

## Jesse James Bolero

Prefab Sprout

Jesse was a renegade, danced to his own drum  
Growin' wise could wait till tomorrow  
Took to a road signposted sorrow

Jesse was a hooligan, jumped right off the rail  
There in the cards there in the tarot  
Born to despise the straight and the narrow  
Jesse was a connoisseur, home cookin' tasted stale

Jesse James Bolero is a dance upon the run  
Every step proclaims that he's a wayward son  
Jesse James is waiting for the cheap music to stop  
Don't goodbye deserve some bach not barbershop?

Jesse didn't hear the drum suddenly lose time  
All his plans crafted, clever  
Fated unborn, unfinished forever

Jesse didn't hear the drum stop outside his door  
In his dreams destiny towered  
In the cold light of day it came as a coward  
Jesse didn't hear the drum at the age of thirty four

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