

## Hank Snow

# "The 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.

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--- Instrumental ---

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.

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The mysterious lady from St Martinique...

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