

He's a Demon, He's a Devil, He's a Doll

Betty Hutton

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, he's 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, he's 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 in 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

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