

Raitt Bonnie**"Louise"**

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They all said Louise was not half bad
It was written on the walls and window shades
At 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
Oh, and everybody thought it kind of sad
When they found Louise in her room
They'd all put her down below their kind
Still some cried when she died
This afternoon
Louise rode home on a mail train
Somewhere to the South, I heard them say
Too bad it ended so ugly
Too bad she had to go that way
Oh, but the wind is blowing cold tonight
Goodnight, Louise, goodnight

