Jesse James Bolero

Prefab Sprout

Jesse was a renegade, danced to his own drum
Growin' wise could wait till tomorrow
Took to a road signposted sorrowJesse was a hooligan, jumped right off the rail
There in the cards there in the tarot
Born to despise the straight and the narrow
Jesse was a connoisseur, home cookin' tasted staleJesse James Bolero is a dance upon the run
Every step proclaims that he's a wayward son
Jesse James is waiting for the cheap music to stop
Don't goodbye deserve some bach not barbershop ?Jesse didn't hear the drum suddenly lose time
All his plans crafted, clever
Fated unborn, unfinished foreverJesse didn't hear the drum stop outside his door
In his dreams destiny towered
In the cold light of day it came as a coward
Jesse didn't hear the drum at the age of thirty fourJesse James Bolero is a dance upon the run
Every step proclaims that he's a wayward son
Jesse James is waiting for the cheap music to stop
Don't goodbye deserve some bach not barbershop ?Jesse James Bolero is a dance upon the run
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