

Dave Stewart

"Alice"

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You never took the time to know me,
Memories of smoking apple-mint.
Holding your hand beneath the table,
Reaching for more than I would get.
Your kiss is burning through my memory,
Frozen in time inside my head.
Napkins and lipstick and nightclub promises.
I recall every word you said.

No longer holding on,
To something I knew was wrong.
So why can't I forget this girl called Alice?

I met you after your show on Saturday,
You wore your hair in golden rays.
How could I know that I'd lose you by Sunday?
I know I'll never forget your face.

No longer holding on,
To something I knew was wrong.
So why can't I forget this girl called Alice?

No longer holding on,
To something I knew was wrong.
So why can't I forget this girl called Alice?

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