

Merle Haggard "Pohcho And Lefty"

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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.
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 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 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
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
They only let him slip away out of kindness, I suppose.
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

All the Federales say they could have had him any day
They only let him slip away out of kindness, I suppose.

A few gray Federales say they could have had him any
day
They only let him go so long, out of of kindness, I
suppose.

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