

The Byrds "Pretty Boy Floyd"

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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
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, 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

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