

# Tom T. Hall, Shoes And Dress That Alice Wore

Mhm I'm humming as I walk this house and do my daily chores  
When I put the broom away I see the dress that Alice wore  
It's hanging in the closet sadly sagging without form  
Empty dress there in the closet held a body soft and warm  
Shoes and dress that Alice wore

It's the dress she wore the night she caught me lying there beside  
Some strange woman meaning nothing just some bones and hair and hide  
I could not explain it to her and I cannot to this day  
Now I stand here staring at the dress she wore to go away  
Shoes and dress that Alice wore

And the shoes are red and shiny and they're modest in the heel  
And the dress a bad investment and the color could be teal  
She went screaming from the room where I lay blinking in the nude  
With the woman there beside me saying ain't this woman rude  
Shoes and dress that Alice wore

So I asked the undertaker in a private kind of way  
Before you close the casket when our friends have gone away  
If it's not too strange to reason I would make one last request  
Since it all goes in the ground I'd like to have the shoes and dress  
Shoes and dress that Alice wore

So I'm humming as I walk this house...  
Mhmm mhm