Pancho and Lefty - by Willie Nelson

Living on the road my friend Is gonna keep you free and clean Now you wear your skin like iron Your breath as hard as kerosene 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 fast as polished steel He wore his gun outside his pants For all the honest world to feel But Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico ▲ G D A Nobody heard his dying words ah but that's the way it goes All the Federales say they could have had him any day They only let him slip away

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 When they laid poor Pancho low Lefty split for Ohio Where he got the bread to go there ain't nobody knows CHORUS Poets tell how Pancho fell and 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 [Final Chorus] A few gray federales say They could have had him any day

They only let him go so long

Out of kindness, I suppose

Gmaj7 A D

