

## **Bonnie Raitt**

### **"Louise"**

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Well 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  
A 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  
Yes and everybody knew at times she cried  
But women like Louise they get by

Well 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  
Lousie rode home on the mail train  
Somewhere to the south I heard it said  
Too bad it ended so ugly,  
Too bad she had to go this way  
Ah but the wind is blowing cold tonight  
So good night Louise, good night

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