PANCHO AND LEFTY

Townes Van Zandt

Living' 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 kerosene
You weren't your mama's only boy
But her favorite one, it seems
She cried when you said goodbye
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 dying' words
But that's the way it goes

And all the federales say

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

Now poets sing how Pancho fell Lefty's living' 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 growing' old

And all the federales say

A few gray federales say They could have had him any day They only let him **go so long** Out of kindness, I suppose D
Living' on the road, my friend
A
Was gonna keep us free and clean
G
But now you wear your skin like iron
D
A
And your breath's as hard as kerosene
G
You weren't your mama's only boy
D
G
But her favorite one, it seems
Bm
A
She cried when you said good bye
G
Bm
And sank into your dreams

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