

# El Corrido de Jesse James

[Ry Cooder](#)

Now the outlaw Jesse James was up in heaven  
With old friends around the Kingdom throne  
Boys I was branded as a bandit and bank robber  
But I never turned a family from their home Now we're sworn to pass no judgements here in heaven  
But there's goings on a man can't stand no more  
Now there's no open carry up in heaven  
But please give me back my trusty 44 Con permiso yo me voy to dear old Wall Street  
My 44 will do the talking from now on  
I'll cut you down to size my banking brothers  
Put that bonus money back where it belongs Now you picked the pockets of los pobrecitos  
Spreading hardship and trouble through the land  
Sus sirvientes pago bien para sus falsas  
That's what Jesse James could never understand Un minuto a rezar y un segundo para morir  
That's all you birds will ever get from me  
Now you lined your pockets well but I'll see you in hell  
Quemando como dinero for all eternity Ry Cooder vocals, banjo, sexto, bass  
Joachim Cooder drums  
Flaco Jimenez accordion  
Arturo Gillardo clarinet  
Erasto Robles trombone  
Carlos Gonzales trumpet  
Pablo Molina sousaphone, alto horn  
Edgar Castro percussion

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