

Pete Rock And Cl Smooth

"Pretty Boy Floyd"

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By Woodie Guthrie
Now gather round me, fellows
A story I will tell
Of Pretty Boy Floyd the outlaw
Oklahoma knew him well
'Twas 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 him
In a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words of anger
And his wife she overheard
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 timber
To live a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name.
There's many a starvin' farmer,
The same old story told,
How this outlaw paid their mortgage
And saved their little home.
Now as through this world I ramble,
I see lots of funny men.
Some will rob you with a six-gun,
Some with a fountain pen.
But, as through this life you travel,
And as through your life you roam,
You won't never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home

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