

## Across The Alley From The Alamo

Patti Austin

Across the alley from the Alamo  
Lived a pinto pony and a Navajo  
Who sang a sort of Indian Hi-de-ho  
To the people passing by

The pinto spent his time a-swhishin' flies  
And the Navajo watched the lazy skies  
And very rarely did they ever rest their eyes  
On the people passing by

One day they went a walkin'  
Along the railroad track  
They were swishin' not lookin'  
Toot! Toot! They never came back

Across the alley from the Alamo  
When the summer sun decides to settle low  
A fly sings an Indian Hi-de-ho  
To the people passing by

Across the alley from the Alamo  
Lived a pinto pony and a Navjo  
Who used to bake frijoles in cornmeal dough  
For the people passing by

They tho't that they would make some easy bucks  
If they're washin' their frijoles in Duz and Lux  
A pair of very conscientious clucks  
To the people passing by

Then they took this cheap vacation  
Their shoes were polished bright  
No, they never heard the whistle  
Toot! Toot! They're clear out of sight

Across the alley from the Alamo  
Where the starlight beams its tender, tender glow  
The beams go to sleep and there ain't no dough  
For the people passing by