

**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.**