

Roy Clark "Jesse James"

Visit "[Jesse James](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Jesse James was a man who rambled through the land
And he robbed many a bank and train
He was the leader man of a bold and reckless band
And many are the people that were slain.

But, no more Jesse James; no more Jesse James
They laid poor Jesse in his grave
Jesse went and turned his head; Little Bobby shot him
dead
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

--- Instrumental ---

Now Jesse had a wife; who mourned all her life
Because of Jesse's evil ways
But she couldn't stay his hand; or stop the robber band
Her grief made her old and gray.

But, no more Jesse James; no more Jesse James
They laid poor Jesse in his grave
Jesse went and turned his head; Little Bobby shot him
dead
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

--- Instrumental ---

But the end it came at last; from a bullet quick and fast
From a comrade he trusted in his band
And the deed they said was just; when they laid him in
the dust
He had been such a terror in the land.

But, no more Jesse James; no more Jesse James
They laid poor Jesse in his grave
Jesse went and turned his head; Little Bobby shot him
dead
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

--- Instrumental to fade ---

