Jesse James

Wild West

Jesse James was a lad that killed many a man,
He robbed the Glendale train,
He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor,
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.
Well it was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how he feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then he laid poor Jesse in his grave.
(chours)
Well Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life
Three children now they were brave
Well that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard
He laid poor Jesse in his grave
Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He'd never rob a mother or a child

There never was a man with the law in his hand
That could take Jesse James alive
It was on a Saturday night and the moon was shining bright,
They robbed the Glendale train,
And people they did say o'er many miles away
It was those outlaws,Ther're Frank and Jesse James
(Chours)
Now the people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
And wondered how he ever came to fall
Robert Ford,It was a fact,He shot Jesse in the back
While Jesse hung a picture on the wall
Now Jesse went to rest with his hand on his breast,
The devil will be upon his knee.
He was born one day in the County Clay,
And he came from a solitary race.
(Chours)

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