

Whistle For Louise

Stan Ridgway

Bring your offering to the side door, she's your ride
Born to carry you to the other side
I will know you when things don't quite add up
Bring your parasol and your coffee cup

Dry wind blows dry, so dry
Crack the vent where comes a cool breeze
And chances are we'll always be on the other side of town
But the wind will always whistle for Louise

Working at the pump, she knew gasoline
Maps and geography, beer and methedrine
No one showed when they put her six feet down
The day her garage blew the dog was all they found

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