

# Alice In The Looking Glass

Matraca Berg

At nine o'clock each morning down  
On Charlotte Avenue  
The bus driver stops and lets her off  
Before the first shampoo  
Alice started working there when she was just a girl  
And now she mans the second chair  
At Thelma's Cut and Curl

A trim is just ten dollars  
And the conversation's free  
She recreates the latest styles of 1963  
With a lipstick-circled  
cigarette constantly aflame  
She greets all her clientèle  
By first and middle names

And even though that mirror  
Paints a picture much too clear  
She'll mix you up some magic  
And she'll dye away the years  
And, oh, they come and go so fast  
Don't they, Alice, Alice in the looking glass

One time she was married, but now she lives alone  
But there's a little ancient poodle  
Waiting there for her at home  
And she'll tell you all about him like he was her only child  
And rubs her swollen ankles  
While she waits for you to dry

There's a picture on the mirror there of her at seventeen  
The day that Thelma did her hair when she was football queen  
And, oh, they come and go so fast  
Don't they, Alice, Alice in the looking glass

Even though that mirror paints a picture much too clear  
She'll mix you up some magic and she'll dye away the years  
And, oh, they keep coming back  
Don't they, Alice, Alice in the looking glass