

Thank You Louise

Ryan Adams

Everyone, when she was young
They said she was the pretty one
She's pretty enough, just watch her as she goes
Waiting for the birds to come
She holds the hands of someone young
Whose mother comes and she sees her and she smiles

Thank you Louise

Mary Louise

Mother of three

Waiting in the check-out line
The supermarket, Christmas time
She eyes someone who doesn't have the change
Takes a dollar from her purse
She pays and doesn't say a word
And winks and grins, 'A Merry Christmas, friend'

Thank you Louise

Mary Louise

Mother of three

In Baltimore the freezing cold
That chills her darling to the bone
She walks from work and cops the drugs and leaves
Her brother lay upon the bed
With busted teeth and broken head
He hears the phone and he knows his brother's dead

Thank you Louise

Mary Louise

Mother of two

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