

# Pretty Boy Floyd

## Jack Elliott

Well gather round children, a story I will tell  
About pretty boy Floyd the outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well  
Was in the town of Shawnee on a Saturday afternoon  
His wife beside him in a wagon as into town they rodeAnd along come a deputy sheriff in a manner rather rude  
Using vulgar words of language and his wife she overheard  
And pretty boy Floyd grabbed a long chain, and the deputy grabbed a gun  
And in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy downThen he ran through the trees and bushes and lived a life  
of shame  
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name  
He ran through trees and bushes on the Canadian River shore  
And many a starving farmer opened up his doorIt was in Oklahoma City, it was on a Christmas day  
A whole carload of groceries and a letter that did say  
You say that I'm an outlaw, you say that I'm a thief  
Well, here's a Christmas dinner for the families on reliefAs through this life you travel, you meet some funny  
men  
Some rob you with a six-gun, and some with a fountain pen  
As through this life you ramble, as through this life you roam  
You'll never see an outlaw take a family from their home

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