Pretty Boy Floyd

Kinky Friedman

Gather round me children
A story I will tell
About pretty boy Floyd, the outlaw
Oklahoma knew him wellTwas in the town of Shawnee
On a Saturday afternoon
With his wife beside him in a wagon
It was into town they rodeWell, a deputy sheriff called him
In a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words of language
And his wife she overheardWell, pretty boy grabbed a log chain
The deputy grabbed his gun
And in the fight that followed
He laid that deputy downHe took to the woods and timber
He lived a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma
They laid on to his nameHe took to the river bottoms long
The north Canadian shore
And many a starving farmer
He opened up his doorThey tell about a stranger
The same old story goes
How pretty boy paid their mortgage
And he saved their little homeYeah, they tell about a stranger
Who came to beg a meal
And underneath his napkin
He left a thousand dollar billInto Oklahoma city
It was on a Christmas day
Come a whole wagon load full of groceries
And a note on which did sayYou say that Im an outlaw
You say that Im a thief
Well, heres a Christmas dinner
For your families on reliefThrough this world Ive rambled
Ive seen many funny men
Some will rob you with a six-gun
And some with a fountain penBut 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/