

# 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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