

Across the alley from the Alamo

Eb

Across the alley from the Alamo lived a pinto pony and a Navajo,

Bb7

Eb

who sang a sort of Indian hi-dee-ho to the people passing by.

Eb

The pinto spent his time a swishin' flies and the Navajo watched the lazy skies

Bb7

Eb

and very rarely did they ever rest their eyes on the people passing by.

Ab

Eb

Ab

Eb

One day they went a walkin', down the railroad track.

F7

Bb7

They were swishin', not lookin', Toot toot toot, they never came back

Eb

Across the alley from the Alamo while the summer sun begins to settle low

Bb7

Eb

the flies sing a sort of indian hi-dee-ho to the people passing by.