

Ramblin' Jack Elliot

"With God On Our Side"

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Come gather round me children, a story I will tell
Of Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw, Oklahoma knew him
well.
Was in the town of Shawnee on a Saturday afternoon
His wife beside him in the wagon as into town they
rode.
A deputy sheriff approached them in a manner rather
rude
Using vulgar words of language and his wife she
overheard.
Well, Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain, and the deputy
grabbed a gun
And in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy down.
Then he took to the trees and rivers to lead a life of
shame.
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name.
Yes he took to the trees and timbers on the Canadian
river shore,
And the outlaw found a welcome at many a farmer's
door.
Yes, there's many a starving farmer, the same story
told
How the outlaw paid their mortgage and saved their
little home.
Others tell about the stranger who came to beg a meal
And underneath the napkin left a thousand dollar bill.
It was in Oklahoma City, it was on a Christmas day
Came a whole carload of groceries and a letter that did
say,
"Well, you say that I'm an outlaw, and you say that I'm a
thief.
Here's a Christmas dinner for the families on relief."
Well, as through the world I've rambled, I've seen lots
of funny men,
Some rob you with a sixgun, some with a fountain pen.
As through this world you ramble, as through this world
you roam,
You'll never see an outlaw drive a family from its home.

