

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