

Joe Greene

"Across The Alley From The Alamo"

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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 swishin' 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 awalkin'
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 Navajo
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
When the starlight beams it's tender tender glow
The beans go to sleep and there ain't no dough
For the people passing by

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