

# Keren Ann, Song Of Alice

She was the ... the patron saint of twenty third street.  
She was around for a lot of time, she ...  
Wandering around the hotel hallways in the middle of the night,  
Carrying a little ... yellow cardboard box,  
And she... inhabited the place, like a ... butterfly.  
There was this kind of sadness about her and they...  
And she did have this light...  
And nobody ever knew her real name.

Those times, I see her coming on a ???,  
Stepping through broken bottles and gum,  
Carrying her shoes, barefoot.  
People said she was crazy, but I ...  
About six months before the fire,  
There was a ... big blackout, famous summer blackout ...  
She walked around through the halls, giving everyone candles,  
Scared everybody away in the end.

And when the fire happened, you know,  
Everybody assumed it was her.  
Terrible fires all that year and little ones.  
I don't know if it was fair or not,  
But everybody blamed her for it.

And then one day, she ... she just vanished,  
And later, they ... said her name was Alice.  
The whole time, I never knew her name