

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