

## 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