

Duhks

"Pretty Boy Floyd / Stoney Point"

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If you gather 'round me, people
This story I will tell
About Pretty Boy Floyd, the outlaw
Oklahoma knew him well

It was in the town of Shawnee
On a Saturday afternoon
His wife beside him in a wagon
And into town they rode

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

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain
And the deputy grabbed his gun
And in the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down

Well they took to the hills and timber
To live the life of shame
And every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name

And he took to the hills and timber
On the Canadian river shore
And Pretty Boy found a welcome
At every farmer's door

Well there's many a starving farmer
The same old story told
How the outlaw paid the mortgage
And saved their little homes

Others tell you of a stranger
That comes to beg a meal
And underneath the napkin
He left a thousand dollar bill

Was in Oklahoma City
Was on a Christmas Day

There come a whole car load of groceries
And a letter that did say

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

Well, as through this world I've rambled
I've seen lots of funny men
Some will rob you with their six-gun
And some with a fountain pen

But it's through this world you ramble
And it's through this world you roam
You won't never see no outlaw
Drive a family from their home

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