

Prefab Sprout, Jesse James Bolero

Jesse was a renegade danced to his own drum
Growin' wise could wait 'til tomorrow
Took to a road signposted sorrow
Jesse was a hooligan jumped right off the rail
There in the cards there in the tarot
Born to despise the straight and the narrow
Jesse was a connoisseur
Home cookin' tasted stale
Jesse James bolero is a dance upon the run
Every step proclaims that he's a wayward son
Jesse James is waiting
For the cheap music to stop
Don't goodbye deserve some Bach not barbershop ?
Jesse didn't hear the drum suddenly lose time
All his plans crafted, clever
Fated unborn - Unfinished forever
Jesse didn't hear the drum stop outside his door
In his dreams destiny towered
In the cold light of day it came as a coward
Jesse didn't hear the drum
At the age of thirty-four
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