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

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