Frank And Jesse James (Remastered Album Version)

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 were on the loosing 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
Did 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

Songwriters
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