

# 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 wellIt was in the town of Shawnee  
A Saturday afternoon  
His wife beside him in his wagon  
As into town they rodeThere a deputy sheriff approached him  
In a manner rather rude  
Vulgar words of anger  
An' his wife she overheardPretty boy grabbed a log chain  
And the deputy grabbed his gun  
In the fight that followed  
He laid that deputy downThen he took to the trees and timber  
To live a life of shame  
Every crime in Oklahoma  
Was added to his nameBut a many a starving farmer  
The same old story told  
How the outlaw paid their mortgage  
And saved their little homesOthers tell you 'bout a stranger  
That come to beg a meal  
Underneath his napkin  
Left a thousand dollar billIt was in Oklahoma city  
It was on a Christmas day  
There was a whole car load of groceries  
Come with a note to sayWell, 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 penAnd 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>