

# Frank and Jesse James

Warren Zevon

On a small Missouri farm  
Back when the West was young  
Two boys learned to rope and ride  
And be handy with a gun War broke out between the states  
And they joined up with Quantrill  
And it was over in Clay County  
That Frank and Jesse finally learned to kill Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Frank and Jesse James  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
'Til you clear your names Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Across the rivers and the range  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Frank and Jesse James After Appomattox  
They was on the losing side  
So no amnesty was granted  
And as outlaws they did ride They rode against the railroads  
And they rode against the banks  
And they rode against the governor  
Never did they ask for a word of thanks Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Frank and Jesse James  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
'Til you clear your names Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Across the prairies and the plains  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Frank and Jesse James Robert Ford, a gunman  
In exchange for his parole  
Took the life of James the outlaw  
Which he snuck up on and stole No one knows just  
Where they came to be misunderstood  
But the poor Missouri farmers knew  
Frank and Jesse do the best, they could Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Frank and Jesse James  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
'Til you clear your names Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Across the rivers and the range  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Frank and Jesse James  
Well Frank and Jesse James Keep on riding, riding, riding  
'Til you clear your names

Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Across the rivers and the range  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Frank and Jesse James

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