

## 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

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 don't like how he looks at my Alice