

Pretty Boy Floyd(d)-crd

D If you'll gather 'ro und me, children, a story I will tell, G D
 A A7 D
 'bout Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well.

D It was in the town of Shawnee, it was Saturday afternoon, G D
 A A7 D
 his wife beside him in his wagon as into town they rode.

D There a deputy sheriff approached him in a manner rather rude, G D
 A A7 D
 using vulgar words of language, an' his wife she overheard.

D Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain, and the deputy grabbed his gun, G D
 A A7 D
 in the fight that followed he laid that deputy down.

D Then he took to the trees and timber to live a life of shame, G D
 A A7 D
 every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name.

D But theres many a sta.rving farmer, the same old story told, G D
 A A7 D
 how this outlaw paid their mortgage and saved their little homes.

D Others tell you of a stranger that comes to beg a meal, G D
 A A7 D
 and underneath his napkin left a thousand dollar bill.

D It was in Oklahoma City, it was on a Christmas Day, G D
 A A7 D
 there come a whole car load of groceries with a letter that did say:

D Well, you say that I'm an outlaw, you say that I'm a thief, G D
 A A7 D
 here's a Christmas dinner for the families on relief.

D Now, as through this wo.rld I ramble, I see lots of funny men, G D
 A A7 D
 some will rob you with a six-gun, some with a fountain pen.

D But as through your life you travel, and as through your life you roam, G D
 A A7 D
 you will never see an outlaw drive a family from their home.