

Pretty Boy Floyd

Well, gather round you children, a story I will tell,
About Pretty Boy Floyd the outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well.

Was in the town of Shawnee on a Saturday afternoon,
His wife beside him in a wagon as into town they rode.

And along come a deputy sheriff in a manner rather rude,
Using vulgar words of language and his wife she overheard.

And Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain,
and the deputy grabbed a gun,
And in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy down.

Then he ran through the trees and bushes and lived a life of shame,
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name.

He ran through trees and bushes on the Canadian River shore,
And many a starving farmer opened up his door.

It was in Oklahoma City, it was on a Christmas Day,
A whole carload of groceries with a letter that did say,

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

As through this life you travel, you meet some funny men,
Some rob you with a six-gun, and some with a fountain pen.

As through this life you ramble, as through this life you roam,
You'll never see an outlaw take a family from their home.

Pretty Boy Floyd

Well, gather round you children, a story I will tell,
About Pretty Boy Floyd the outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well.

Was in the town of Shawnee on a Saturday afternoon,
His wife beside him in a wagon as into town they rode.

And along come a deputy sheriff in a manner rather rude,
Using vulgar words of language and his wife she overheard.

And Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain,
and the deputy grabbed a gun,
And in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy down.

Then he ran through the trees and bushes and lived a life of shame,
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name.

He ran through trees and bushes on the Canadian River shore,
And many a starving farmer opened up his door.

It was in Oklahoma City, it was on a Christmas Day,
A whole carload of groceries with a letter that did say,

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

As through this life you travel, you meet some funny men,
Some rob you with a six-gun, and some with a fountain pen.

As through this life you ramble, as through this life you roam,
You'll never see an outlaw take a family from their home.