

## 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 beg-  
an 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