

Port-au-Prince (Travels With Bettie Page)

Royal Crown Revue

Small town beauty baby
Would-be movie queen
In '47, it seemed like heaven
Time to take it overseas She beat it to the island
Of rum, romance and dreams
But Papa Doc's old choppin' block
Soon was gonna change the scene Peering through the midnight vines
The pointed knives and the painted faces smile
Demon rum and beating drums
Untie the beast that's been there all her life
And all the while... Winding through the curves in a big convertible
Trying to hide her eyes from the Haitian sun
But he left you cold in a blue eyed trance, girl
You better run now 'cause you gonna get no second chance
In Port-au-Prince Crooked jet set livin'
With gold-toothed diplomats
Umbrella drinks, the whole thing stinks
Flipped a switch and that was that Hey dark-hair Yankee lady
Please to suivez-moi
I look into that big cat's eyes and
I know what you come here for Peering through the midnight vines... Too bad little Bettie
But know it's time to leave
Your Yankee clout has just run out
They're gunnin' in the street Crowded prop plane hummin'
Bound for NYC
The voodoo rite she saw that night
Baby how it set you free

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