

George Jones & Merle Haggard

"Pancho And Lefty"

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Livin' on the road, my friend, is gonna keep you free
and clean
Now you wear your skin like iron and your breath's 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 boy, his horse was fast as
polished steel
He wore his gun outside his pants for all the honest
world to feel
Pancho met his match, you know, on the deserts down
in Mexico
Nobody heard his dyin' words, ah but that's the way it
goes

All the Federals say, "They could've had him any day"
We 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
The day they laid poor Pancho low, Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go, there ain't nobody
knows

All the Federals say, "They could've had him any day"
We only let him slip away, out of kindness, I suppose

The poets tell how Pancho fell, and Lefty's livin' in a
cheap hotel
The desert's quiet, 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

All the Federals say, "They could've had him any day"

We only let him go so long, out of kindness, I suppose

A few gray Federals say, "Could've had him any day"

We only let him go so long, out of kindness, I suppose

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