Pretty Boy Floyd

[Woody Guthrie](https://www.google.com/search?safe=strict&espv=2&biw=1101&bih=539&q=Woody+Guthrie&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLQz9U3sDA2yAMA9ARZ7wwAAAA&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjrvMW_4ZHPAhXH6oMKHQrCBNsQMQgeMAA)

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.

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