



Lucretia MacEvil

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Lucretia MacEvil, Little girl what's your game?
Hard luck and trouble, Bound to be your claim to fame

Tail-shakin' heart-breakin' truckin' through town
Each and every country-mother's son, hangin' 'round
Drive a young man insane, Evil that's your name

Lucretia MacEvil, That's the thing you're doin' fine
Back seat Delilah, Got your six-foot jug o'wine, woman

I hear your mother was the talk of the sticks
Nothin' that your daddy wouldn't do for kicks
Never done a thing worth-while, you're just an evil woman-child.

ooh, Lucy, you just so damn bad

Devil got you lucy, Under lock and key
Ain't about to set you free, Sign sealed and witnessed
Since the day you were born, No use tryin' to fake him out
No use tryin' to make him out, Soon, he'll be takin' out his due
What-cha gonna do?

Lucy MacEvil, Honey ya been all night?
Your hair's all messed up, babe, An' the clothes you're wearin'
Just don't fit ya right
Big Daddy Joe's, payin' your monthly rent
Tells his wife he can't imagine where the money went
Dressin' you up in style, evil woman-child.