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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