

Merle Haggard & Willie Nelson "Pancho And Lefty"

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Livin' on the road, my friend
Was gonna keep you free and clean
But now you wear your skin like iron
And your breath 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

Pancho was a bandit, boys
His horse as 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
No body heard his dyin' 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

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 federales say
They could have 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 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 growin' old

All the federales say
"We could have had him any day"
They only let him go so long
Out of kindness, I suppose

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

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