

# 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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