

Bob Dylan, Pretty Boy Floyd

If you'll gather 'round me, people,
A story I will tell
'Bout Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw,
Oklahoma knew him well.

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

There a deputy sheriff approached him
In a manner rather rude,
Using vulgar words of language,
An' his wife she overheard.

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain,
And the deputy grabbed his gun;
In the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down.

Now, he took to the hills and timber
To live a life of shame;
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name.

He took to the trees and timber
On the Canadian river shore
And pretty Boy found a welcome
At every farmer's door

Others tell you of a stranger
That come to beg a meal,
And underneath the napkin
Left a thousand dollar bill.

T'was in Oklahoma City,
It was on a Christmas Day,
There come a whole car load of groceries
And a letter that did say:

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

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

Well it's through this world you ramble,
It's through this world you roam,
You won't never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home.