

# Merle Haggard, Pohcho And Lefty

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 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, 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.  
Poets tell how Pancho fell, and Lefty's living 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 growing old  
All the Federales say they could have had him any day  
They only let him slip away 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 of kindness, I suppose.