Jesse James

Ry Cooder

Jesse James we understand
Has killed him many a man
He robbed the Union trains
But history does record
That Bob and Charlie Ford
Have laid Jesse James in his graveIt was on a Saturday night
The stars were shining bright
When they robbed that Union train
And it was one of the younger boys
That gathered in the spoils
And carried that money awayIn his small home unaware
A-straightening pictures there
He thought he heard a noise
And as he turned his head
Well, the bullet killed him dead
Fired by Bob Ford, one of the boysPoor Jesse had a wife
She lived a lady all her life
The children they were brave
But history does record
That Bob and Charlie Ford
Have laid poor Jesse, laid poor Jesse
Have laid Jesse James in his grave

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/