

## 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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