

# El Corrido de Jesse James

Ry Cooder

Jesse James we understand  
Has killed him many a man  
He robbed the Union trains  
But history does record  
That Bob and Charlie Ford  
Have laid Jesse James in his grave

It was on a Saturday night  
The stars were shining bright  
When they robbed that Union train  
And it was one of the younger boys  
That gathered in the spoils  
And carried that money away

In his small home unaware  
A-straightening pictures there  
He thought he heard a noise  
And as he turned his head  
Well, the bullet killed him dead  
Fired by Bob Ford, one of the boys

Poor Jesse had a wife  
She lived a lady all her life  
The children they were brave  
But history does record  
That Bob and Charlie Ford  
Have laid poor Jesse, laid poor Jesse  
Have laid Jesse James in his grave