

Alice

Mott the Hoople

Now Alice needed money I put 10 dollars on the breeze
As the wind died away, she sank way below her knees
And as a hurricane passed by she clutched the money from the sky
She must have been at least a fathom high She works the 42nd beat on 42nd street
With all her golden ambitions and dead rhinestones in her feet
And when a stranger said she sucked, she just smiled believing luck
As she climbed into his truck to make a buck Oh my God, she's running round the trees
Said she couldn't touch them because they're so real Alice you remind me of Manhattan
The seedy and the snaz, the shoe boys and the satins
Like a throne made of gilt that too many Johns have sat in
Oh I, I got my eyes on you Now keep a watch on your watch and a watch on her watch
'Cause if you ain't too careful he's gonna kick you in the crotch
And you're out in the cold and you know that you've been rolled
And the cops don't even stop and you feel old See Alice really liked you but you stayed a while too long
Now she wants you to forget it and come back before too long
But make it quick if you could, she's gonna star in Hollywood
The producer seems to think, she's kinda good Me and my camera eyes sitting on a fence
Laughing at the lights of New York city Alice you remind me of Manhattan
The seedy and the snaz, the shoe boys and the satins
Like a throne made of gilt that too many Johns have sat in
Oh just come over Roll up, see Alice on the palace where her name adorns the boards
Ain't no flash in her Cannes, she got the willpower of a horse
And it's a long way to Broadway from a 42nd lay
Or is it really just a couple of blocks away Now I wonder if she wonders if I wonder if she wonders
About the times I put her down when she seemed to be right under?
She told me morals are traditions, contradictions, superstitions
See Alice is always based on split decisions Me and my stupidity sittin' on a fence
And digging what I thought was New York city Oh Alice, you remind me of Manhattan
The seedy and the snaz, the shoe boys and the satins
Like a throne made of gilt that too many Johns have sat in
Oh I like you Yeah Alice, the lights were meant for you
Your weaknesses successful and your selfishness the clue
You gotta lose what you get and for what you get you lose
Oh, I know it Oh Alice, don't stop and think a minute
Or your brain is gonna get ya, drop your heart right in it
And you're a shooting star and you'll die if you don't win it
Yeah, you didn't make the book

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