

PONCHO AND LEFTY

Living on the road my friend was gonna keep you free and clean
Now you WEAR your skin like iron and your breath's 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
Poncho 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
Poncho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico
Nobody heard his dyin' words but that's the story goes
All the Federals say could've had him any day
We 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
Day they laid poor Poncho low Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go there ain't nobody knows
All the Federals say...

[guitar]

The poets tell how Poncho 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
Poncho 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 Federals say...
A few Federals say could've had him any day
We only let him go so long out of kindness I suppose