

Pretty Boy Floyd

Kinky Friedman

Gather round me children
A story I will tell
About pretty boy Floyd, the outlaw
Oklahoma knew him well
Tw was in the town of Shawnee
On a Saturday afternoon
With his wife beside him in a wagon
It was into town they rode
Well, a deputy sheriff called him
In a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words of language
And his wife she overheard
Well, pretty boy grabbed a log chain
The deputy grabbed his gun
And in the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down
He took to the woods and timber
He lived a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma
They laid on to his name
He took to the river bottoms long
The north Canadian shore
And many a starving farmer
He opened up his door
They tell about a stranger
The same old story goes
How pretty boy paid their mortgage
And he saved their little home
Yeah, they tell about a stranger
Who came to beg a meal
And underneath his napkin
He left a thousand dollar bill
Into Oklahoma city
It was on a Christmas day
Come a whole wagon load full of groceries
And a note on which did say
You say that Im an outlaw
You say that Im a thief
Well, heres a Christmas dinner
For your families on relief
Through this world Ive rambled
Ive seen many funny men
Some will rob you with a six-gun
And some with a fountain pen
But as through your lives you travel, boy
As through your lives you roam
You wont never see no outlaw
Drive a family from their home

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