

Demon Woman

Flight of the Conchords

Demon woman
Demon woman Demon woman
Your hair is like silk
But you're curdling my milk
I know not of what ilk thou art Demon woman, woman demon Demon woman
You sit on a rock
Looking nice in your frock
But you're scaring my livestock
Demon woman, woman demon Demon woman
You're making me moan
Turn my bone into stone
You're taking me home
To meet your familiars Nice to meet you
You cast your spell
Very well Demon woman
Ha ha ha ha ha ha
Demon woman, woman demon
Ha ha ha... Demon woman
You cut puppies' toes off
Pull an animal's nose off
How'd you magic my clothes off?
Demon woman
Take me back to your room
Make me howl at the moon
Make me pray to the temple of womb Demon woman, woman demon Your breasts are balls of
flame
And I'm burning my hands playing these ball games Demon woman
Demon woman (unholy woman)
Demon woman, woman demon Ow woman wow wow wow
Ow woman wow wow wow
Devil in a cardigan
Ow woman wow wow wow
Ooh
Aaaaaaaaah...
Demon woman

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>