

## Pancho and Lefty

Words and music Townes van Zandt

As performed by Bob Dylan 21 Jun 1989

C G  
 Livin' on the edge my friend is bound to make you [rock a few]  
 F C G  
 Now your [breath] is hard as iron, your breath is sweet as kerosene  
 F C F  
 You was your momma's only boy, favorite one it seems  
 C F G F Am  
 Began to cry when you said, "good-bye", sank into your dreams.

Pancho was a bandit, boys, [his horse fast] and his hands were free  
 He wore his gun outside his pants for all the honest world to feel  
 Pancho met his match, ya know, on the desert down in Mexico  
 No one heard the dyin' words, but that's the way it goes.

F C F  
 All the Federales say, they could'a had him any day  
 C F G F Am  
 They only let him go so long, out of kindness I suppose.

Lefty he can't sing the blues, all night like he used to  
 The dust that Poncho bit down south, ended up in Lefty's mouth  
 They ['d have sent] for another [jour], all the time, and I'll pace you  
 floor  
 Only let him go so far, so the story goes.\*

All the Federales say, they could'a had him any day  
 They only let him slip away, out of kindness I suppose.

The poets tell how Pancho fell, Lefty's livin' in a big hotel\*\*  
 [The desert's quiet, Cleveland's cold]\*\*\* it never mattered anyway.  
 The day that Pancho drift down low Lefty split for Ohio  
 Where he got the bread to go, ain't nobody knows

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