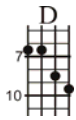


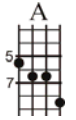
INTRO (à la Willie Nelson and Merle Haggard)

D A G A G ↑D (higher voicing) × 2
D A G A G ↑D (lower voicing) × 2
D...

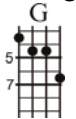
VERSE



Living on the road, my friend,



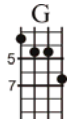
Was gonna keep you free and clean.



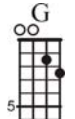
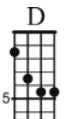
Now you wear your skin like iron



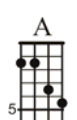
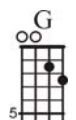
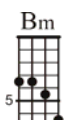
Your breath's as hard as kerosene.



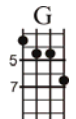
You weren't your mama's only boy



But her favorite one it seems.



She began to cry when you said goodbye

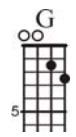


And sank into your dreams.

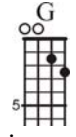
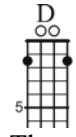
VERSE

Pancho 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.
Pancho met his match you know
On the deserts down in Mexico.
Nobody heard his dying words.
But that's the way it goes.

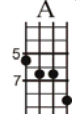
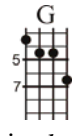
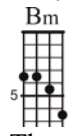
CHORUS A



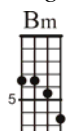
All the Federales say



They could have had him any day.



They only let him *hang around*



Out of kindness I suppose.

VERSE

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.

CHORUS B

All the Federales say
They could have had him any day.
They only let him *slip away*
Out of kindness I suppose.

VERSE

The poets tell how Pancho fell;
And Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel.
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold.
So the story ends, we're told.
Pancho needs your prayers, it's true,
But save a few for Lefty too.
He just did what he had to do.
And now he's growing old.

CHORUS C × 2

A few gray Federales say
They could have had him any day.
They only let him *go so wrong*
Out of kindness I suppose.