

Ry Cooder

"El Corrido de Jesse James"

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Now the outlaw Jesse James was up in heaven
With old friends around the Kingdom throne
Boys I was branded as a bandit and bank robber
But I never turned a family from their home

Now we're sworn to pass no judgements here in
heaven
But there's goings on a man can't stand no more
Now there's no open carry up in heaven
But please give me back my trusty 44

Con permiso yo me voy to dear old Wall Street
My 44 will do the talking from now on
I'll cut you down to size my banking brothers
Put that bonus money back where it belongs

Now you picked the pockets of los pobrecitos
Spreading hardship and trouble through the land
Sus sirvientes pago bien para sus falsas
That's what Jesse James could never understand

Un minuto a rezar y un segundo para morir
That's all you birds will ever get from me
Now you lined your pockets well but I'll see you in hell
Quemando como dinero for all eternity

Ry Cooder vocals, banjo, sexto, bass
Joachim Cooder drums
Flaco Jiminez accordion
Arturo Gillardo clarinet
Erasto Robles trombone
Carlos Gonzales trumpet
Pablo Molina sousaphone, alto horn
Edgar Castro percussion

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