

# Lyle Lovett, The Alley Song

You've got none in your pockets  
You've got none in your hands  
I don't want have to see your eyes  
To know what you're not thinking

And even when you're not the best  
You still try hard as hell  
And I saw him walking in the alley  
He stopped to wish me well  
And he told me go to California  
'Cause that's where it all sells

And I knew this girl from Atlantic City  
Full of generality  
All she could do is talk and smile  
But she got the best of me

And even when you're not the best  
You still try hard as hell  
Well I saw her walking in the alley  
She stopped to wish me well  
And she told me go to California  
'Cause that's where it all sells

And you front porch on Church Avenue  
You're laughing at me now  
'Cause you were standing when I came here  
And you're still standing

And when you know you're not the best  
You hope no one can tell  
Well I saw them laying in the alley  
I stopped to wish them well  
And you know I went to California