

Jessie James

Bruce Springsteen

[G]Jesse James was a lad, that [C]killed many a [G]man
 He robbed the Glendale [D]train.
 He [G]stole from the rich, and he [C]gave to the [G]poor,
 He'd a hand and a [D]heart and a [G]brain
 Well it was Robert Ford, that [C]dirty little [G]coward
 I wonder now how he [D]feels.
 For he [G]ate of Jesse's bread, and he [C]slept in Jesse's [G]bed,
 And he laid poor [D]Jesse in his [G]grave

Well [C]Jesse had a wife, To [G]mourn for his life
 Three children, now they were [D]brave
 But that [G]dirty little coward, that [C]shot Mr. [G]Howard
 He laid poor [D]Jesse in his [G]grave

Inst - Verse chords:

Well Jesse was a man, a [C]friend to the [G]poor
 He'd never rob a mother or a [D]child.
 There [G]never was a man with, the [C]law in his [G]hand
 That could take [D]Jesse James when [G]alive
 It was on a Saturday night, well the [C]moon was shining [G]bright
 They robbed the Glendale [D]train
 And [G]people they did say, o'er [C]many miles [G]away
 "It was those outlaws [D]Frank and Jesse [G]James"

Well [C]Jesse had a wife, To [G]mourn for his life
 Three children, now they were [D]brave
 But that [G]dirty little coward, that [C]shot Mr. [G]Howard
 He laid poor [D]Jesse in his [G]grave

Now the people held their breath, when they [C]heard of Jesse's [G]death
 They wondered how he'd ever come to [D]fall
 Robert [G]Ford it was a fact, he shot [C]Jesse in the [G]back
 While Jesse hung a [D]picture on the [G]wall
 Jesse went to rest, with his [C]hand on his [G]breast
 The devil upon his [D]knee
 He was [G]born one day, in the [C]County [G]Clay
 And he came from a [D]solitary [G]race

Well [C]Jesse had a wife, To [G]mourn for his life
 Three children, now they were [D]brave
 But that [G]dirty little coward, that [C]shot Mr. [G]Howard
 He laid poor [D]Jesse in his [G]grave