

The Alley Song

Lyle Lovett

You got none in your pockets
You got none in your hands
Well, I don't have to see your eyes
To know what you're not thinkin'

And even when you're not the best
You still try hard as hell
Well, I saw him walkin' 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 walkin' 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 find porch on Church Avenue
You're laughin' at me now
'Cause you were standin' when I came here
And you're still standin'

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