

Across the Alley From the Alamo

1st verse

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 passin' by

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

One day, they went a walkin'
Along the railroad track
They were swishin' not a-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

2nd verse

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

They thought that they would make some easy bucks
By washin' their frijoles in Duz and Lux,
A pair of very conscientious clucks
To the people passin' 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
When the starlight beams its tender glow
The beams go to sleep and then there ain't no dough
For the people passin' by