

Louise

Linda Ronstadt

Well, they all said Louise was not half bad
It was written on the walls and window shades
And how she'd act a little girl
A 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
Yes and everybody knew at times she cried
Ah but women like Louise well, they get by

Yes and everybody thought it kinda 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 her say
Too bad it ended so ugly
Too bad she had to go this way

Ah but the wind is blowing cold tonight
Well, goodnight, Louise goodnight