

## Emmylou Harris

### "Poncho and lefty"

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(Townes Van Zandt)

Living on the road my friend  
Was gonna keep you free and clean  
Now you were 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  
And sank into your dreams.

Poncho was a bandit, boys  
His horse was fast as polished steel  
He wore his gun outside his pants  
For all the honest world to feel.

Poncho met his match you know  
On the deserts down in Mexico  
And nobody heard his dyin' words  
Ah, but that's how the story goes.

All the Federals say  
Could've had him any day  
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 Poncho bit down south  
Ended up in Lefty's mouth.

Day they laid poor Poncho low  
Lefty split for Ohio  
Where he got the bread to go  
There ain't nobody knows.

All the Federals say  
Could've had him any day  
Only let him slip away  
Out of kindness I suppose.

--- Instrumental ---

The poets tell how Poncho 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.

Poncho 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 to.

All the Federals say  
Could've had him any day  
Only let him slip away  
Out of kindness I suppose.

A few great federals say  
They could have had him any day  
They only let him slip away  
Out of kindness I suppose...

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