

## **Kinky Friedman "Pretty Boy Floyd"**

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Gather round me children  
A story I will tell  
About pretty boy Floyd, the outlaw  
Oklahoma knew him well

'Twas in the town of Shawnee  
On a Saturday afternoon  
With his wife beside him in a wagon  
It was into town they rode

Well, a deputy sheriff called him  
In a manner rather rude  
Using vulgar words of language  
And his wife she overheard

Well, pretty boy grabbed a log chain  
The deputy grabbed his gun  
And in the fight that followed  
He laid that deputy down

He took to the woods and timber  
He lived a life of shame  
Every crime in Oklahoma  
They laid on to his name

He took to the river bottoms long  
The north Canadian shore  
And many a starving farmer  
He opened up his door

They tell about a stranger  
The same old story goes  
How pretty boy paid their mortgage  
And he saved their little home

Yeah, they tell about a stranger  
Who came to beg a meal  
And underneath his napkin  
He left a thousand dollar bill

Into Oklahoma city  
It was on a Christmas day

Come a whole wagon load full of groceries  
And a note on which did say

"You say that I'm an outlaw  
You say that I'm a thief  
Well, here's a Christmas dinner  
For your families on relief"

Through this world I've rambled  
I've seen many funny men  
Some will rob you with a six-gun  
And some with a fountain pen

But as through your lives you travel, boy  
As through your lives you roam  
You won't never see no outlaw  
Drive a family from their home

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