

Helen Fry
She's a master of disguise
6' 2"
Hair of blonde, eyes of blue

She seems to think
That the devil's dressed in pink
But I can gracefully agree
Stormy Russian, stay a while with me

Houston Doll
There's a Russian in your car
I can't be sure
I think I've seen that Russian man before

He seems to believe
That love is all you need
How could I ever take his place?
Stormy Russian, won't you look me in the face?

Aunt Louise
There's a doctor in the trees
A stethoscope
Brittle as a hangman's rope

He seems to know
Something I don't know
Concerning my lover's whereabouts
Stormy doctor, everybody has their doubts

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