

# The Pogues, Jesse James

(Traditional)

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 had a hand and a heart and a brain

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

Now Jesse had a wife  
Lived a lady all her life  
Her 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

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