

# The Byrds, Pretty Boy Floyd

Written by Woody Guthrie

Well gather round children, a story I will tell  
About Pretty Boy Floyd the outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well

Was in the town of Shawnee on a Saturday afternoon  
His wife beside him in a wagon as into town they rode

And along come a deputy sheriff in a manner rather rude  
Using vulgar words of language and his wife she overheard

And Pretty Boy Floyd grabbed a long chain, and the deputy grabbed a gun  
And in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy down

Then he ran through the trees and bushes and lived a life of shame  
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name

He ran through trees and bushes on the Canadian River shore  
And many a starving farmer opened up his door

It was in Oklahoma City, It was on a Christmas Day  
A whole carload of groceries and a letter that did say

Well 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

As through this life you travel, you meet some funny men  
Some rob you with a six-gun, some with a fountain pen

As through this life you ramble, as through this life you roam  
You'll never see an outlaw take a family from their home