

Jesse James

Freedom Fry

Across the plains of yesterday,
Another name wont fade away
We'll go back on down the trail to Jesse James
Swinging doors to old saloons
Missing keys, gone out of tune,
We're following the dusty steps of Jesse James
Two brothers
Two brothers
Out to get you
And there's nothing you can do
In the end
The ford brothers
The ford brothers
Pulled the wool on you
Got the money they were due
In the end we're all just outlaws,
In the end we're all just outlaws - Jesse James
Along the streets where ghosts all roam
And tumbleweeds now call their home
We hear the spurs and smell the smoke of Jesse James
Dead enemies all play in dust
The memories begin to rust,
Heroes come from villains graves, Oh Jesse James,
Heroes come from villains graves, Oh Jesse James

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