

Washboard Sam

"She Belongs To The Devil"

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She belongs to the devil
Lord, I cried a-many day
Lord, she belongs to the devil
Lord, I cry a many day
Yes, that child is so weekend
Hoo-well, who could change her way?

She could wink a mean eye
Oh, she learn't me to sing the blues
She could wink a mean eye
Lord, she learn't me to sing the blues
An she had a little secret, hoo-Lord
Would make a washboard happy, too

Now, when we both was young
On our way to school
We stopped under a shade tree
Playing in the cool
Babe oh, babe oh, babe
Honey, you should have a heart
Just remember this day
Hoo, Lord, Lord, and we will never part
'Play it, play it, play it, boys'

(instrumental & guitar)

'Yas, yas'

'Um-Um-Um!'

'Um-hm'

I did not know the year
Lord, neither the month she was born
I did not know the year
Lord, n' the month she was born
Yeah, she belongs to the devil
Hoo-well, she have wrecked a-many home.

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