

## Seeger Pete

### "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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