

Willie Nelson - Poncho And Lefty

tom:

Living on the road my friend, is gonna keep you free and clean
 Now you wear your skin like iron, Your breath 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 boy, his horse was fast as polished steel
 He 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, ah but that's the way it goes

All the Federales say they could have had him any day
 They 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 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 they could have had him any day
 They only let him slip away out of kindness, I suppose

The poets tell how Pancho fell, and Lefty's living in cheap hotels
 The desert's quiet, Cleveland's cold, And 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 they could have had him any day
 They only let him go so long out of kindness, I suppose

A few gray Federales say they could have had him any day
 They only let him go so long out of kindness, I suppose

Acordes

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