

Etta Cameron

"Wild Widow"

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Ask for the wild widow
Wearing tights in black
You'll find me where the action is
You'll find me talking back
Woo-hoo I'm the wild widow
Baby
You're alright
You'll never want another woman
Afterto-night
My man
he was the hardest working man

My man
he was a neighbour and a friend

My man thinks I'm simple stupid stubborn lazy crazy
Life with him was just like hell
My own house is like a cell
I'm sure he was a devil
But now he's dead and gone.
Ask for the wild widow . . .
My friends came mourning tot he funeral

My friends they were in stitches when they left

My friends they tried to make me change my style
They found out that i am wild
Tried to treat me like a child
Maybe I'm a devil
But I'm in paradise
Yeah yeah
Ask for the wild widow . . .

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