

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