

Willie Nelson & Merle Haggard

"Poncho and Lefty"

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Livin' on the road my friend, is gonna keep you free
and clean
And now you wear your skin like iron, and your breath
is hard as kerosene
Weren't you mamma's only boy-oy, her favourite one it
seems
She began to cry when you said, good-bye, sank to
your dream

Poncho 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
Poncho met his match, you know, on the deserts down
in Mexico
Nobody heard his dyin' word, but that's the way it goes

All the Federales, they say
They could have had him any day
They only let him slip a-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
The day they lay poor Poncho low, Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go, there ain't nobody
knows

All the Federales they say-ay
We could have had him any day
We only let him slip a-away
Out of kindness I suppose

The poets tell how Poncho fe-ell, and Lefty's livin' in
cheap hote-els
The desert's quiet, Cleveland's cold, and so the story
ends we're told
Poncho needs your prayers, it's true, save a few for
Lefty too

He only did what he had to do, and now he's growin'
old

All the Federales, they say
We could have had him any day
They only let him go so-o long
Out of kindness I suppose

A few grey Federales, they say-ay-ay
We could have had him any day
We only let him go so-o long
Out of kindness I suppose

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