

# Black Lady

Donna Summer

It was bad, really mean  
She had the kind of reputation to make any woman scream  
Late one night, when it wasn't right  
And he made a catch, and he meets his match

Black lady, black lady

She was mean, really bad  
She was slender as a cat at night, she made the men go mad  
Well her eyes were green, and her skin was soft  
And the lady's heart was as hard as rock

Black lady, black lady  
You better beware, you better beware, you better beware

He tried to fight it, tried to win  
But no matter where the poor man turned, the lady halted him  
Her wish was his command, his life in her hands  
And the death was slow, 'cause she won't let go

Oh, Black lady, that black lady

She tried to win, tried to buy  
She was out over him, 'cause he played all the cards just right  
He laid out his hand like a winning man  
With a smile so deep, she put him into a sleep  
You know she won

Black lady, black lady  
You better beware, you better beware

Black lady, you better beware  
Black lady, black lady, black lady