

Merle Haggard, Poncho And Lefty

Livin' on the road my friend, is gonna keep you free and clean
And now you wear your skin like iron, and your breath is hard as kerosene
Weren't you mamma's only boy, her favourite one it seems
She began to cry when you said, good-bye, sank to your dream

Poncho was a bandit boy, his horse was fast as polished steel
He wore his gun outside his pants, for all the honest world to feel
Poncho met his match, you know, on the deserts down in Mexico
Nobody heard his dyin' word, but that's the way it goes

All the Federales, they 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 Poncho bit down south, ended up in Lefty's mouth
The day they lay poor Poncho low, Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go, there ain't nobody knows

All the Federales they say
We could have had him any day
We only let him slip away
Out of kindness I suppose

The poets tell how Poncho fell, and Lefty's livin' in cheap hotels
The desert's quiet, Cleveland's cold, and so the story ends we're told
Poncho needs your prayers, it's true, save a few for Lefty too
He only did what he had to do, and now he's growin' old

All the Federales, they say
We could have had him any day
They only let him go so long
Out of kindness I suppose

A few grey Federales, they say
We could have had him any day
We only let him go so long
Out of kindness I suppose