

Emmylou Harris, Pancho & Lefty

(Townes van Zandt)

Livin' on the road my friend
Was gonna keep you free and clean
Now you wear skin like iron
And your breath's 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
Wore his gun outside his pants
For all the honest world to feel
Well, Pancho met his match you know
On the deserts down in Mexico
And nobody heard his dyin' words
Ah but that's the way it goes

All the Federales say
Could of had him any day
Only let him any day
Hang around
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 gop
There ain't nobody knows

Well, the poets tell how Pancho fell
And Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel
The dessert's quiet and Cleveland's cold
So the story end's, we're told
Pancho needs your prayer's it's true
But save a few for Lefty too
He just did what he had to do
And now he's growin' old
A few gray Federales say
Could have had him any day
Only let him go so long
Out of kindness I suppose