Pancho and Lefty

Merle Haggard/Willie Nelson

Living on the road my friend
Is gonna keep you free and clean
Now you wear your skin like iron
And your breath is hard as kerosene
You weren't your mama's only boy
But her favorite one it seems
She began to cry when you said goodbye
And sank into your dreams
Pancho was a bandit boy
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 dying words
Ah but that's the way it goes
All the Federals say
They could have had him any day
They only let him slip away
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 Ohio
Where he got the bread to go
There ain't nobody knows
All the Federals say
They could have had him any day
They only let him slip away
Out of kindness, I suppose
The poets tell how Pancho fell
And Lefty's living in cheap hotels
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 Federals say
They could have had him any day
They only let him go so long
Out of kindness, I suppose
A few grey Federals say
They could have had him any day
They only let him go so long
Out of kindness, I suppose

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