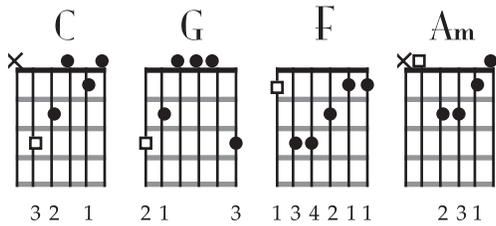
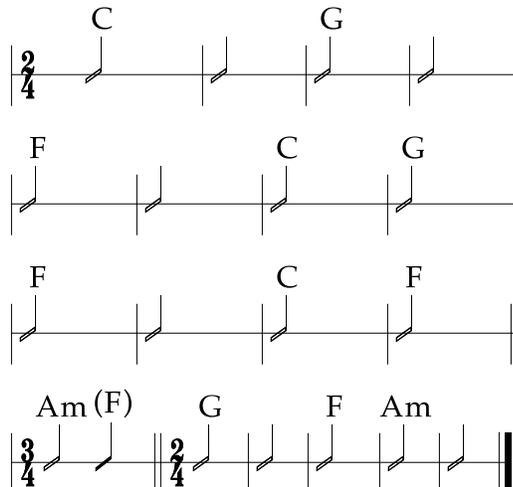


Pancho and Lefty

Townes van Zandt



C
Living on the road my friend
G
was gonna keep you free and clean
F
Now you wear your skin like iron
C G
Your breath's as hard as kerosene
F
You weren't your mama's only boy,
C F
but her favorite one it seems
Am (F) G
She began to cry when you said goodbye
F Am
and sank into your dreams
C
Pancho was a bandit boys
G
His horse was fast as polished steel
F
Wore his gun outside his pants
C G
for all the honest world to feel
F
Pancho met his match you know
C F
on the deserts down in Mexico
Am (F) G
Nobody heard his dying words
F Am
That's the way it goes



F
(All the/A few grey) federales say,
C F
they could have had him any day
Am F G
They only let him hang around/slip away/go so wrong
F Am
out of kindness I suppose

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 G
ended up in Lefty's mouth
F
The day they laid poor Pancho low
C F
Lefty split for Ohio
Am (F) G
Where he got the bread to go,
F Am
there ain't nobody knows

CHORUS

C
The poets tell how Pancho fell
G
Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel
F
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold
C G
So the story ends, we're told
F
Pancho needs your prayers it's true,
C F
but save a few for Lefty too
Am (F) G
He just did what he had to do
F Am
Now he's growing old

CHORUS

Pancho and Lefty

Townes van Zandt

