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 manAnd 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 handsThe 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 downAnd I smoke this cigarette

Songwriters
LOVETT, LYLE PEARCEPublished by
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