

JOLIE LOUISE

Ma jolie, how do you do ?
Mon nom est Jean-Guy Thibault-Leroux
I come from east of Gatineau
My name is Jean-Guy, ma jolie
J'ai une maison à Lafontaine
Where we can live if you marry me
Une belle maison à Lafontaine
Where we will live, you and me
Oh Louise, ma jolie Louise, ma jolie Louise

Tous les matins au soleil
I will work 'til work is done
Tous les matins au soleil
I did work 'til work was done
And one day, the foreman said
"Jean-Guy, we must let you go"
Et pis mon nom, y est pas bon
At the mill anymore
Oh Louise, I'm losing my head, I'm losing my head

My kids are small, 4 and 3
Et la bouteille, she's mon amie
I drink the rum 'til I can't see
It hides the shame Louise does not see
Carousel turns in my head
And I cant' hide, oh no, no, no, no
And the rage turned in my head
And Louise, I struck her down
Down on the ground
I'm losing my mind, I'm losing my mind

En septembre 63
Kids are gone, and so is Louise
Ontario, they did go
Near la ville de Toronto
Now my tears, they roll down
Tous les jours, oh, oh, oh, oh
And I remember the days
And the promises that we made
Oh Louise, ma jolie Louise, ma jolie Louise

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