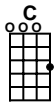
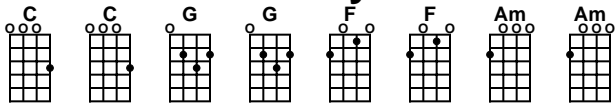
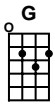


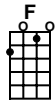
# Pancho And Lefty - Townes Van Zandt



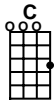
Livin' on the road my friend...



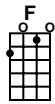
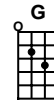
was gonna keep you free and clean



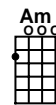
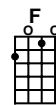
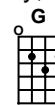
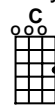
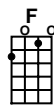
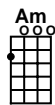
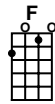
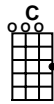
Now you wear your skin like iron,



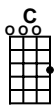
your breath's hard as kerosene



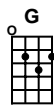
You weren't your momma's only boy, but her favorite one it seems



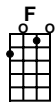
She began to cry when you said, "good-bye" ...and sank into your dreams.



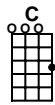
Pancho was a bandit, boys, his



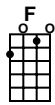
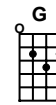
horse was fast as polished steel



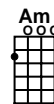
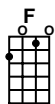
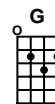
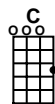
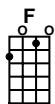
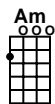
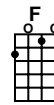
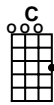
He wore his gun outside his pants,



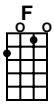
for all the honest world to feel



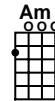
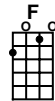
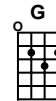
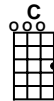
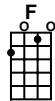
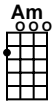
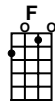
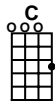
Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico



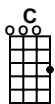
Nobody heard his dy - in' words ...ah, but that's the way it goes



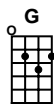
All the Federales say, we coulda had him any day.



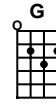
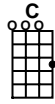
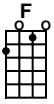
They only let him hang a - round, ...out of kindness I suppose.



Lefty, he can't sing the blues...

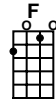
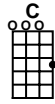
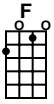


all night long like he used to

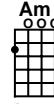
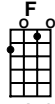
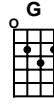
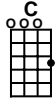
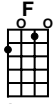
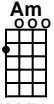


The dust that Pancho bit down south...

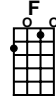
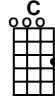
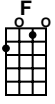
ended up in Lefty's mouth



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

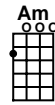
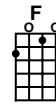
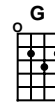
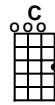
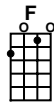
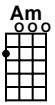


Where he got the bread to go ...there ain't nobody knows

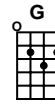
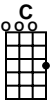


All the Federales say,

they coulda had him any day.

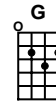
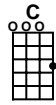
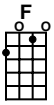


We only let him slip a - way, ...out of kindness I suppose.



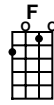
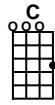
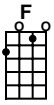
Poets tell how old Pancho fell,

and Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel

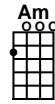
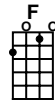
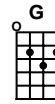
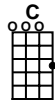
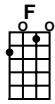
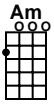


The desert's quiet, Cleveland's cold, and

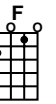
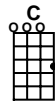
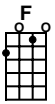
so the story ends we're told



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

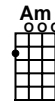
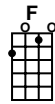
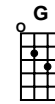
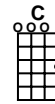
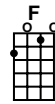
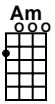


He only did what he had to do ...and now he's growing old

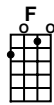
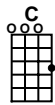
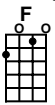


All the Federales say,

we coulda had him any day.

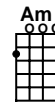
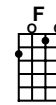
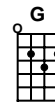
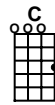
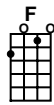
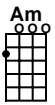


They only let him slip a - way, ...out of kindness I suppose.



A few gray Federales say,

they coulda had him any day.



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