

Mistress Of Erzulie

Alannah Myles

Standing in the red light of a Bourbon Street French Quarter
Where I met a Spanish Porter who obliged me with his grin
He asked me for my time, I said I'd take a glass of wine
And in my altered state of mind I opened up, he jumped right in

Oh, some things never turn out right
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Mister, Mistress, Mistress Of Erzulie
He kissed me in the lobby on the way to Pat O'Briens
No, it didn't take much science to discover what was next
W'suddenly a woman with a shrunken-headed necklace
She made me feel so reckless, sexless in my innocence

Oh some things never turn out right

She led me to the levy, I was helpless as a lamb
"Don't you know who I am," she said, "Your Nemesis is free"
I was wired like a weapon, I was dancin' like the Dirvish
When I woke up feverishly looking down at me

Mister, Mistress, Mistress Of Erzulie
From the coveted Ark, To Noah in Asia
Sodom and Gomorrah, the light and the dark
Chased by the demon to the caves of the Burren
Imprisoned by the truth in the tales of the Turrin
From original sin to original blame, for shame, for shame

Oh some things never turn out right
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