

Mott The Hoople **"Alice"**

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Now Alice needed money I put \$10 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 climed 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 shoeboys and the satins,
Like a throne made of gilt that too many johns have sat
in,
Oh, 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 of Manhattan,

the seedy and snaz, the shoeboys 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 snaz, the shoeboys 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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