

# Lyle Lovett, Pontiac

(Lyle Lovett)

I park my pontiac  
Down the hill out in back  
Late every afternoon  
With a coke and a cigarette  
And all of the neighbors there  
They see a nice old man

And the girl there across the street  
She sits on her front porch swing  
She never realized  
What I told her with my eyes  
How back in the second war  
I killed twenty German boys  
With my own bare hands

And the woman inside my house  
She won't stop talking  
She never says a thing  
She just keeps talking  
And I might just leave her still  
After the sun goes down  
And I smoke this cigarette