Pancho And Lefty - Townes Van Zandt

Livin' on the road my friend... was gonna keep you free and clean

Now you wear your skin like iron, your breath's hard as kerosene

You weren't your momma's only boy, but her favorite one it seems

She began to cry when you said, "good-bye" ...and sank into your dreams.

Pancho was a bandit, boys, his horse was fast as polished steel

He wore his gun outside his pants, for all the honest world to feel

Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico

Nobody heard his dy - in' words ...ah, but that's the way it goes

All the Federales say, we coulda had him any day.

They only let him hang a - round, ...out of kindness I suppose.

Lefty, he can't sing the blues... all night long like he used to
The dust that Pancho bit down south... ended up in Lefty's mouth

The day they laid poor Pancho low... Lefty split for O-hi-o

Where he got the bread to go ...there ain't nobody knows

All the Federales say, they coulda had him any day.

We only let him slip a-way, ...out of kindness I suppose.

Poets tell how old Pancho fell, and Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel

The desert's quiet, Cleveland's cold, and so the story ends we're told

Pancho needs your prayers it's true, but save a few for Lefty, too

He only did what he had to do ...and now he's growing old

All the Federales say, we coulda had him any day.

They only let him slip a-way, ...out of kindness I suppose.

A few gray Federales say, they coulda had him any day.

We only let him go so long, ...out of kindness I suppose.