

# 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  
Mister, Mistress, Mistress Of Erzulie