

# Hall Tom T, Pay No Attention To Alice

(I went to see an old army buddy of mine to do some drinking  
And his wife had become an alcoholic and I wrote a song about it)

Pay no attention to Alice she's drunk all the time  
Booked on that wine bunches of it and it ruined her mind  
Pay no attention to Alice they say she's a sot sane she is not  
But she loves it and it's all she's got

She made that apple pie from a memory  
Made them biscuits from a recollection that she had  
She cooked that chicken too long but she don't know that  
Oh what the hell it ain't too bad

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Don't talk about the war I was a coward  
Talk about fishing and all the good times raising hell  
Empty that one down we'll get another  
It's gettin' late we might as well

But we ran your car into a ditch man don't sweat it  
I know Ben down at the Shell Station he'll get it out  
Alice put your ashes in that ashtray  
I swear woman you're gonna burn down the house  
Pay no attention to Alice she's drunk all the time