

Betty Hutton, He's a Demon, He's a Devil, He's a

Everyone tells me he's no good
He doesn't love me like he should
I would forget him if I only could

He's a demon
He's a devil
He's a doll

That man can look me in the eye
And tell the biggest, sweetest lie
And I forget that lipstick on his tie

He's a demon
He's a devil
A doll

Sometimes I make up my mind
That I'll stop being so blind
And tell him off real bad

But then he turns on those charms
And there I am in his arms
And I forget why I'm mad

I ought to tell him "drop dead!"
But I keep loving him instead
My momma must have dropped me on my head

He's a demon
He's a devil
A doll

Sometimes he thrills me through and through
Sometimes he's sweet, sometimes he's true
Sometimes I wish he were in Timbuktu

He's a demon
He's a devil
He's a doll

He says he'll call for me late at night
And take me out somewhere to dine
Then staggers in and sings "Sweet Adeline"

He's a darling
He's a dreamboat
He's a dog

I had the measles at two, the chicken pocks and the flu
My whooping cough was grim
I had the itch and the mumps, the poison ivy and clumps
To top it, now I've got him

He's a palooka, he's a brute
He drives me crazy but he's cute
Why do I love a guy I ought to shoot

He's a demon
He is a devil
He is a doll