

Pancho And Lefty

Steve Earle

Living on the road, my friend
Was gonna keep you free and clean
Now you wear your skin like iron
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

Pancho met his match you know
On the deserts down in Mexico
Nobody heard his dying words
That's the way it goes

All the federales say
Could have had him any day
They only let him 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 go
There ain't nobody knows

All the federales say
Could have had him any day
They only let him slip away
Out of kindness I suppose

Poets tell how Pancho fell
Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold
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
Could have had him any day
They only let him go so wrong
Out of kindness I suppose

A few gray federales say
Could have had him any day

They only let him hang around
Out of kindness I suppose

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