

Louise, 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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