

Tom T. Hall, Pay No Attention To Alice

(CHORUS)

Pay no attention to Alice, she's drunk all the time, hooked 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.

(CHORUS)

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

Though we ram your car into a ditch, man don't sweat it,
I know Ben down at the shell station and 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...