

## Woody Guthrie "Pretty Boy Floyd"

Visit "[Pretty Boy Floyd](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

Visit [Woody Guthrie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.