## 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