

Counting Crows, Pancho & Lefty

(Original by Townes Van Zandt)

Livin' on the road, my friend
Was gonna keep you free and clean
But now you wear your skin like iron
And 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, boys
His horse as 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
No one heard his dyin' 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
We only let him slip away
Out of kindness, I suppose
The poets tell how Pancho fell
And Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel
The desert's quiet and 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 growin' old
All the federales say
We could have had him any day
They only let him go so long
Out of kindness, I suppose
A few old gray federales still say
We could have had him any day
We only let him go so long
Out of kindness, I suppose