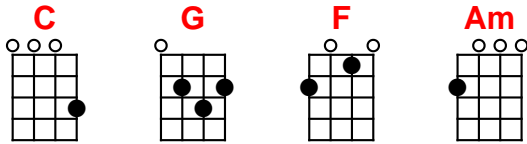


# Pancho and Lefty

artist:Emmylou Harris , writer:Townes Van Zant



[C] ///

[C] Living' on the road my friend, [G] was gonna keep you free and clean  
[F] Now you wear your skin like iron, your [C] breath's as hard as [G] kerosene  
[F] You weren't your mamma's only boy, but her [C] favorite one it [F] seems  
[Am] She began to cry when you [F] said [C]good-[G]bye,  
And [F] sank into your [Am] dreams

[C] Pancho was a bandit boys, [G] his horse was fast as polished steel  
[F] He wore his gun outside his pants, for [C] all the honest [G] world to feel  
[F] Pancho met his match you know, in the [C] desert down in [F] Mexico  
And [Am] no one heard his [F] dy- [C] ing [G] words,  
But [F] that's the way it [Am] goes

[F] All the Federales say, we [C] could have had him [F] any day  
[Am] We only let him [F] slip a-[C] way, [G], out of [F] kindness I sup-[Am] pose

[C] Lefty he can't sing the blues, [G] all night long like he used to  
[F] The dust that Pancho bit down south, [C] ended up in [G] Lefty's mouth  
[F] The day they laid poor Pancho low, [C] Lefty split for [F] Ohio  
[Am] Where he got the [F] bread [C]to [G] go,  
There [F] ain't nobody [Am] knows

[F] All the Federales say, we [C] could have had him [F] any day  
[Am] We only let him [F] slip a-[C] way, [G], out of [F] kindness I sup-[Am] pose

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

[F] A few grey Federales say, [C] could have had him [F] any day  
[Am] We only let him [F] drift [C] a [G] way, [G] out of [F] kindness I sup-[Am]pose

[F] A few grey Federales say, [C] could have had him [F] any day  
[Am] We only let him [F] go [C] so [G] long, [G] out of [F] kindness I sup-[Am]pose

[C]Hold