

Pontiac

[Lyle Lovett](#)

I park my Pontiac
Down the hill out in back
Late every afternoon, I go there and sit
And all of the neighbors, they see a nice old man And the girl there across the street
She sits there on her front porch swing
She never realized
But I told her with my eyes
Back in the Second War, I killed 20 German boys
With my own bare hands The woman inside my house
She just keeps talking
She never says a thing
She just keeps on talking
I may just leave her still
After the sun goes down And I smoke this cigarette

Songwriters

LOVETT, LYLE PEARCE Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>