

White Palace

Clay Walker

She works the late night shift down at the hamburger house
She pins back her hair and Lord she gets them orders out
She's always smilin' when she sees me walk in
'Cause she knows I'll be stayin' just as long as I can
Them milk shakes must be good, 'cause I just can't get my fill
Since the first time she made me one I've been head over heels

The tag on her shirt says, 'Hello, my name is Alice'
And I'll be doggone if she ain't the prettiest thing I've ever
seen in Dallas
Her blue eyes they shine brighter than the aurora Borealis
Lord she looks just like a queen workin' in that white palace

When she works the drive-through window I burn up a tank of gas
I get one thing at a time so I can make another pass
Well I bet I'm the only one who ever gives her a tip
'Cause I love to hear thank you comin' from those sweet red lip
s
Someday I'll get the nerve and ask her for a date
And we'll drive out to Ft. Worth and I'll buy her a T-
bone steak

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