

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