

Tom T. Hall

"Pay No Attention To Alice"

Visit "[Pay No Attention To Alice](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Tom T. Hall](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.