

## Jesse James

Jesse James and his boys rode that Dodge City Trail  
Held up the midnight Southern mail  
And there never was a man with the law in his hand  
That could keep Jesse James in a jail

It was Frank and Jesse James that killed many a man  
But they never was outlaws at heart  
I wrote this song to tell you how it come  
That Frank and Jesse James got their start

They was living on a farm in the old Missouri hills  
With a silver-haired mother and a home  
Now, the railroad bullies come to chase them off their land  
But they found that Frank and Jesse wouldn't run

Then a railroad scab, he went and got a bomb  
And he threwed it at the door  
And it killed Mrs. James a-sleeping in her bed  
So Jesse grabbed a big forty-four

Yes, Frank and Jesse James was men that was game  
To stop that high-rolling train  
And to shoot down the rat that killed Mrs. James  
They was Two-Gun Frank and Jesse James

Now, a bastard and coward called little Robert Ford  
He claimed he was Frank and Jesse's friend  
Made love to Jesse's wife and he took Jesse's life  
And he laid poor Jesse in his grave

The people were surprised when Jesse lost his life  
Wondered how he ever came to fall  
Robert Ford, it's a fact, shot Jesse in the back  
While Jesse hung a picture on the wall

They dug Jesse's grave and a stone they raised  
It says, "Jesse James lies here  
Was killed by a man, a bastard and a coward  
Whose name ain't worthy to appear"