

Brother Jake

The Neville Brothers

Well, my brother Jake
Well, my brother Jake is finally home
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Oh, my brother Jake, he was on the run
The man behind him, with a Gatling gun
I remember that morning when he hopped that freight
He was headed west, oh Lord, he couldn't be late

Old brother Jake had to ride the rail
Or get locked up in the Parish jail
He had a lot of weight upon his chest
The sheriff had a warrant for his arrest

He grabbed the train and headed east
Would his life of running never cease
He hopped off the train at New York City
Only to find, ain't no kind of pity

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He finally made it, back to New Orleans
Man, his hometown, sure enough was mean
Back in his jungle, where he lived his life
Where the law of the land, it was a gun and a knife

Late one night, down on the avenue
That's where brother Jake's dying breath was drew
He thought his home was with family and friends
Somebody caught him off guard and brought his life to an end

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