

## Whistle For Louise

Stan Ridgway

Bring your offering to the side door, she's your ride  
Born to carry you to the other side  
I will know you when things don't quite add up  
Bring your parasol and your coffee cup

Dry wind blows dry, so dry  
Crack the vent where comes a cool breeze  
And chances are we'll always be on the other side of town  
But the wind will always whistle for Louise

Working at the pump, she knew gasoline  
Maps and geography, beer and methedrine  
No one showed when they put her six feet down  
The day her garage blew the dog was all they found

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