

# Pay No Attention to Alice

Tom T. Hall

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!  
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  
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 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

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