

Pretty boy Floyd
(Woody Guthrie) by Woody Guthrie

If you'll gather 'round me, children
A story I will tell
'Bout Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw
Oklahoma knew him well

It was in the town of Shawnee
A Saturday afternoon
His wife beside him in his wagon
As into town they rode

There a deputy sheriff approached him
In a manner rather rude
Vulgar words of anger
An' his wife she overheard

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain
And the deputy grabbed his gun
In the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down

Then he took to the trees and timber
To live a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name

But a many a starving farmer
The same old story told
How the outlaw paid their mortgage
And saved their little homes

Others tell you 'bout a stranger
That come to beg a meal
Underneath his napkin
Left a thousand dollar bill

It was in Oklahoma City
It was on a Christmas Day
There was a whole car load of groceries
Come with a note to say:

Well, you say that I'm an outlaw
You say that I'm a thief
Here's a Christmas dinner
For the families on relief

Yes, as through this world I've wandered
I've seen lots of funny men
Some will rob you with a six-gun
And some with a fountain pen

And as through your life you travel
Yes, as through your life you roam
You won't never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home