

Lyle Lovett, La To The Left

La to the left
La to the right
La to the middle is is falling
I saw her walking off
Out in the morning light
La to the middle is falling

Mother was good to me
How then else could she be
I was a child of her own
But the children the little ones
They talk with the devil's tongue
La to the middle is falling

La to the left
La to the right
La to the middle is is falling
I saw her walking off
Out in the morning light
La to the middle is falling

Father was good to me
How then else could he be
I was a child of his own
But the children the little ones
They talk with the devil's tongue
La to the middle is falling

La to the left
La to the right
La to the middle is is falling
I saw her walking off
Out in the morning light
La to the middle is falling

You were no good to me
How then else could you be
I was a child of my own
And the children the little ones
They talk with the devil's tongue
La to the middle is falling

La to the left
La to the right
La to the middle is is falling
I saw her walking off
Out in the morning light
La to the middle is falling