

# Louise

Bonnie Raitt

They all said Louise was not half bad  
It was written on the walls and window shades  
And how she'd act the little girl  
The deceiver, don't believe her, that's her trade

Sometimes a bottle of perfume  
Flowers and maybe some lace  
Men brought Louise ten cent trinkets  
Their intentions were easily traced

Yeah everybody thought it kind of sad  
When they found Louise in her room  
They'd always put her down below their kind  
Still some cried when she died this afternoon

Louise rode home on the mail train  
Somewhere to the south I heard them say  
"Too bad it ended so ugly  
Too bad she had to go that way"

Ah but the wind is blowing cold tonight  
So good night Louise, good night