

PANCHO AND LEFTY
(written by Townes Van Zandt)

C G
Living on the road my friend, is gonna keep you
free and clean

F
Now you wear your skin like iron,
C G
Your breath as hard as kerosene.

C

F
You weren't your mama's only boy, but her favorite
F
one it seems

Am F C G
She began to cry when you said goodbye,
F Am Am G C
And sank into your dreams.

C G
Pancho was a bandit boys, his horse was fast as
polished steel

F
He wore his gun outside his pants
C G
For all the honest world to feel.

C

F
Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down
F
in Mexico

F C G F

Am
Nobody heard his dying words, ah but that's the way

Am G F
it goes.

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

Am G C
C G
Lefty, he can't sing the blues all night long like
he used to.

F C G
The dust that Pancho bit down south ended up in
Lefty's mouth

F C
The day they laid poor Pancho low, Lefty split for
F
Ohio

Am F C G F
Where he got the bread to go, there ain't nobody
Am
knows

Am G F
F C F
All the Federales say they could have had him any
day

Am F C G F

They only let him slip away out of kindness, I
Am G C
suppose.

C G
Poets tell how Pancho fell, and Lefty's living in a
cheap hotel

F
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold,

C G
And so the story ends we're told

C
F
Pancho needs your prayers it's true, but save a few
F
for Lefty too

Am F C G F
He only did what he had to do, and now he's growing
Am
old

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

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