

# Warren Zevon, Frank And Jesse James

(Warren Zevon)

On a small Missouri farm  
Back when the west was young  
Two boys learned to rope and ride  
And be handy with a gun

War broke out between the states  
And they joined up with Quantrill  
And it was over in Clay county  
That Frank and Jesse finally learned to kill

Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Frank and Jesse James  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
'Til you clear your names  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Across the rivers and the range  
Keep on riding, riding, riding Frank and Jesse James

After Appomattox they were on the losing side  
So no amnesty was granted  
And as outlaws they did ride  
They rode against the railroads,  
And they rode against the banks  
And they rode against the governor  
Never did they ask for a word of thanks

Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Frank and Jesse James  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
'Til you clear your names  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Across the prairies and the plains  
Keep on riding, riding, riding  
Frank and Jesse James

Robert Ford, a gunman  
Did exchange for his parole  
Took the life of James the outlaw  
Which he snuck up on and stole  
No one knows just where they came to be misunderstood  
But the poor Missouri farmers knew  
Frank and Jesse do the best they could

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