

Hank Snow

"Mysterious Lady From St. Martinique"

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Here she comes the mysterious lady from St
Martinique
When she goes a strollin' the eyes are all rollin' at her
for a peek
When she goes a walkin' the island starts talkin'
admiring the golden physique
Of the mysterious lady from St Martinique

Hey what is she doin' and who is she woin' that's what
we'd all like to know
Buyin' papyas while all of our eyes are on her from her
head to toe
And who is she winin' and who is she dinin' down in her
shack by the sea
Nobody knows it and she never shows it she's
spreadin' her table for me
Here she comes the mysterious lady...
[guitar]
Who is she seein' how cruel she is bein' about our
secret affair
No one suspects me she even protects me from men
knowin' I'm goin' there
I schetch the features while she sweetly teaches me
how to pour rum over ice
She tries to hide it and I don't confide it but my love the
lady is mine
Here she comes the mysterious lady...
The mysterious lady from St Martinique

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