

## **Byrds**

# **"Pretty Boy Floyd"**

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Written by Woody Guthrie

Well gather round 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 Floyd grabbed a long 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 and 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 the families on  
relief

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

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