

Pancho and Lefty

Written by Townes Van Zandt



C
Living on the road my friend
G
Was gonna keep us free and clean
F
But now you wear your skin like iron
C
And your breath's as hard as kerosene
F
You weren't your mama's only boy
C
But her favorite one it seems
Am F
She began to cry when you said good
G
bye
F Am
And sank into your dreams

C
Pancho was a bandit boy
G
Rode a horse fast as polished steel
F
He wore his guns outside his pants
C G
For all the honest world to feel
F
Pancho met his match you know
C F
On the deserts down in Mexico
Am F G
Nobody heard his dying words
F Am
But that's the way it goes

F
And all the federales say
C F
They could have had him any day
Am F G
They only let him slip away
F Am
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 poor Pancho low
Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go
Well there ain't nobody knows

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

A few gray federales say
They could have had him any day
They only let him go so long
Out of kindness I suppose