

Jim Carroll, Evangeline

By jim carroll and wayne woods

Evangeline
My first lady,
She wears satin gloves
Since her hands got dirty
She travels here
She travels there . . .
She's on the " list
Everywhere

I can't take it anymore
If she calls back,
Tell her I went uptown to the downtown store

Evangeline
With her lips like curtains,
But you best know
And it's for certain

With all her monies
You and I got none
She's got a satin pillow
Covering her pearly gun

I can't take it anymore
If she calls back,
Tell her I went down to the liquor store

Refrain
She's a diver
And the ladder's getting taller
She's a diver
And the pool is getting smaller
If she takes one more step higher
Then the water will turn to fire

All our monies was all that held her
She should learn to respect her elders

Her boys grab your hands
Her boys lift your feet

Lord, my whole building is out in the street

I can't take it anymore
If she calls back,
Tell her I went uptown to the downtown store

(repeat refrain)