

JESSE

Larkin Poe

Jesse, Jesse, Jesse

At the end of the cotton row
We all saw what we shouldn't know
Mama stripping off her dress
Laying down in the tall grass

The wind blowing slow
Mama just wants to let go

It's ok, put the gun down
It's alright, put the bottle away
Jesse, Jesse, Jesse
It's ok, put the gun down
It's alright, put the bottle away
Jesse, Jesse, Jesse

We hear an echo in the trees
As our mama whispers "Please"
A stranger's body closing in
Kisses mama's lips again

The sun moving slow
Mama wants to keep it on the down low

It's ok, put the gun down
It's alright, put the bottle away
Jesse, Jesse, Jesse
It's ok, put the gun down
It's alright, put the bottle away
Jesse, Jesse, Jesse

Lining us up just like dogs
With a gun in your hand
Daddy if you knew the truth
We all think you'd understand

We are dead on our feet, yeah
Mama's white as a sheet

It's ok, put the gun down
It's alright, put the bottle away
Jesse, Jesse, Jesse
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