

Jesse James

Bruce Springsteen

D

Jesse James was a lad

G

D

That killed many a man

A

He robbed the Glendale train

D

He stole from the rich

G

D

And he gave to the poor

A

D

He d a hand and a heart and a brain

Well it was Robert Ford

G

D

That dirty little coward

A

I wonder now how he feels

D

For he ate of Jesse s bread

G

D

And he slept in Jesse s bed

A

D

And he laid poor Jesse in his grave

Refrão:

G

Well Jesse had a wife

D

To mourn for his life

Three children

A

Now they were brave

D

But that dirty little coward

G

D

That shot Mr. Howard

A

D

He laid poor Jesse in his grave

(D G D D A)

(D G D D A D)(x2)

Well Jesse was a man

G

D

A friend to the poor

A

He d never rob a mother or a child

D

There never was a man with

G

D

The law in his hand

A

D

That could take Jesse James when alive

It was on a Saturday night

G

D

Well the moon was shining bright

A

They robbed the Glendale train

D

And people they did say

G

D

O er many miles away

A

D

It was those outlaws Frank and Jesse James

Refrão

Now the people held their breath

G

D

When they heard of Jesse s death

A

They wondered how he d ever come to fall

D

Robert Ford it was a fact

G

D

He shot Jesse in the back

A

D

While Jesse hung a picture on the wall

Jesse went to rest

G

D

With his hand on his breast

A

The devil upon his knee

D

He was born one day

G

D

In the County Clay

A

D

And he came from a solitary race

(Refrão)