

# Pancho & Lefty

Jason Isbell & Elizabeth Cook

Living on the road my friend,  
Is gonna keep you free and clean  
Now you wear your skin like iron,  
And your breath as 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,  
Sank into your dreams. Pancho was a bandit boy,  
His horse was fast as polished steel  
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 Federales say  
They could have had him any day  
They only let him hang around  
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 Federales say  
They could have had him any day  
They only let him slip away. Now the poets tell how Pancho fell,  
And Lefty's living in 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 just did what he had to do,  
And now he's growing old. And a few great Federales say  
They could have had him any day  
They only let him go so wrong  
Out of kindness, I suppose. A few great Federales say  
They could have had him any day  
They only let him go so wrong

Out of kindness, I suppose.

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