

# Pancho & Lefty

(By Townes van Zandt)

D A7  
Livin' on the road, my friend, was gonna keep you free and clean.  
G D A7  
Now you wear skin like iron, and your breath's as hard as kerosene.  
G D  
You weren't your mama's only boy, but her favorite one, it seems.  
Bm Em G Bm A7 D  
She began to cry when you said goodbye, and sank into your dreams.

D A7  
Pancho was a bandit, boys; his horse was fast as polished steel.  
G D A7  
He wore his gun outside his pants, for all the honest world to feel.  
G D  
Pancho met his match you know, on the deserts down in Mexico.  
Bm Em G Bm  
And nobody heard his dyin' words... ah, but that's the way it goes.

## *(Refrain:)*

G D  
All the Federales say: "Could have had him any day."  
Bm Em G Bm A7 D  
They only let him slip away... out of kindness, I suppose.

D A7  
Lefty, he can't sing the blues, all night long, like he used to do.  
G D A7  
The dust that Pancho bit down south, ended up in Lefty's mouth.  
G D  
The day they laid poor Pancho low, Lefty split for Ohio.  
Bm Em G Bm  
Where he got the bread to go... there ain't nobody know.

## *(Repeat REFRAIN or play as an instrumental break)*

D  
The poets tell of how Pancho fell,  
A7  
And Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel.  
G  
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold;  
D A7  
And so, the story ends, we're told.  
G D  
Pancho needs your prayers, it's true; but save a few for Lefty, too.  
Bm Em G Bm  
He only did what he had to do, and now he's growin' old.

## *(Repeat REFRAIN)*

G D  
A few gray Federales say, "Could have had him any day."  
Bm Em G Bm  
They only let him go so long... out of kindness, I suppose.