

Pretty Boy Floyd, the Outlaw
By:Woody Guthrie

If you'll gather 'round me children, a story I will tell
About Pretty Boy Floyd the Outlaw; Oklahoma knew him well.
It was in the town of Shawnee; it was Saturday afternoon;
His wife beside him in the wagon, as into town they rode.
There a deputy sheriff approached him in a manner rather rude,
Using vulgar words of language, and his wife, she overheard.
Pretty Boy grabbed a long chain, and the deputy grabbed a gun,
And in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy down.
He took to the trees and timbers, and he lived a life of shame;
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name.
Yes, he took to the trees and timbers on that Canadian River's shore,
And Pretty Boy found a welcome at many a farmer's door.
There's many a starving farmer the same old story tell
How this outlaw paid their mortgage and saved their little home.
Others tell you about a stranger that come to beg a meal
And underneath his napkin left a thousand dollar bill.
It was in Oklahoma City; it was on Christmas Day;
There came a whole carload of groc'ries with a letter that did say:
"You say that I'm an outlaw; you say that I'm a thief;
Here's a Christmas dinner for the fam'lies on relief."
Now as through this world I ramble, I see lots of funny men;
Some will rob you with a six gun, and some with a fountain pen.
But as through this life you travel, as through your life you roam,
You won't never see an outlaw drive a fam'ly from their home.
So, here's to Pretty Boy Floyd the Outlaw; Oklahoma knew him well.