

Bruce Springsteen

"Jesse James"

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Jesse James was a lad
That killed many a man
He robbed the Glendale train
He stole from the rich
And he gave to the poor
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain

Well it was Robert Ford
That dirty little coward
I wonder now how he feels
For he ate of Jesse's bread
And he slept in Jesse's bed
And he laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well Jesse had a wife
To mourn for his life
Three children
Now they were brave
Well that dirty little coward
That shot Mr. Howard
And he laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well now Jesse was a man
A friend to the poor
He'd never rob a mother or a child
There never was a man with
the law in his hand
That could take Jesse James when alive

It was on a Saturday night
Yeah the moon was
shinin' bright
They robbed
the Glendale train
And the people they did say
o'er many miles away
It was those outlaws yeah Frank
and Jesse James

Well Jesse had a wife

To mourn for his life
Three children
Now they were brave
Well that dirty little coward
That shot Mr. Howard
And he laid poor Jesse in his grave

Now the people held
their breath
When they heard of
Jesse's death
They wondered how
he'd ever come to fall
Robert Ford it was a fact
He shot Jesse in the back
While Jesse hung a picture
on a wall

Now Jesse went to rest with
his hand on his breast
The devil upon his knee
he was born one day in
the County Clay
And he came from
a solitary race

Well Jesse had a wife
To mourn for his life
Three children
Now they were brave
Well that dirty little coward
That shot Mr. Howard
And he laid poor Jesse in his grave

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