

# Willie Nelson, Pancho & Lefty

Livin 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 momma'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 Federales say, they could've 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've had him any day  
They only let him slip away out of kindness I suppose  
The boys tell how old Pancho fell, and Lefty's livin in cheap hotels  
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 Federales say, they could've had him any day  
They only let him go so long, out of kindness I suppose  
A few gray Federales say, they could've had him any day  
They only let him go so long, out of kindness I suppose

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