

It's not deep, I want your dad to be my daddy
I'll cheer him up on rainy days whenever he's unhappy
And I bet if I kissed him, oh, his lips would taste of brandy
Can tell that he's a carpenter, a man that's pretty handy and
I don't feel bad that I see him when I'm sleeping
'Cause I can feel the tension at the table when we're eating
Coming in your house is the highlight of my weekend
That's why I'm never leaving, your dad is a DILF (Your dad's a DILF)

(He's a DILF, he's a DILF)
He's absolute filth (Yeah, he's filth, yeah, he's filth)
And you might have his eyes, but you're half the size
I prefer how he's built (I prefer how he's built, you know?)
Your dad's a DILF (He's a DILF, he's a DILF)
He's like you on stilts (You on stilts, you on stilts)
And I can't take anymore, he should get a divorce
I can't help how I feel
Your dad's a DILF

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da, your dad's a DILF (Your dad's a fucking-)
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da (Your dad's a DILF)
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da (Can he be my daddy too, yeah?)
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da, your dad's a-

Yes, you are sweet
And you've done everything right
But I much prefer your dad
Even if he's fifty-five
And I've tried to hold it in
But now I've ran out of luck
Now you know your dad is someone
That I'd like to f-