

Pogues, Jesse James

(The Pogues' Version)

Jesse James we understand
Has killed many a man
He robbed the Union trains
He stole from the rich
and gave to the poor
He'd a hand and a heart
and a brain

Now Jesse had a wife
Lived a lady all her life
And children they were brave
But history does record
That Bob and Charlie Ford
Have laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well it was on Saturday night
The stars were shining bright
They robbed the Glendale train
And the people they did say
for many miles away
It was those outlays
Frank and Jesse James

Now Jesse had a wife
Lived a lady all her life
And children they were brave
But history does record
That Bob and Charlie Ford
Have laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well it was Bob and Charlie Ford
Those dirty little cowards
I wonder how they feel
For they ate of Jesse's bread
and they slept in Jesse's bed
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave

Now Jesse had a wife
Lived a lady all her life
And children they were brave
But history does record
That Bob and Charlie Ford
Have laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well the people held their breath
When they heard of Jesse's death
They wondered how he came to fall
Well it was Robert Ford in fact
who shot him in the back
While he hung a picture on the wall

These are the lyrics as they appear on the Rum, Sodomy, & The Lash insert.

(Jesse James)

Jesse James was a boy
who 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. Poor Jesse had a wife
to mourn for his life,
Three children,
they were brave;
But that dirty little coward
that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was Robert Ford,
that dirty little coward;
I wonder how he does feel
For he ate of Jesse's bread
and he slept in Jesse's bed
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Poor Jesse had a wife
to mourn for his life,
Three children,
they were brave;
But that dirty little coward
that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse was a man,
a friend to the poor
He never would see a man suffer pain,
And with his brother Frank
he robbed the Chicago bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.

Poor Jesse had a wife
to mourn for his life,
Three children,
they were brave;
But that dirty little coward
that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was his brother Frank
that robbed the Gallatin bank,
And carried the money from the town;
It was in this very place
that they had a little race,
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.

Poor Jesse had a wife
to mourn for his life,
Three children,
they were brave;
But that dirty little coward
that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

They went to the crossing
not very far from there,
And there they did the same;
With the agent on his knees,
he delivered up the keys
To the outlaws,
Frank and Jesse James.

Poor Jesse had a wife

to mourn for his life,
Three children,
they were brave;
But that dirty little coward
that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was on Saturday night,
Jesse was at home
Talking with his family brave,
Robert Ford came along
like a thief in the night
And laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Poor Jesse had a wife
to mourn for his life,
Three children,
they were brave;
But that dirty little coward
that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

The people held their breath
when they heard of Jesse's death
And wondered how he ever came to die.
It was one of the gang
called little Robert Ford
He shot poor Jesse on the sly.

Poor Jesse had a wife
to mourn for his life,
Three children,
they were brave;
But that dirty little coward
that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

This song was made by Billy Gashade,
As soon as the news did arrive;
He said there was no man
with the law in his hand
Who could take Jesse James when alive.