

Hank Snow, Mysterious Lady From St. Martinique

Here she comes the mysterious lady from St Martinique
When she goes a strollin' the eyes are all rollin' at her for a peek
When she goes a walkin' the island starts talkin' admiring the golden physique
Of the mysterious lady from St Martinique

Hey what is she doin' and who is she wooin' that's what we'd all like to know
Buyin' pappas while all of our eyes are on her from her head to toe
And who is she winin' and who is she dinin' down in her shack by the sea
Nobody knows it and she never shows it she's spreadin' her table for me
Here she comes the mysterious lady...

[guitar]

Who is she seein' how cruel she is bein' about our secret affair
No one suspects me she even protects me from men knowin' I'm goin' there
I sketch the features while she sweetly teaches me how to pour rum over ice
She tries to hide it and I don't confide it but my love the lady is mine
Here she comes the mysterious lady...
The mysterious lady from St Martinique