

Pretty Boy Floyd

Woody Guthrie

If you'll gather 'round me, children,
A story I will tell
'Bout Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw,
Oklahoma knew him well. It was in the town of Shawnee,
A Saturday afternoon,
His wife beside him in his wagon
As into town they rode. There a deputy sheriff approached him
In a manner rather rude,
Vulgar words of anger,
An' his wife she overheard. Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain,
And the deputy grabbed his gun;
In the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down.
Then he took to the trees and timber
To live a life of shame;
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name. But a many a starving farmer
The same old story told
How the outlaw paid their mortgage
And saved their little homes. Others tell you 'bout a stranger
That come to beg a meal,
Underneath his napkin
Left a thousand dollar bill. It was in Oklahoma City,
It was on a Christmas Day,
There was a whole car load of groceries
Come with a note to say:
Well, you say that I'm an outlaw,
You say that I'm a thief.
Here's a Christmas dinner
For the families on relief. Yes, as through this world I've wandered
I've seen lots of funny men;
Some will rob you with a six-gun,
And some with a fountain pen. And as through your life you travel,
Yes, as through your life you roam,
You won't never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home.

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