

Intro

G Am

С

1. Livin' on the road my friend

G

Was gonna keep you free and clean

F

Now you wear your skin like iron and your

C G Breath's as hard as kerosene

F

You weren't your momma's only boy but her

C F Favorite one it seems

Am F G She began to cry when you said goodbye

F Am And sank into your dreams

 Pancho was a bandit boy His horse was fast as polished steel 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 And nobody heard his dying words

Ah but that's the way it goes

Chorus F

And all the Federales say

C F They could've had him any day

AmFGThey only let him hang around

FAmOut 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
 Ah there ain't nobody knows

Chorus And all the Federales say They could've had him any day They only let him slip away Out of kindness I suppose

4. Well 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 (play twice) A few gray Federales say They could've had him any day They only let him go so wrong Out of kindness I suppose