

# Pogues, Jesse James

(The Pogues' Version)  
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Jesse James we understand  
Has killed many a man  
He robbed the Union trains  
He stole from the rich  
and gave to the poor  
He'd a hand and a heart  
and a brain

Now Jesse had a wife  
Lived a lady all her life  
And children they were brave  
But history does record  
That Bob and Charlie Ford  
Have laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well it was on Saturday night  
The stars were shining bright  
They robbed the Glendale train  
And the people they did say  
for many miles away  
It was those outlays  
Frank and Jesse James

Now Jesse had a wife  
Lived a lady all her life  
And children they were brave  
But history does record  
That Bob and Charlie Ford  
Have laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well it was Bob and Charlie Ford  
Those dirty little cowards  
I wonder how they feel  
For they ate of Jesse's bread  
and they slept in Jesse's bed  
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave

Now Jesse had a wife  
Lived a lady all her life  
And children they were brave  
But history does record  
That Bob and Charlie Ford  
Have laid poor Jesse in his grave

Well the people held their breath  
When they heard of Jesse's death  
They wondered how he came to fall  
Well it was Robert Ford in fact  
who shot him in the back  
While he hung a picture on the wall

These are the lyrics as they appear on the Rum, Sodomy, & The Lash insert.

(Jesse James)  
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Jesse James was a boy  
who killed many a man

He robbed the Glendale train;  
He stole from the rich  
and he gave to the poor  
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain. Poor Jesse had a wife  
to mourn for his life,  
Three children,  
they were brave;  
But that dirty little coward  
that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was Robert Ford,  
that dirty little coward;  
I wonder how he does feel  
For he ate of Jesse's bread  
and he slept in Jesse's bed  
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Poor Jesse had a wife  
to mourn for his life,  
Three children,  
they were brave;  
But that dirty little coward  
that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse was a man,  
a friend to the poor  
He never would see a man suffer pain,  
And with his brother Frank  
he robbed the Chicago bank,  
And stopped the Glendale train.

Poor Jesse had a wife  
to mourn for his life,  
Three children,  
they were brave;  
But that dirty little coward  
that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was his brother Frank  
that robbed the Gallatin bank,  
And carried the money from the town;  
It was in this very place  
that they had a little race,  
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.

Poor Jesse had a wife  
to mourn for his life,  
Three children,  
they were brave;  
But that dirty little coward  
that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

They went to the crossing  
not very far from there,  
And there they did the same;  
With the agent on his knees,  
he delivered up the keys  
To the outlaws,  
Frank and Jesse James.

Poor Jesse had a wife

to mourn for his life,  
Three children,  
they were brave;  
But that dirty little coward  
that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was on Saturday night,  
Jesse was at home  
Talking with his family brave,  
Robert Ford came along  
like a thief in the night  
And laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Poor Jesse had a wife  
to mourn for his life,  
Three children,  
they were brave;  
But that dirty little coward  
that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

The people held their breath  
when they heard of Jesse's death  
And wondered how he ever came to die.  
It was one of the gang  
called little Robert Ford  
He shot poor Jesse on the sly.

Poor Jesse had a wife  
to mourn for his life,  
Three children,  
they were brave;  
But that dirty little coward  
that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

This song was made by Billy Gashade,  
As soon as the news did arrive;  
He said there was no man  
with the law in his hand  
Who could take Jesse James when alive.