

J. Holiday

"Devil's Nurse"

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Down along the palm trees, in a south kind of bay
There was a young woman, walked the beach every
day
She had long dark hair and a high heeled size
She was full in the bosom, with dark brown eyes
A devil's woman
With the devil's curse
Satan's lady
She was the devil's nurse
Fortune-teller sister long and bred
Lay down next to you and stroke your head
She had a way about her, it's hard to explain
Brings chills to your body and blood to your veins
A devil's woman
With the devil's curse
Satan's lady
She was the devil's nurse
She can make the sun rise and the sun set and the
blues go away
Turn light into darkness and night into day
She was from a casualty sector, lost in the night
A bonafide spiritual lady, a congo's delight
A devil's woman
With the devil's curse
Satans' lady
She was the devil's nurse

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