

I Want To Be Evil

Eartha Kitt

I've posed for pictures with Iv'ry Soap,
I've petted stray dogs, and shied clear of dope
(I've petted stray dogs, and I never mope)
My smile is brilliant, my glance is tender
But I'm noted most for my unspoiled gender

I've been made Miss Reingold, though I never touch beer,
(I've been named Miss Perseverance year after year,)
And I'm the person to whom they say, "Your sweet, My Dear."
The only etchings I've seen have been behind glass,
And the closest I've been to a bar, is at ballet class.

Prim and proper, the girl who's never been cased,
I'm tired of being pure and not chased.
Like something that seeks it's level
I wanna go to the devil.

I wanna be evil, I wanna spit tacks
I wanna be evil, and cheat at jacks
I wanna be wicked, I wanna tell lies
I wanna be mean, and throw mud pies

I want to wake up in the morning
with that dark brown taste
I want to see some dissipation in my face
I wanna be evil, I wanna be mad
But more than that I wanna be bad

I wanna be evil, and trump an ace,
Just to see my partner's face.
I wanna be nasty, I wanna be cruel
I wanna be daring, I wanna shoot pool

And in the theatre
I want to change my seat
Just so I can step on
Everybody's feet

I wanna be evil, I wanna hurt flies
I wanna sing songs like the guy who cries
I wanna be horrid, I wanna drink booze
(I want to be horrid, I want to make news)
And whatever I've got I'm eager to lose

I wanna be evil, little evil me
Just as mean and evil as I can be