Prefab Sprout "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

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