

# Louise

## John Lee Hooker

Louise, you the sweetest gal I know  
Louise, you the sweetest gal I know  
Yeah, you made me walk from Chicago, baby  
Down to the Gulf of Mexico Now, look a-here, Louise  
Now, what you tryin' to do?  
You tryin' to make me love you  
And you love some other man too Whoa, Louise, baby, that will never do  
Yeah, you know you can't love Big Bill, baby  
And love some other man too Louise, I believe  
Somebody been fishin' in my pond  
They been catchin' all my perches  
Grinding up the bone Whoa, Louise, baby, why don't you hurry home?  
Yeah, you know, you know, Louise  
I ain't had no lovin', not since you been gone Louise, you know you got ways  
Like a rattlesnake and a squirrel  
Now, when you start the lovin'  
I declare, it's out of this world Whoa, Louise, baby, why don't you hurry home?  
Yes, I ain't had no lovin', baby  
Not since my Louise been gone Louise, the big boat's up the river  
Now she's on a bag of sand  
Now she don't strike deep water  
I declare, she'll never land Whoa, Louise, baby, why don't you hurry home?  
Yeah, you know, you know, Louise  
I ain't had no lovin', not since you been gone

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