

My Alice

Billy Strings

Early in the fall, back deep in the woods
The first hint of frost is upon you
'Bout a mile beyond the field stone wall
It's not hard to get lost if you want to

Too far from the city to see the white lights
I move in the shadows under cover of the night
Too far from the highway to blow a flat tire
I stare in the ashes and fire

Now John Saint Paul is a well-known man
Of wealth in his skyscraper palace
He likes his old Cadillac prepped for long drives
I don't like how he looks at my Alice

I work his garage with a wrench in my glove
Bring the stench of his gasoline home to my love
She swears once again she has all she desires
As I stare in the ashes and fire

One day late last week when I got the word
The boss needs his Caddie all steady
I remembered his eyes all over my wife
As I carefully got my tools ready

What a terrible shame should he ever break down
With me on his trail and so far from town
If his brakes were to fail, if he blew out a tire
And I stared in the ashes and fire

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