

Blood Sweat % Tears

"Lucretia Mac Evil"

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Lucretia Mac Evil, little girl, what's your game?
Hard luck and trouble, bound to be your claim to fame
Tail shakin, home breakin truckin through town
Each and every country mother's son hangin round
Drive a young man insane Evil, that's your name

Lucretia Mac Evil, that's the thing you're doin fine
Back seat Delilah, that's your sixth big jug of wine
I hear your mother was the talk of the sticks
Nothin that your daddy wouldn't do for kicks
Never done a thing worthwhile, evil woman child

Devil got you, Lucy under lock and key
Ain't about to set you free
Signed, sealed and witnessed on the day you were
born
No use trying to fake him out, no use trying to make
him out
Soon he'll be taking out his doom
What you gonna do Lucretia Mac Evil

Honey, where you been all night?
You hair's all messed up baby
N the clothes your wearin just don't fit you right
Big Daddy Joe's paying your monthly rent
Tells his wife he can't imagine where the money's went
Dressing you up in style, evil woman child
Oh Lucy you're just so damn bad

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