

## A Bank Too Far

Am C G  
Jesse James was a southern man  
Dm G Am  
He lived with a six-gun in his hand  
C G  
He spent his days stealing railroad gold  
Dm Em Am  
His blood ran hot, though his heart beat cold

All that he stole, belonged to wealthy men  
Who had more gold, than they could ever spend  
So he became, a hero of his times  
Among those, who related to his kind

### Chorus:

F C  
He roamed free, 'neath the southern stars  
Dm E  
Until he, overplayed his cards  
Am C G  
Jesse James, pushed his luck too hard  
Dm Em Am  
On the day, he robbed a bank too far

Jesse James, made a three-day ride  
With his brother, and the James Gang by his side  
Bound for Northfield, to steal some northern gold  
Their intentions, were mean as they were bold

But the locals, were ready for that day  
They refused to let the outlaws get away  
Guns were drawn, and precious blood was spilled  
Good and bad men, alike were killed

When the smoke, finally cleared  
It was worse, then Jesse feared  
Jesse James, had pushed his luck too hard  
On that day, when he robbed a bank too far