

Bob Seger, James, Jesse

When Jesse James was a lad
He killed many a man
And he roamed over the Scarsdale range
Robbin' from the rich
And givin' to the poor
He was dark and cold and full of rage
Oh yes he was, sing with me
Poor Jesse had a wife
To mourn for his life
And three children
They were oh so brave
But that dirty little coward
He went and shot Mr. Howard
Laid poor Jesse in his grave yeah

It was on a Saturday night

When Jesse was at home
Talking to old railroad Jed
Along come Robert Ford
Like a thief in the night
And he shot poor Jesse in the back

Poor Jesse had a wife
To mourn for his life
Three children
They were oh so brave
But that dirty little coward
He went and shot Mr. Howard
Laid poor Jesse in his grave yeah
He lays
Six feet under the ground