

Across the Alley From the Alamo - The Swings

G D a7 D9 G
Across the alley from the Alamo
Cdim G G/F# e Cdim a7 D9 G
Lived a pinto pony and a Navajo
D a7 D9 Cdim D a7 D7
Who sang a sort of Indian "Hideho"
C C/B Cdim D7 G D7
To the people passin' by.

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

C C/B a7 a7/G G G/F# e7
R: One day, they went a walkin'
e6 C C/B a7 a7/G G a7 G
A long the railroad track
G/F# e B+ e7 e6
They were swishin' not a look in'
b7-5 A7 Cdim D7
Toot! Toot! they never came back.

Oh, across the alley from the Alamo
When the summer sun decides to settle low
A fly sings an Indian "Hideho"
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 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.

R: 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

Oh, 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.

R: One day, they went a walkin'
A long the railroad track
They were swishin' not a lookin'
Toot! Toot!, they never came back.

Oh, across the alley from the Alamo
When the summer sun decides to settle low
A fly sings an Indian "Hideho"
To the people passin' by.

G/F# a a+7 D7 a7 Cdim G

Across the alley from the Alamo.