

Porter Wagoner, Alley

Down in the alley alley so low down where the red wine and the tears flow
Frail bodies shiver as the wind blows down in the alley where broken men go

Some talk of children a wife and a home they tell their stories of how life went wrong
They turn to the bottle for comfort to find down in the alley they live for the wine
Down in the alley...

Some tell of success and how close they came to opening the doors to riches and fame
How failure each doubt at the height of it all
Down in the alley where hopes and dream fall
No matter how different he stories they tell they all have in common a livin' hell
Their future holds more wine more sorrow and dread
Down in the alley of the livin' dead
Down in the alley...