

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"

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