

## **Pre)Thing**

### **"Jesse James Bolero"**

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Jesse was a renegade danced to his own drum  
Growin' wise could wait 'til tomorrow  
Took to a road signposted sorrow  
Jesse was a hooligan jumped right off the rail  
There in the cards there in the tarot  
Born to despise the straight and the narrow  
Jesse was a connoisseur  
Home cookin' tasted stale  
Jesse james bolero is a dance upon the run  
Every step proclaims that he's a wayward son  
Jesse james is waiting  
For the cheap music to stop  
Don't goodbye deserve some bach not barbershop ?  
Jesse didn't hear the drum suddenly lose time  
All his plans crafted, clever  
Fated unborn - unfinished forever  
Jesse didn't hear the drum stop outside his door  
In his dreams destiny towered  
In the cold light of day it came as a coward  
Jesse didn't hear the drum  
At the age of thirty-four

Jesse james bolero is a dance upon the run

Every step proclaims that he's a wayward son

Jesse james is waiting

For the cheap music to stop

Don't goodbye deserve some bach not barbershop ?

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