

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

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