

# Pancho and Lefty

Written by Townes Van Zandt



C  
Living on the road my friend  
G  
Was gonna keep us free and clean  
F  
But now you wear your skin like iron  
C  
And your breath's as hard as kerosene  
F  
You weren't your mama's only boy  
C  
But her favorite one it seems  
Am F  
She began to cry when you said good  
G  
bye  
F Am  
And sank into your dreams

C  
Pancho was a bandit boy  
G  
Rode a horse fast as polished steel  
F  
He wore his guns outside his pants  
C G  
For all the honest world to feel  
F  
Pancho met his match you know  
C F  
On the deserts down in Mexico  
Am F G  
Nobody heard his dying words  
F Am  
But that's the way it goes

F  
**And all the federales say**  
C F  
**They could have had him any day**  
Am F G  
**They only let him slip away**  
F Am  
**Out of kindness I suppose**

Now Lefty he can't sing the blues  
All night long like he used to  
The dust that Pancho bit down South  
It ended up in Lefty's mouth  
The day they laid poor Pancho low  
Lefty split for Ohio  
Where he got the bread to go  
Well there ain't nobody knows

**And all the Federales say**  
**They could have had him any day**  
**They only let him slip away**  
**Out of kindness I suppose**

The poets tell how Pancho fell  
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

**And all the federales say**  
**They could have had him any day**  
**They only let him go so long**  
**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 kindness I suppose**