

Song Of Alice

Keren Ann

She was the, the patron saint of twenty third street
She was around for a lot of time, she
Wandering around the hotel hallways in the middle of the night
Carrying a little yellow cardboard box
And she inhabited the place like a butterfly

There was this kind of sadness about her and they
And she did have this light
And nobody ever knew her real name

Those times, I see her coming on a [Incomprehensible]
Stepping through broken bottles and gum
Carrying her shoes, barefoot
People said she was crazy

About, about six months before the fire, there was a
There was a big blackout, famous summer blackout
She walked around through the halls giving everyone candles
Scared everybody away in the end

And when the fire happened, you know
Everybody assumed it was her
Terrible fires all that year and little ones
I don't know if it was fair or not
But everybody blamed her for it

And then one day she, she just vanished
And later they said her name was Alice
The whole time I never knew her name