

Pancho and Lefty

Willie Nelson

Livin' on the road, my friend, Was gonna keep us free and clean
But now you wear your skin like iron And your breath's as hard as ke-
rosene
You weren't your mama'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, Rode a horse fast as polished steel
Wore his guns outside his pants For all the honest world to feel
Pancho met his match, you know, On the deserts down in Mexico
No one heard his dyin' words, But that's the way it goes

And all the federales say
They could have had him any day
They only let him slip away
Out of kindness, I suppose

Now Lefty he can't sing the blues All night long like he used to
The dust that Pancho bit down south It ended up in Lefty's mouth
The day they laid old Pancho low Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go Well there ain't nobody 'knows

But all the federales say
They could have had him any day
They only let him slip away
Out of kindness, I suppose

Now poets sing how Pancho fell Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel
The desert's quiet and 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 growin' old

And all the federales say
They could have had him any day
They only let him go so long
Out of kindness, I suppose

Yes a few old gray federales still say
They could have had him any day
They only let him go so wrong
Out of kindness, I suppose