

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