

# Pancho and Lefty

Steve Earle

Living on the road, my friend  
Was gonna keep you free and clean  
Now you wear your skin like iron  
Your breath's 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  
And sank into your dreams Pancho was a bandit boys  
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  
That's the way it goes All the federales say  
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  
Could have had him any day  
They only let him slip away  
Out of kindness I suppose Poets tell how Pancho fell  
Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel  
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold  
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  
Could have had him any day  
They only let him go so wrong  
Out of kindness I suppose A few gray federales say  
Could have had him any day  
They only let him hang around  
Out of kindness I suppose

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