

Pancho & Lefty - Townes van Zant

1 5
Livin' on the road my friend, Gonna keep you free and clean
4 1 5
Now you wear your skin like iron, your Breath's hard as Kerosene;
4 1 4
You weren't your momma's only boy, but her Favorite one it seems
6m 4 1 5
She began to cry when you *Said-good-Bye*;
4 6m
and Sank into your Dreams

1 5
Poncho was a bandit boys, his Horse was fast as polished steel
4 1 5
He wore his gun outside his pants for All the honest world to feel;
4 1 4
Poncho met his match, ya know, on the Desert, down in Mex-i-co
6m 4 1 5
No one heard his *Die-ing-words*;
4 6m
ah but That's the way it Goes...

Chorus:

4 1 4
All the Federales say, They could'a had him any Day
6m 4 1 5 4 6m
They only let him Go-so-Long, out of Kindness I Suppose...

1 5
Lefty he can't sing the blues, Anymore like he used to
4 1 5
The dust that Poncho bit down south, Ended up in Lefty's mouth;
4 1 4
The day they laid poor Poncho low, Lefty split for O-hi-o
6m 4 1 5
where he got the *Bread-to-Go*;
4 6m
there Ain't nobody Knows...

(Chorus: *Slip-a-way*)

1 5
The poets tell how Poncho fell, Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel
4 1 5
The desert's quiet, Cleveland's cold, So the story Ends we're told;
4 1 4
Poncho needs your prayers it's true, but Save a few for lef-ty too
6m 4 1 5
He only did what he *Had-to-Do*;
4 6m
and Now he's growin' Old...

(Chorus: *Slip-a-way*)

(Final Chorus: "A Few Grey Federales say" *Go-so-Wrong*)

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D A
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G D G
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Bm G D A
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G Bm
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(Final Chorus: "A Few Grey Federales say" *Go-so-Wrong*)