

Warren Zevon "Frank And Jesse James"

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On a small Missouri farm
Back when the West was young
Two boys learned to rope and ride
And be handy with a gun

War broke out between the states
And they joined up with Quantrill
And it was over in Clay County
That Frank and Jesse finally learned to kill

Keep on riding, riding, riding
Frank and Jesse James
Keep on riding, riding, riding
'Til you clear your names

Keep on riding, riding, riding
Across the rivers and the range
Keep on riding, riding, riding
Frank and Jesse James

After Appomattox
They was on the losing side
So no amnesty was granted
And as outlaws they did ride

They rode against the railroads
And they rode against the banks
And they rode against the governor
Never did they ask for a word of thanks

Keep on riding, riding, riding
Frank and Jesse James
Keep on riding, riding, riding
'Til you clear your names

Keep on riding, riding, riding
Across the prairies and the plains
Keep on riding, riding, riding
Frank and Jesse James

Robert Ford, a gunman
In exchange for his parole

Took the life of James the outlaw
Which he snuck up on and stole

No one knows just
Where they came to be misunderstood
But the poor Missouri farmers knew
Frank and Jesse do the best, they could

Keep on riding, riding, riding
Frank and Jesse James
Keep on riding, riding, riding
'Til you clear your names

Keep on riding, riding, riding
Across the rivers and the range
Keep on riding, riding, riding
Frank and Jesse James
Well Frank and Jesse James

Keep on riding, riding, riding
'Til you clear your names
Keep on riding, riding, riding
Across the rivers and the range
Keep on riding, riding, riding
Frank and Jesse James

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