The Devil or Jesse James

Cris Jacobs

Got me a brand new hat today
Long in the brim to keep my eyes hid away
Get me some brand new shoes tomorrow
Hard for the rhythm that I'm walking, brown for the dusty groundMade for the east by way of 10
Wave Oklahoma another goodbye again
When I took off I was gone, gone like a turkey running through the corn
Just like a chapter closed, hidden in the closet with the skeletons and the ghostsI'll be going down the highway soon
While I'm howling at the cajun moon
Sound the bells, circle the wagons, and roll out your red rug
If they ask you what to call my name
I'm the devil or Jesse James
Sound the bells, circle the wagons and roll out your red rug
I'd rather meet a stranger than a friend
If I ever had one, never could depend on anybody but myself to serve
Used to get hunted by the coyote, used to shake my every nerveBut all of the night terrors are through
Got a cold, blank slate and another nine taboot
Spent some down in Mexico, cross the river down Nuevo Laredo
Maybe pick up to Guadalajara, maybe in a day or two, maybe tomorrowI'll be going down the highway soon
While I'm howling at the cajun moon
Sound the bells, circle the wagons, and roll out your red rug
If they ask you what to call my name
I'm the devil or Jesse James
Sound the bells, circle the wagons and roll out your red rugI'm a little Indian boy ain't got no home
On my way, on my way to pick up and move
on my way to get up walking, move it on down the road
Some call me a churchyard sinner, some call me a graveyard saint
You can call me anything that you wanna, call me the devil or Jesse James
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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