

## **Bruce Springsteen**

### **"Jessie 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

(Background Bruce yells alright boys)

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