Stan Ridgway, Whistle For Louise

Bring your offeringside 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

Chorus:

Drythe wind blows dry, so dry Crack the venthere 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

Chorus repeat last line x2