

Pancho And Lefty

Merle Haggard

Living on the road my friend, is gonna keep you free and clean
Now you were your skin like iron, your breath as hard as kerosene
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.

Poncho was a bandit boys his horse was fast as polished steel
He wore his gun outside his pants for all the honest world to feel
Poncho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico
Nobody heard his dying words, oh, but that's the way it goes.

All the Federalis say
We could've had him any day
We 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 Poncho bit down south, ended up in Lefty's mouth
Day they laid poor Poncho low, Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go, ain't nobody knows.

All the Federalis say
We could've had him any day
We only let him slip away
out of kindness I suppose.

The poets tell how Poncho fell, and Lefty's living in a cheap hotel
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold, so the story ends we're told
Poncho needs your prayers, it's true, but save a few for Lefty, too
He only did what he had to do, now, he's growing old.

All the Federalis say
We could've had him any day
We only let him slip away
out of kindness I suppose.

A few Federalis say
We could've had him any day
We only let him go so long
out of kindness I suppose...