(40)

Townes VanZandt

## Pancho And Lefty

Living on the/road my friend,/was gonna keep you/free and clean/
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 began to cry when you/said goodbye,//sank into your/dreams//
Pancho was a/bandit, boys,/his horse was fast as/polished steel/
Wore his gun outside his pants/for all the honest/world to feel/

Wore his gun outside his pants/for all the honest/world to feel/

E But Pancho met his/match you know, on the/deserts down in/Mexico/

Am Am Nobody heard his/dying words,// but/that's the way it/goes//

And all the federales say/they could've had him/any day/
They only let him/hang around/ 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 /
The day they laid poor/Pancho low,/Lefty split for/Ohio /
Where he got the/bread to go,//ain't nobody/knows//

And all the federales say/they could ve had him/any day/
Am They only let him/slip away, / out of/kindness I suppose / /

Now the poets tell how Pancho fell, Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel /

The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold, so the story ends we're told /

Pancho needs your prayers it's true, save a few for Lefty too /

Am

He just did what he had to do, / now he's growin' old /

and a few grey federales say they could ve had him any day /
They only let him go so wrong, out of kindness I suppose /
And a few grey federales say they could ve had him any day /
They only let him go so wrong, out of kindness I suppose /